

BELL's
BRITISH THEATRE.

CONSISTING OF

THE MOST ESTEEMED

ENGLISH PLAYS.

VOL. XXV.

CONTAINING

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD, . . BY RAMSAY.
THE MISTAKE, — VANBRUGH.
AMBITIOUS STEP-MOTHER, . — ROWE.
IRENE, — DR. JOHNSON.

LONDON:

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1797.

BRITISH THEATRE

ENGLISH PLAYS



7 II 52

A. L.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

S. M.



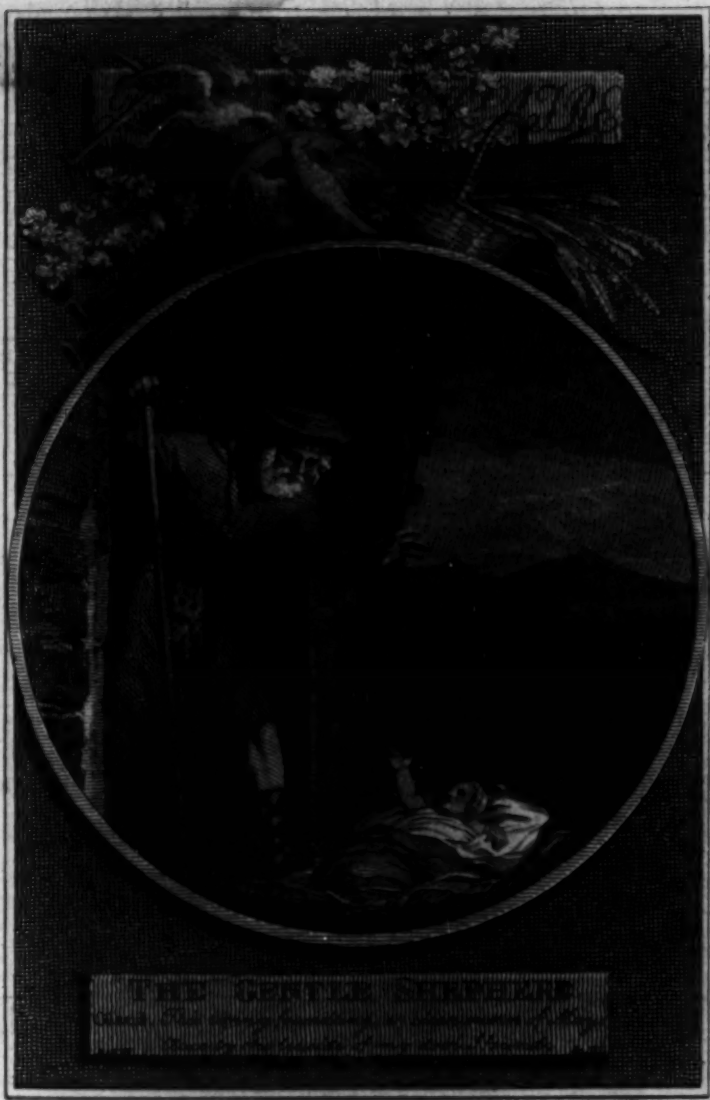
A. L. del.

W. M. sculp.

MISS LEAKE or PEGGY.

*Between two girls, out for a little son,
She water faun and makes a ringed son;*

London: Printed for G. Cawthorne, British Library, Strand, Jan^y 20th 1841.



Ordy del.

Went. sculp.

London. Printed for G. Cawthorne, British Library, Strand, Jan. 1835

7 JU 52

THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD.

A
SCOTS PASTORAL COMEDY,

AS WRITTEN BY
ALLAN RAMSAY.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,
A COMPLETE GLOSSARY.

The Gentle Shepherd sat beside a spring,
All in the shadow of a bushy brier,
That Colin hight, which well could pipe and sing,
For he of Tityrus his songs did here.

SPENCER, p. 1113.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the Direction of,
GEORGE CAWTHORN, *British Library*, STRAND.

M DCC XCVI.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
SUSANNA,
COUNTESS OF EGLINTON.

MADAM,

THE love of approbation, and a desire to please the best, have ever encouraged the Poets to finish their designs with cheerfulness. But conscious of their own inability, to oppose a storm of spleen and haughty ill nature, it is generally an ingenious custom amongst them to choose some honourable shade.

Wherefore I beg leave to put my Pastoral under your Ladyship's protection. If my Patroness says, *The* Shepherds speak as they ought, and that there are several natural flowers that beautify the rural wild; I shall have good reason to think myself safe from the awkward censure of some pretending judges, that condemn before examination.

I am sure of vast numbers that will crowd into your Ladyship's opinion, and think it their honour to agree in their sentiments with the Countess of EGLINTON, whose penetration, superior wit, and sound judgement, shine with uncommon lustre, while accompanied with the diviner charms of goodness and equality of mind.

If it were not for offending only your Ladyship, here, Madam, I might give the fullest liberty to my muse to delineate the finest of women, by drawing your Ladyship's character, and be in no hazard of being deemed a flatterer: since flattery lies not in paying what is due to merit, but in praises misplaced.

Were I to begin with your Ladyship's honourable birth and alliance, the field is ample, and presents us with numberless great and good patriots, that have dignified the names of KENNEDY and MONTGOMERY: Be that the care of

the herald and the historian. It is personal merit, and the heavenly sweetness of the fair, that inspire the tuneful lays. Here every Lesbia must be excepted, whose tongues give liberty to the slaves, which their eyes had made captives. Such may be flattered; but your Ladyship justly claims our admiration and profoundest respect; for, whilst you are possessed of every outward charm in the most perfect degree, the never-fading beauties of wisdom and piety, which adorn your Ladyship's mind, command devotion.

All this is very true, cries one of better sense than good-nature. But what occasion have you to tell us the sun shines, when we have the use of our eyes, and feel his influence? Very true, but I have the liberty to use the poet's privilege, which is, 'To speak what every body thinks. Indeed, there might be some truth in the reflection, if the Idalian registers were of as short duration as life: But the Bard who fondly hopes immortality, has a certain praiseworthy pleasure in communicating to posterity the same of distinguished characters.—I write this last sentence with a hand that trembles between hope and fear:—But if I shall prove so happy as to please your Ladyship in the following attempt, then all my doubts shall vanish like a morning vapour; I shall hope to be classed with Tasso and Guarini; and sing with Ovid,

*" If 'tis allow'd to poets to divine,
" One half of round eternity is mine.*

Madam,

Your Ladyship's

most obedient, and

most devoted servant,

Edinburgh, June 1725.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

TO THE
COUNTESS OF EGLINTON,

WITH THE FOLLOWING PASTORAL.

ACCEPT, O EGLINTON! the rural lays,
That, bound to thee, thy poet humbly pays:
The muse, that oft has rais'd her tuneful strains,
A frequent guest on *Scotia's* blissful plains;
That oft has sung, her list'ning youth to move,
The charms of beauty, and the force of love;
Once more resumes the still successful lay,
Delighted through the verdant meads to stray.
O! come, invok'd and pleas'd, with her repair,
To breathe the balmy sweets of purer air,
In the cool evening negligently laid,
Or near the stream, or in the rural shade;
Propitious hear, and as thou hear'st, approve,
The *Gentle Shepherd's* tender tale of love.

Instructed from these scenes, what glowing fires
Inflame the breast that real love inspires!
The fair shall read of ardors, sighs, and tears,
All that a lover hopes, and all he fears;
Hence too, what passions in his bosom rise!
What dawning gladness sparkles in his eyes!
When first the fair one, piteous of his fate,
Kill'd of her scorn, and vanquish'd of her hate:
With willing mind, is bounteous to relent,
And blushing, beauteous, smiles the kind consent!
Love's passion here in each extreme is shown,
In *CHARLOT's* smile, or in *MARIA's* frown.

With words like these, that fail'd not to engage,
Love courted beauty in a golden age;
Pure and untaught, such nature first inspir'd,
Ere yet the fair affected phrase desir'd.
His secret thoughts were undisguis'd with art,
His words ne'er knew to differ from his heart.
He speaks his loves so artless and sincere,
As thy *Eliza* might be pleas'd to hear.

Heaven only to the *rural state* bestows
Conquest o'er life, and freedom from its woes;
Secure alike from envy and from care;
Nor rais'd by hope, nor yet depress'd by fear:
Nor want's lean hand its happiness constrains,
Nor riches torture with ill-gotten gains.
No secret guilt its stedfast peace destroys,
Nor wild ambition interrupts its joys.
Blest still to spend the hours that heaven has lent,
In humble goodness, and in calm content.
Serenely gentle, as the thoughts that roll,
Sinless and pure, in fair HUMEIA's soul.

But now the *rural state* these joys has lost;
Even swains no more that innocence can boast.
Love speaks no more what beauty may believe,
Prone to betray, and practis'd to deceive.

Now *Happiness* forsakes her blest retreat,
The peaceful dwelling where she fix'd her seat;
The pleasing fields she wont of old to grace,
Companion to an upright sober race;
When on the sunny hill or verdant plain,
Free and familiar with the sons of men,
To crown the pleasures of the blameless feast,
She, uninvited, came a welcome guest.
Ere yet an age, grown rich in impious arts,
Brib'd from their innocence incautious hearts:
Then grudging hate and sinful pride succeed,
Cruel revenge, and false unrighteous deed;
Then dow'rless beauty lost the power to move;
The rust of lucre stain'd the gold of love.
Bounteous no more, and hospitably good,
The genial hearth first blush'd with strangers' blood:
The friend no more upon the friend relies,
And semblant falsehood puts on truth's disguise.
The peaceful household fill'd with dire alarms,
The ravish'd virgin mourns her slighted charms:
The voice of impious mirth is heard around;
In guilt they feast, in guilt the bowl is crown'd:
Unpunish'd violence lords it o'er the plains,
And *bappiness* forsakes the guilty swains.

Oh *bappiness*! from human search retir'd,
Where art thou to be found, by all desir'd;

Nun sober and devout! why art thou fled,
To hide in shades thy meek contented head?
Virgin of aspect mild! ah, why unkind,
Fly'st thou, displeas'd, the commerce of mankind?
O! teach our steps to find the secret cell,
Where, with thy sire *Content*, thou lov'st to dwell.
Or say, dost thou a duteous handmaid wait,
Familiar at the chambers of the great?
Dost thou pursue the voice of them that call
To noisy revel, and to midnight ball?
Or the full banquet when we feast our soul,
Dost thou inspire the mirth or mix the bowl?
Or, with the industrious planter, dost thou talk,
Conversing freely in an evening walk?
Say, does the miser e'er thy face behold,
Watchful and studious of the treasur'd gold?
Seeks *Knowledge*, not in vain, thy much lov'd power,
Still musing silent at the morning hour?
May we thy presence hope in war's alarms,
In *STAIR*'s wisdom, or in *ERSKINE*'s charms?

In vain our flatt'ring hopes our steps beguile,
The flying good eludes the searcher's toil:
In vain we seek the city or the cell,
Alone with virtue knows the Power to dwell.
Nor need mankind despair these joys to know,
The gift themselves may on themselves bestow.
Soon, soon we might the precious blessing boast;
But many passions must the blessing cost;
Infernal malice, inly pining hate,
And envy, grieving at another's state.
Revenge no more must in our hearts remain,
Or burning lust, or avarice of gain.
When these are in the human bosom nurst,
Can peace reside in dwellings so accurst?
Unlike, O, *EGLINTON*! thy happy breast,
Calm and serene, enjoys the heavenly guest;
From the tumultuous rule of passion freed,
Pure in thy thought, and spotless in thy deed.
In virtues rich, in goodness unconfin'd,
Thou shin'st a fair example to thy kind;
Sincere and equal to thy neighbour's name,
How swift to praise, how guiltless to defame!
Bold in thy presence *bashfulness* appears,
And backward *merit* loses all its fears.

Supremely blest by heaven, heaven's richest grace
Confest is thine, an early blooming race,
Whose pleasing smiles shall guardian wisdom arm,
Divine instruction! taught of thee to charm.
What transports shall they to thy soul impart
(The conscious transports of a parent's heart)
When thou behold'st them of each grace possess,
And sighing youths imploring to be blest!
After thy image form'd, with charms like thine,
Or in the visit, or the dance to shine.
Thrice happy! who succeed their mother's praise,
The lovely EGLINTONS of other days.

Mean while pursue the following tender scenes,
And listen to thy native poet's strains;
In ancient garb the home-bred muse appears,
The garb our muses wore in former years;
As in a glass reflected, here behold
How smiling goodness look'd in days of old.
Nor blush to read where beauty's praise is shown,
Or virtuous love, the likeness of thy own;
While midst the various gifts that gracious heaven,
To thee, in whom it is well pleas'd, has given,
Let this, O EGLINTON! delight thee most,
T' enjoy that *innocence* the world has lost.

W. H.

INSCRIBED TO
JOSIAH BURCHET, ESQ.

SECRETARY OF THE ADMIRALTY.

THE nipping rosts and driving sna
Are o'er the hills and far awa;
Bauld *Boreas* sleeps, the *Zephyrs* blaw,
And ilka thing
Sae dainty, youthfu, gay and bra,
Invites to sing.

Then let's begin by creek of day;
Kind muse, skiff to the bent away,
To try anes mair the landart lay,
With a' thy speed,
Since BURCHET awns that thou can play
Upon the reed.

Anes, anes again, beneath some tree,
Exert thy skill and nat'ral glee,
To him wha has sae courteously
To weaker sight,*
Set these rude sonnets, sung by me,
In truest light.

In truest light may a' that's fine
In his fair character still shine;
Sma' need he has of sangs like mine,
To beet his name:
For frae the North to Southern line,
Wide gangs his fame.

His fame, which ever shall abide,
While hist'ries tell of tyrants pride,

* Having done me the honour of turning some of my Pastoral poems into English,
justly and elegantly.

Wha vainly strave upon the tide
T' invade these lands,
Where BRITAIN's royal fleet doth ride,
Which still commands.

These doughty actions fra his pen,*
Our age, and these to come, shall ken,
How stubborn navies did contend
Upon the waves,
How free-born BRITONS faught like men,
Their faes like slaves.

Sae far inscribing, sir, to you,
This country sang, my fancy flew,
Keen your just merit to pursue;
But ah! I fear,
In giving praises that are due,
I grate your ear.

Yet tent a poet's zealous prayer;
May powers aboon with kindly care,
Grant you a lang and muckle skair
Of a that 's good,
Till unto langest life and mair
You 've healthfu' stood.

May never care your blessings sour,
And may the muses ilka hour
Improve your mind, and haunt your bow'r,
I'm but a callan;
Yet may I please you, while I'm your
Devoted ALLAN.

* His valuable Naval History.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

SIR WILLIAM WORTHY.

PATIE, the Gentle Shepherd, in love with *Peggy*.

ROGER, a rich young Shepherd, in love with *Jenny*.

SYMON and GLAUD, two old Shepherds, Tenants to Sir *William*.

BAULDY, a Hind, engaged with *Neps*.

WOMEN.

PEGGY, thought to be *Glaud's* Niece.

JENNY, *Glaud's* only Daughter.

MAUSE, an Old Woman, supposed to be a Witch.

ELSFA, *Symon's* Wife.

MADGE, *Glaud's* Sister.

SCENE, a Shepherd's Village and Fields some few Miles from Edinburgh.

Time of Action, within Twenty-four Hours.

First Act begins at Eight in the Morning.

Second Act begins at Eleven in the Forenoon.

Third Act begins at Four in the Afternoon.

Fourth Act begins at Nine o'Clock at Night.

Fifth Act begins by Day light next Morning.



THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

ACT I. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

Beneath the south-side of a craigy bield,
Where crystal springs their halesome waters yield,
Twa youthfu' shepherds on the gowans lay,
Tenting their flocks 'ae bonny morn of May.
Poor Roger granes, 'till hollow echoes ring;
But blyther Patie likes to laugh and sing.

PATIE and ROGER.

SANG I. *Tune*, The waking of the Faulds.

PATIE.

Mr Peggy is a young thing,

Just enter'd in her teens,

Fair as the day, and sweet as May,

Fair as the day, and always gay,

My Peggy is a young thing,

And I'm not very auld,

Yet weel I like to meet her at

The waking of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sa sweetly,

Whene'er we meet alane,

I wish nae mair to lay my care,

I wish nae mair of a that's rare,

*My Peggy speaks sa sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld;
But she gars a my spirits glow,
At waking of the fauld.*

*My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown.
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld,
And naething gi'es me sic delight
As waking of the fauld.*

*My Peggy sings sae saftly,
When on my pipe I play;
By a' the rest it is confest,
By a' the rest, that she sings best,
My Peggy sings sae saftly,
And in her sangs are tald,
Wi' innocence, the wale of sense,
At waking of the fauld.*

THIS sunny morning, Roger, cheers my blood,
And puts a' nature in a jovial mood.
How hartsome is't to see the rising plants,
To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasing rants!
How halesome is't to snuff the cawler air,
And a' the sweets it bears, when void of care!
What ails thee, Roger, then? what gars thee grane?
Tell me the cause o' thy ill-season'd pain.

Roger. I'm born, O Patie, to a thrawart fate!
I'm born to strive wi' hardships sad and great,
Tempests may cease to jaw the rowan flood,
Corbies and tods to grien for lambkins blood:

But I, oppress wi' never-ending grief,
Maun ay despair of lighting on relief.

Patie. The bees shall lothe the flow'r, and quit the hive,
The saughs on boggie ground shall cease to thrive,
Ere scornfu' queans, or loss of wardly gear,
Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear.

Roger. Sae might I say; but it's no easy done
By ane whase saul's sae sadly out of tune.
You ha'e sa saft a voice, and slid a tongue,
You are the darling of baith auld and young.
If I but ettle at a sang, or speak,
They dit their lugs syne up their leglens cleek;
And jeer me hameward frae the loan or bught,
While I'm confus'd wi' mony a vexing thought.
Yet I am tall, and as well built as thee,
Nor mair unlikely to a lass's eye.
For ilka sheep ye ha'e, I'll number ten,
And should, as ane may think, come farer ben.

Patie. But ablins, nibour, ye ha'e not a heart,
And downa eithly wi' your cunzie part:
If that be true what signifies your gear?
A mind that's scrimpit never wants some care.

Roger. My byar tumbled, nine bra' nowt were smoor'd,
Three elf-shot were; yet I these ills endur'd:
In winter last my cares were very sma',
Though scores of wathers perish'd in the sna'.

Patie. Were your bien rooms as thinly stock'd as mine,
Less ye wad loss, and less ye wad repine.
He that has just enough can soundly sleep;
The o'ercome only fashes fouk to keep.

Roger. May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,
That thou may'st thole the pangs of mony a loss!
O, may'st thou dote on some fair paughty wench,
That ne'er will lout thy lowan drouth to quench;

'Till bris'd beneath the burthen thou cry dool,
And own that ane may fret that is nae fool.

Patie. Sax good fat lambs, I sauld them ilka clute
At the West-port, and bought a winsome flute,
Of plum-tree made, w' iv'ry virls round,
A dainty whistle, wi' a pleasant sound ;
I'll be mair canty wi't, and ne'er cry dool,
Than you wi' a' your cash, ye dowie fool.

Roger. Na, Patie, na! I'm nae sic churlish beast,
Some other thing lies heavier at my breast ;
I dream'd a dreary dream this hinder night,
That gars my flesh a' creep yet wi' the fright.

Patie. Now, to a friend, how silly's this pretence
To ane wha you and a' your secrets kens !
Daft are your dreams, as daftly ye wad hide
Your well-seen love, and dorty Jenny's pride :
Tak courage, Roger, me your sorrows tell,
And safely think nane kens them but yoursel.

Roger. Indeed now, Patie, ye ha'e guess'd o'er true,
And there is nathing I'll keep up frae you :
Me dorty Jenny looks upon a-squint ;
To speak but till her, I dare hardly mint.
In ilka place she jeers me air and late,
And gars me look bombaz'd and unco blate.
But yesterday I met her 'yont a know,
She fled as frae a shelly-coated kow.
She Bauldy lo'es, Bauldy that drives the car ;
But gecks at me, and says I smell of tar.

Patie. But Bauldy lo'es na her, right weel I wat ;
He sighs for Neps :—sae that may stand for that.

Roger. I wish I cou'd na lo'e her—but in vain,
I still maun doat, and thole her proud disdain.
My Bawty is a cur I dearly like ;
E'en whlie he fawn'd, she strake the poor dumb tyke !

If I had fill'd a nook within her breast,
She wad ha'e shawn mair kindness to my beast.
When I begin to tune my stock and horn,
Wi' a' her face she shaws a cauldribe's scorn.
Last night I play'd (ye never heard sic spite)
O'er Bogie was the spring, and her delyte ;
Yet tauntingly she at her cousin speer'd,
Giff she could tell what tune I play'd, and sneer'd—
Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care,
I'll break my reed, and never whistle mair.

Patie. E'en do sae, Roger, wha can help misluck,
Saebiens she be sic a thrawn-gabbet chuck ?
Yonder's a craig : since ye ha'e tint all houp,
Gae till't your ways, and tak the lover's loup.

Roger. I need na mak sic speed my blood to spill,
I'll warrant death come soon enough a-will.

Patie. Daft gowk ! leave aff that silly whining way,
Seem careless, there's my hand you'll win the day.
Hear how I serv'd my lass I lo'e as weel
As ye do Jenny, and wi' heart as leel.
Last morning I was gay and early out,
Upon a dyke I lean'd glowring about :
I saw my Meg come linking o'er the lee ;
I saw my Meg, but Peggy saw nae me ;
For yet the sun was wading through the mist,
And she was close upon me ere she wist.
Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
Her straight bare legs, that whiter were than snaw ;
Her cockernony snooded up fou sleek ;
Her haffet locks hang waving on her cheek ;
Her cheeks sae ruddy, and her een sae clear ;
And, O ! her mouth's like ony hinny-pear.

Neat, neat she was, in bustain waistcoat clean ;
 As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green,
 Blythsome, I cry'd, my bonny Meg come here,
 I ferly wherefore ye're so soon asteer ;
 But I can guess, ye're gawn to gather dew :
 She scour'd awa', and said—What's that to you ?
 Then fare ye weel, Meg-dorts, and e'ens ye like,
 I careless cry'd, and lap in o'er the dyke.
 I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,
 She came wi' a right thieveless errand back ;
 Misca'd me first—then bade me hound my dog
 To wear up three waff ews stray'd on the bog.
 I leugh ; and sae did she : then wi' great haste,
 I clasp'd my arms about her neck and waste ;
 About her yielding waste, and took a fouth
 Of sweetest kisses frae her glowan mouth.
 While hard and fast I held her in my grips,
 My very saul came louping to my lips.
 Sair, sair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka smack,
 But weel I kend she meant nae as she spake.
 Dear Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom,
 Do ye sae too, and never fash your thumb.
 Seem to forsak her, soon she'll change her mood ;
 Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wood.

SANG II. *Tune, Fye gar rub her o'er wae stra.*

*Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,
 And answer kindly with a slight,
 Seem unconcern'd at her neglect ;
 For women in a man delight :
 But them despise who're soon defate,
 And wi' a simple face give way
 To a repulse—then be not blate,
 Push bauldly on, and win the day.*

*When maidens innocently young,
Say often what they never mean;
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue:
But tent the language of their een:
If these agree, and she persist
To answer a' your love wi' bate,
Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
And let her sigh when 't is too late.*

Roger. Kind Patie, now fair fa' your honest heart,
Ye're ay sae cadgy, and ha'e sic an art
To hearten ane: For now as cleen's a leek,
Ye've cherish'd me, since ye began to speak.
Sae for your pains, I'll mak ye a propine,
(My mither, rest her saul! she made it fine)
A tartan plaid, spun of good hawslock woo',
Scarlet and green the sets, the borders blue;
With sprains like gowd and siller, cross'd wi' black,
I never had it yet upon my back.
Weel are ye wordy o't, wha ha'e sae kind
Red up my revel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.

Patie. Weel, haud ye there——and since ye've frankly
made

To me a present of your braw new plaid,
My flute's be yours; and she too that's sae nice,
Shall come a-will, gif ye'll tak my advice.

Roger. As ye advise, I'll promise to observ't;
But ye maun keep the flute, you best deserv't.
Now tak it out, and gie's a bonny spring,
For I'm in tift to hear you play and sing.

Patie. But first we'll tak a turn up to the height,
And see gif a' our flocks be feeding right;
By that time, bannocks and a shave o' cheese,
Will make a breakfast that a laird might please:

Might please the daintiest gabs, were they sae wise
 To season meat wi' health instead of spice.
 When we ha'e tane the grace, drink at this well,
 I'll whistle fine, and sing t' ye like mysel.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

A flowerie Howm between twa verdant braes,
 Where lasses use to wash and spread their claiths :
 A trotting burnie whimpling through the ground,
 Its channel pebbles, shining, smooth and round ;
 Here view twa barefoot beauties clean and clear ;
 First please your eye, next gratify your ear ;
 While Jenny what she wishes discommends,
 And Meg, wi' better sense, true love defends.

PEGGY and JENNY.

Jenny. Come, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this green,
 This shining day will bleach our linen clean ;
 The water clear, the lift unclouded blew,
 Will mak them like a lily wet wi' dew.

Peggy. Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's How,
 Where a' the sweets of spring and simmer grow ;
 Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin,
 The water fa's and makes a singand din ;
 A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glass,
 Kisses, wi' easy whirles, the bordering grass,
 We'll end our washing, while the morning's cool,
 And when the day grows hot, we'll to the pool,
 There wash ourselfs—'t is healthfu' now in May,
 And sweetly cauler on sae warm a day.

Jenny. Daft lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye say,
 Gif our twa herds come brattling down the brae,
 And see us sae ? that jeering fallow Pate,
 Wad taunting say, Haith lasses ye're no blate.

Peggy. We're far frae ony road, and out o' sight ;
 The lads they're feeding far beyont the height :
 But tell me now, dear Jenny, (we're our lane,)
 What gars ye plague your wooer wi' disdain ?
 The nibours a' tent this as well as I :
 That Roger lo'es ye, yet ye care na by.
 What ails ye at him ? Troth, between us twa,
 He's wordy you the best day e'er ye saw.

Jenny. I dinna like him, Peggy, there's an end,
 A herd mair sheepish yet I never kend.
 He kames his hair indeed, and goes right snug,
 Wi' ribbon-knots at his blew bonnet lug ;
 Whilk pensylie he wears a thought a-jee,
 And spreads his garters dic'd beneath his knee :
 He faulds his o'erlay down his breast wi' care,
 And few gangs trigger to the kirk or fair :
 For a' that, he can neither sing nor say ;
 Except, *How d' ye ?—or, There's a bonny day.*

Peggy. Ye dash the lad wi' constant slighting pride ;
 Hatred for love is unco sair to bide :
 But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld,
 What like's a dorty maiden when she's auld ?
 Like dawted wean, that tarrows at its meat,
 That for some feckless whim will orp and greet ;
 The lave laugh at it till the dinner's past,
 And syne the fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
 Or scart anither's leavings at the last.

SANG III. *Tune, Polwart on the green.*

*The dorty will repent,
 If lover's heart grow cauld ;
 And nane her smiles will tent,
 Soon as her face looks auld :*

*The dawted bairn thus tak's the pet,
Nor eats though hunger crave;
Whimpers and tarrows at it's meat,
And's laught at by the lave.*

*They jest it till the dinner's past,
Thus by itself abus'd,
The fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
Or eat what they've refus'd.*

Fy! Jenny, think, and dinna sit your time.

Jenny. I never thought a single life a crime.

Peggy. Nor I——But love in whispers lets us ken,
That men were made for us, and we for men.

Jenny. If Roger be my jo, he kens himsel;
For sic a tale I never heard him tell.

He glows and sighs, and I can guess the cause;
But wha's oblig'd to spell his hums and haws?
Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
I'se tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.
They're fools that slav'ry like, and may be free:
The chieles may a' knit up themselves for me.

Peggy. Be doing your wa's; for me I have a mind
To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.

Jenny. Heh, lass! how can you looe that rattle-skull?
A very deel that ay maun ha'e his will.
We'll soon hear tell what a poor fighting life
You twa will lead, sae soon's ye're man and wife.

SANG IV. *Tune,* O, dear mother, what shall I do.

*O, dear Peggy, love's beguiling,
We ought not to trust its smiling:
Better far to do as I do,
Lest a harder luck betide you.*

*Lasses when their fancy's carry'd,
Think of nought but to be marry'd:
Running to a life destroys
Hartsome, free, and youthfu' joys.*

Peggy. I'll rin the risk, nor ha'e I ony fear,
But rather think ilk langsome day a year,
'Till I wi' pleasure mount my bridal bed,
Where on my Patie's breast I'll lean my head,
There we may kiss as lang as kissing's geud,
And what we do, there's nane dare ca' it rude.
He's get his will: why no? 'tis good my part
To gi'e him that, and he'll gi'e me his heart.

Jenny. He may indeed for ten or fifteen days
Mak mickle o' ye wi' an unco fraise,
And daut ye baith afore fowk, and your lane;
But soon as his newfangelness is gane,
He'll look upon you as his tether-stake,
And think h's tint his freedom for your sake.
Instead then of lang days of sweet delyte,
Ae day be dumb, and a' the niest he'll flyte;
And may be, in his barlikhoods ne'er stick
To lend his loving wife a lounderling lick.

Peggy. Sic coarse-spun thoughts as thae want pith to move
My settled mind; I'm o'er far gane in love.
Patie to me is dearer than my breath,
But want of him I dread nae other skaith.
There's nane of a' the herds that tread the green
Has sic a smile, or sic twa glancing een:
And then he speaks wi' sic a taking art,
His words they thirle like music through my heart.
How blythely can he sport, and gently rave,
And jest at feckless fears that fright the lave!

Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,
 He reads fell books, that teach him meikle skill.
 He is—but what need I say that or this?
 I'd spend a month to tell you what he is!
 In a' he says or does, there's sic a gate,
 The rest seem coofs compar'd wi' my dear Pate.
 His better sense will lang his love secure;
 Ill-nature heffs in sauls that's weak and poor.

Jenny. Hey bonny lass of Branksome! or 't be lang,
 Your witty Pate will put you in a sang.
 O, it is a pleasant thing to be a bride:
 Syne whinging getts about your ingle side,
 Yelping for this or that with fashous din:
 'To mak them brats, then ye maun toil and spin.
 Ae wean fa's sick, and scalds itsel wi' broe,
 Ane breaks his shin, anither tines his shoe.
 The deil gaes o'er Jock Webster; hame grows hell;
 When Pate miscaws ye war than tongue can tell.

● SANG V. *Tune.* How can I be sad on my, &c.

*How shall I be sad when a husband I hae,
 That has better sense than ony of thae
 Sour, weak, silly fallows, that study like fools,
 To sink their ain joy, and make their wives snools.
 The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
 Or wi' dull reproaches encourages strife,
 He praises her virtues, and ne'er will abuse
 Her for a small failing, but find an excuse.*

Yes, 'tis a heartsome thing to be a wife,
 When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rife.
 Gif I'm sae happy, I shall have delight
 To hear their little plaints, and keep them right.

Wow, Jenny ! can there greater pleasure be,
 Then see sic wee tots toolying at your knee ;
 When a' they ettle at—their greatest wish,
 Is to be made of, and obtain a kiss ?
 Can there be toil in tenting day and night
 The like o' them, when love maks care delight ?

Jenny. But poortith, Peggy, is the warst of a' :
 Gif o'er your heads ill chance should begg'ry draw ;
 But little love or canty chear can come,
 Frae duddy doublets, and a pantry toom.
 Your nowt may die—the spate may bear away
 Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks of hay——
 The thick blawn wreaths of snaw, or blashy thows,
 May smoor your wathers, and may rot your ewes.
 A dyvour buys your butter, woo and cheese,
 But, on the day of payment, breaks and flees.
 Wi' glooman brow the laird seeks in his rent ;
 'Tis not to gie, your merchant's to the bent :
 His honour maunna want, he poinds your gear ;
 Syne driven fra house and hald, where will ye steer ?
 Dear Meg be wise, and lead a single life :
 Troth, 'tis nae mows to be a married wife.

Peggy. May sic ill-luck befa' that silly she
 Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.
 Let fowk bode weel, and strive to do their best ;
 Nae mair's required ; let Heaven mak out the rest.
 I've heard my honest uncle aften say,
 That lads should a' for wives that's virtuous pray :
 For the maist thrifty man could never get
 A weel stor'd room, unless his wife wad let :
 Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part,
 To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart.
 Whate'er he wins, I'll guide wi' canny care,

And win the vogue at market, trone or fair,
For halesome, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware.
A flock o' lambs, cheese, butter, and some woo;
Shall first be sauld to pay the laird his due.
Syne a' behind's our ain—thus without fear,
Wi' love and rowth we through the warld will steer;
And when my Pate in bairns and gear grows rife,
He'll bless the day he gat me for a wife.

Jenny. But what if some young giglet on the green,
Wi' dimpled cheeks, and twa bewitching een,
Shou'd gar your Patie think his ha'f worn Meg,
And her kend kisses hardly worth a seg?

Peggy. Nae mair of that—Dear Jenny, to be free,
There's some men constanter in love than we;
Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
Has blest them wi' solidity of mind,
They'll reason calmly, and wi' kindness smile,
When our short passions wad our peace beguile;
Sae, whensoe'er they slight their maiks at hame,
'Tis ten to ane their wives are maist to blame.
Then I'll employ wi' pleasure a' my art,
To keep him chearfu' and secure his heart.
At e'en when he comes weary frae the hill,
I'll ha'e a' things made ready to his will;
In winter when he toils through wind and rain,
A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearth stane;
And soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
The seething pot's be ready to take aff:
Clean hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his board,
And serve him wi' the best we can afford.
Good humour, and white bigonets shall be
Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

Jenny. A dish of married love right soon grows cauld,
And dozens down to nane, as fowk grow auld.

Peggy. But we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find
 The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind.
 Bairns and their bairns mak sure a firmer tye,
 Than aught in love the like of us can spy.
 See yon twa elms that grow up side by side;
 Suppose them some years syne bridegroom and bride;
 Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
 Till wide their spreading branches are increast,
 And in their mixture now are fully blest.
 This shields the other frae the eastlen blast,
 That in return defends it frae the wast.
 Sic as stand single—(a state sae lik'd by you!)
 Beneath ilk storm, frae every airth maun bow.

Jenny. I've done—I yield, dear lassie, I maun yield;
 Your better sense has fairly won the field,
 With the assistance of a little fae,
 Lies darn'd within my breast this mony a day.

SANG VI. *Tune, Nancy's to the green wood gane.*

*I yield, dear lassie, ye have won,
 And there is nae denying,
 That sure as light flows frae the sun,
 Frae love proceeds complying;
 For a' that we can do or say,
 'Gainst love, nae thinker beads us,
 They ken our bosoms lodge the fae,
 That by the heart-strings lead us.*

Peggy. Alake! poor prisoner! Jenny, that's no fair,
 That ye'll no let the wee thing tak the air:
 Haste, let him out, we'll tent as weel's we can,
 Giff he be Bauldy's, or poor Roger's man.

Jenny. Anither time's as good—for see the sun
 Is right far up, and we're not yet begun.

To freath the graith—if canker'd Madge, our aunt,
 Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant :
 But when we've done I'll tell ye a' my mind ;
 For this seems true—nae lass can be unkind. [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

A snug thack-house, before the door a green :
 Hens on the midding, ducks in dubs are seen.
 On this side stands a barn, on that a byre :
 A peet stack joins, and forms a rural square.
 The house is Glad's—there you may see him lean,
 And to his divet seat invite his friend.

GLAUD and SYMON.

Glaud.

Good morrow, nibour Symon—come, sit down,
 And gies your cracks—What's a' the news in town ?
 They tell me ye was in the ither day,
 And sald your crummock, and her bassen'd quey.
 I'll warrant ye've coft a pund o' cut and dry ;
 Lug out your box, and gie's a pipe to try.

Symon. Wi' a' my heart ; and tent me now, auld boy,
 I've gather'd news will kittle your mind wi' joy :
 I cou'dna rest till I came o'er the burn,
 To tell you things ha'e taken sic a turn,
 Will gar our vile oppressors stand like fleas,
 And skulk in hidlings on the hether braes.

Glaud. Fy, blaw!—Ah, Symie! rattling chiels ne'er stand
 To cleck and spread the grossest lies aff-hand,
 Whilk soon flies round like will-fire, far and near :
 But louse your poke, be't true or false let's hear.

Symon. Seeing's believing, Glaud, and I ha'e seen
Hab, that abroad has wi' our master been;
Our brave good master, wha right wisely fled,
And left a fair estate to save his head:
Because ye ken fou weel he bravely chose
To shine, or set in glory wi' Montrose.
Now Cromwell's gane to Nick; and ane ca'd Monk,
Has plaid the Rump a right slee begunk;
Restor'd King CHARLES, and ilka thing's in tune;
And Habby says, we'll see Sir William soon.

SANG VII. *Tune, Cauld Kail in Aberdeen.*

*Could be the rebels' cast,
Oppressors base and bloody;
I hope we'll see them at the last,
Strung a' up in a woody.
Blest be he of worth and sense,
And ever high in station,
That bravely stands in the defence
Of conscience, king, and nation.*

Glaud. That makes me blyth indeed—but dinna flaw;
Tell o'er your news again! and swear til't a'.
And saw ye Hab! and what did Halbert say?
They have been e'en a dreary time away.
Now God be thanked that our laird's come hame,
And his estate, say, can he eithly claim?

Symon. They that hag-rid us till our guts did grane,
Like greedy bears, dare nae mair do't again;
And good Sir William sall enjoy his ain.

Glaud. And may he lang, for never did he stent
Us in our thriving wi' a racket rent;

Nor grumbled if ane grew rich, or shor'd to raise
Our mailens when we pat on Sunday's claiiths.

Symon. Nor wad he lang, with senseless saucy air,
Allow our lyart noddles to be bare :

' Put on your bonnet, Symon ;—tak a seat——

' How's a' at hame ?—How's Elspa ?—How does Kate ?

' How sells black cattle ?—What gie's woo this year ?'

And sic like kindly questions wad he speer.

SANG VIII. *Thus*, Mucking of Geordy's byre.

The laird who in riches and honour

Wad thrive, should be kindly and free ;

Nor rack his poor tenants wba labour,

To rise aboon poverty.

Else like the pack-horse that's unfether'd,

And burden'd will tumble down faint ;

Thus virtue, by hardship is smother'd,

And rackers aft tine their rent.

Glaud. Then wad he gar his butler bring bedeen
The nappy bottle ben, and glasses clean,
Whilk in our breast rais'd sic a blythsome flame,
As gar'd me mony a time gae dancing hame.
My heart's e'en rais'd !—Dear nibour will ye stay,
And tak your dinner here wi' me the day ?
We'll send for Elspa too—and upo' sight,
I'll whistle Pate and Roger frae the hight :
I'll yoke my sled and send to the niest town,
And bring a draught of ale baith stout and brown ;
And gar our cottars a', man, wife, and wean,
Drink till they tine the gate to stand their lane.

Symon. I wadna bauk my friend his blyth design,
Gif that it hadna first of a' been mine :

For heer-yestreen I brew'd a bow o' maut,
 Yestreen I slew twa wathers prime and fat;
 A furler o' good cakes my Elspa beuk,
 And a large ham hings reesting i' the nook.
 I saw, mysell, or I came o'er the loan,
 The meikle pat that scads the whey put on,
 A mutton bouk to boil—and ane we'll roast;
 And on the haggies Elspa spares nae cost;
 Sma' are they shorn; and she can mix fou nice,
 The gusty ingans wi' a curn o' spice.
 Fat are the puddings—head and feet weel sung;
 And we've invited nibours auld and young,
 To pass this afternoon wi' glee and game,
 And drink our master's health and welcome hame,
 Ye maunna then refuse to join the rest,
 Since ye're my nearest friend that I like best:
 Bring wi' you a' your family, and then,
 Whene'er you please, I'll rant wi' you again.

Glaud. Spoke like ye'rsell, auld birky; never fear,
 But at your banquet I sall first appear:
 Faith, we shall bend the bicker, and look bauld,
 Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld.
 Auld, said I! Troth, I'm younger by a score,
 Wi' this good news, than what I was before;
 I'll dance or een! Hey, Madge! come forth, d'ye hear?

MADGE enters.

Madge. The man's gane gyte!—Dear Symon, welcome here:

What wa'd ye, Glaud, wi' a' this haste and din?
 Ye never let a body sit to spin.

Glaud. Spin! Snuff—Gae brak your wheel, and burn your tow,
 And set the meiklest peet-stack in a low:

Syne dance about the bane-fire till ye dee,
Since now again we'll soon Sir William see.

Madge. Blyth news indeed!—And wha was 't tald you o't?

Glaud. What 's that to you?—Gae get my Sunday's coat;
Wale out the whitest o' my bobbit bands,
My white skin hose, and mittans for my hands;
Then frae their washing cry the bairns in haste,
And mak ye'rsels as trig, head, feet, and waste,
As ye were a' to get young lads or een;
For we're gawn o'er to dine with Sim bedeen.

Symon. Do, honest Madge—and, Glaud, I'll o'er the
gate,

And see that a' be done as I wad ha'e 't. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

The open field.—A cottage in a glen,
An auld wife spinning at the sunny end.
At a small distance, by a blasted tree,
With faulded arms, and ha'f-rais'd looks, ye see.

BAULDY *his lane.*

Bauldy. What's this!—I canna bear't! 'Tis war than hell
To be sae burnt wi' love, yet darna tell!
O, Peggy! sweeter than the dawning day,
Sweeter than gowany glens or new mawn hay;
Blyther than lambs that frisk out o'er the knows,
Straighter than aught that in the forest grows:
Her een the clearest blob of dew outshines;
The lily in her breast its beauty tines;
Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een,
Will be my dead, that will be shortly seen!
For Pate loes her!—waes me! and she loes Pate;
And I wi' Neps, by some unlucky fate,

Made a daft vow!—Oh! but ane be a beast,
 That maks rash aiths, till he's afore the priest.
 I darna speak my mind, else a' the three,
 But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy.
 'Tis sair to thole—I'll try some witchcraft art,
 To break wi' ane, and win the other's heart.
 Here Mausy lives; a witch, that for sma' price,
 Can cast her cantrips, and gi'e me advice;
 She can o'ercast the night, and cloud the moon,
 And mak the de'il's obedient to her crune.
 At midnight hours o'er the kirk-yard she raves,
 And howks unchristen'd weans out o' their graves;
 Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow,
 Rins withershins about the hemlock low;
 And seven times does her prayers backward pray,
 Till Plotcock comes wi' lumps o' Lapland clay,
 Mixt wi' the venom o' black taid's and snakes;
 Of this unsonsy pictures aft she makes
 Of ony ane she hates; and gars expire
 Wi' slaw and racking pains afore a fire,
 Stuck fou of pins; the devilish pictures melt;
 The pain, by fowk they represent, is felt.
 And yonder's Mause; ay, ay, she kens fou weel,
 When ane like me comes rinning to the de'il.
 She and her cat sit beeking in her yard;
 To speak my errand, faith amais't I'm fear'd:
 But I maun do't, though I should never thrive;
 They gallop fast that de'il's and lasses drive.

[Exit,

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

A green kail yard; a little fount,
Where water popland springs:
There sits a wife with wrinkled front,
And yet she spins and sings.

SANG IX. *Tune*, Carle an' the King comes.

MAUSE.

*Peggy, now the king's come,
Peggy, now the king's come,
Thou may dance, and I shall sing,
Peggy, since the king's come.
Na mair the hawkie's shalt thou milk,
But change thy plaiding coat for silk,
And be a lady of that ilk,
Now, Peggy, since the king's come.*

BAULDY enters.

Bauldy. How does auld honest lucky o' the glen?
Ye look baith hale and fere at threescore ten.

Mause. E'en twining out a thread wi' little din,
And beeking my cauld limbs afore the sun.
What brings my bairn this gate sae air at morn?
Is there nae muck to lead?—to thresh nae corn?

Bauldy. Enough o' baith—but something that requires
Your helping hand, employs now a' my cares.

Mause. My helping hand, alake! what can I do,
That underneath baith eild and poortith bow?

Bauldy. Ay, but you're wise, and wiser far than we,
Or maist part o' the parish tells a lie.

Mause. Of what kind wisdom think ye I'm possest,
That lifts my character aboon the rest?

Bauldy. The word that gangs, how ye're so wise and fell,
Ye'll may be tak it ill' gif I shou'd tell.

Mause. What fouk say o' me, Bauldy, let me hear,
Keep naething up, ye naething hae to fear.

Bauldy. Weel, since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a'
That ilka ane talks about you, but a flaw.
When last the wind made Glaud a roofless barn;
When last the burn bore down my mither's yarn;
When Brawny elf-shot never mair came hame;
When Tibby kirk'd, and there nae butter came;
When Bessy Freetock's chuffy-cheeked wean
To a fairy turn'd, and cou'dna stand its lane;
When Watie wander'd ae night through the shaw,
And tint himsell amaisht amang the snaw;
When Mungo's mare stood still, and swat wi' fright,
When he brought east the howdy under night;
When Bawsy shot to dead upo' the green;
And Sara tint a snood was nae mair seen:
You, Lucky, gat the wyte of a' fell out,
And ilk ane here dreads ye a' round about;
And sae they may that mint to do ye skaith;
For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith:
But when I niest mak grots, I'll strive to please
You wi' a furlet of them, mixt with pease.

Mause. I thank ye, lad—Now tell me your demand,
And, if I can, I'll lend a helping hand.

Bauldy. Then I like Peggy—Neps is fond o' me—
Peggy likes Pate—and Pate is bauld and slee,
And loes sweet Meg.—But Neps I downa see—
Could ye turn Patie's love to Neps, and then
Peggy's to me.—I'd be the happiest man.

Mause. I'll try my art to gar the bowls row right;
Sae gang your ways, and come again at night:
'Gainst that time I'll some simple things prepare,
Worth a' your pease and grots, tak ye nae care.

Bauldy. Weel, Mause, I'll come, gif I the road can find;
But if ye raise the de'il, he'll raise the wind;
Syn e rain and thunder, may be, when 'tis late,
Will mak the night sa mirk, I'll tyne the gate.
We're a' to rant in Symie's, at a feast,
O! will ye come like Badrans, for a jest;
And there ye can our diff'rent 'haviours spy:
There's nane shall ken o't there but you and I.

Mause. 'Tis like I may—but let na on what's past
'Tween you and me, else fear a kittle cast.

Bauldy. If I ought o' your secrets e'er advance,
May you ride on me ilka night to France.

[Exit.

MAUSE her lane.

Hard luck, alake! when poverty and eild,
Weeds out o' fashion, and a lanely bield,
Wi' a sma' cast o' wiles, should in a twitch,
Gi'e ane the hatfu' name, *A wrinkled witch.*
This fool imagines, as do mony sic,
That I'm a wretch in compact with Auld Nick;
Because, by education, I was taught
To speak and aft aboon their common thought.
Their gross mistake shall quickly now appear,
Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me here.
Nane kens but me; and if the morn were come,
I'll tell them tales will gar them a' sing dumb.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

Behind a tree, upon the plain,
PATIE and his PEGGY meet;
In love without a vicious stain,
The bonny lass and cheerfu' swain
Change vows and kisses sweet.

PATIE and PEGGY.

Peggy. O, Patie, let me gang, I maunna stay;
We're baith cry'd hame, and Jenny she's away.

Patie. I'm laith to part sae soon; now we're alane,
And Roger he's awa wi' Jenny gane:
They're as content, for aught I hear or see,
To be alane themselves, I judge, as we.
Here, where primroses thickest paint the green,
Hard by this little burnie let us lean.
Hark, how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads!
How saft the westlin winds sough through the reeds!

Peggy. The scented meadows, birds, and healthy breeze,
For aught I ken, may mair than Peggy please.

Patie. Ye wrang me sair, to doubt my being kind,
In speaking sae, ye ca' me dull and blind:
Gif I could fancy ought sae sweet or fair
As my dear Meg, or worthy of my care.
Thy breath is sweeter than the sweetest brier,
Thy cheek and breast the finest flowers appear;
Thy words excel the maist delightfu' notes,
That warble through the merl or mavis' throats:
Wi' thee I tent nae flowers that busk the field,
Or ripest berries that our mountains yield;
The sweetest fruits that hing upon the tree,
Are far inferior to a kiss of thee.

Peggy. But Patrick for some wicked end may fleech,
And lambs should tremble when the foxes preach.
I darna stay—ye, joker, let me gang,
Another lass may gar ye change your sang;
Your thoughts may flit, and I may thole the wrang.

Patie. Sooner a mother shall her fondness drap,
And wrang the bairn sits smiling on her lap:
The sun shall change, the moon to change shall cease,
The gaits to climb—the sheep to yield the fleece,
Ere ought by me be either said or done,
Shall skaith our love, I swear by a' aboon.

Peggy. Then keep your aith.—But mony lads will swear,
And be mansworn to twa in half a-year.
Now, I believe, ye like me wonder weel;
But if a fairer face your heart should steal,
Your Meg, forsaken, bootless might relate,
How she was daunted anes by faithless Pate.

Patie. I'm sure I canna change, ye needna fear;
Though we're but young, I've lo'ed you mony a year.
I mind it weel, when thou cou'dst hardly gang,
Or lisp out words, I choos'd you frae the thrang
Of a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand,
Aft to the tansy-know or rashy-strand;
Thou, smiling by my side—I took delite
To pou the rashes green, wi' roots sae white.
Of which, as weel as my young fancy cou'd,
For thee I plet a flow'ry belt and snood.

Peggy. When first thou gade wi' shepherds to the hill,
And I to milk the ewes first try'd my skill,
To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,
When at the bught at e'en I met wi' thee.

Patie. When corns grew yellow, and the hether-bells,
Bloom'd bonny on the moor and rising fells,

Nae birns, or briers, or whins, ere troubled me,
Gif I cou'd find blae-berries ripen'd for thee.

Peggy. When thou didst wrestle, run, or putt the stane,
And wan the day my heart was flight'ring fain:
At a' thae sports thou still gave joy to me;
For nane can wrestle, run, or putt with thee.

Patie. Jenny sings saft the *Broom of Cowden knows*,
And Rosey lilt the *Milking of the Ews*:
There's nane like Nancy, *Jenny Nettles* sings;
At turns in *Maggy Lawder* Marion dings:
But when my Peggy sings wi' sweeter skill,
The *Boatman*, or the *Lass of Patie's Mill*,
It is a thousand times mair sweet to me:
Though they sing weel, they canna sing like thee.

Peggy. How eith can lasses trow what they desire,
And roos'd by them we love, blaws up that fire:
But who loves best let time and carriage try;
Be constant, and my love shall time defy.
Be still as now, and a' my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasant is for thee.

SANG X. *Tune*, The Yellow hair'd Ladie.

PEGGY.

*When first my dear ladie gade to the green hill,
And I at ew milking first sey'd my young skill,
To bear the milk bowie nae pain was to me,
When I at the boughing forgather'd wi' thee.*

PATIE.

*When corn riggs waw'd yellow, and blue hether-bells
Bloom'd bonny on moorland, and sweet rising fells,
Nae birns, briers, or breckens, gave trouble to me,
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.*

PEGGY.

*When thou ran or wrestled, or putted the stane,
And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain:
Thy ilka sport manly, gave pleasure to me;
For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.*

PATIE.

*Our Jenny sings saftly the Cowden-Broom-Knows,
And Rosey liltis sweetly the Milking the Ews;
There's few Jenny Nettles like Nancy can sing,
And Thro' the Wood Laddie, Bess gars our lugs ring.
But when my dear Peggy sings wi' better skill,
The Boatman, Tweed-side, or the Lass of the Mill,
'Tis mony times sweeter and pleasant to me;
For though they sing nicely, they can't sing like thee.*

PEGGY.

*How easy can lasses throw what they desire!¹
And praises sae kindly increases love's fire!
Gi'e me still this pleasure, my study shall be
To mak myself better and sweeter for thee.*

Patie. Wert thou a giglet gawky like the lave,
That little better than our nowt behave:
At naught they'll ferly—senseless tales believe;
Be blyth for silly heghts, for trifles grieve:
Sic ne'er could win my heart, that kenna how
Either to keep a prize, or yet prove true;
But thou in better sense, without a flaw,
As in thy beauty far excels them a';
Continue kind, and a' my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

Peggy. Agreed.—But hearken! yon's auld aunty's cry,
I ken they'll wonder what can make us stay.

Patie. And let them ferly.—Now, a kindly kiss,
Or fivescore good anes wad na be amiss;
And syne we'll sing the sang wi' tunefu' glee,
That I made up last owk on you and me.

Peggy. Sing first, syne claim your hire.—

Patie. ——— Well, I agree.

SANG XI. To its aine tune.

PATIE.

*By the delicious warmth of thy mouth,
And rowing eyes that smiling tell the truth,
I guess, my lassie, that as well as I,
You're made for love, and why should you deny?*

PEGGY.

*But ken ye, lad, gin we confess o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done;
The maiden that o'er quickly tines her pow'r,
Like unripe fruit, will taste but hard and sow'r.*

PATIE.

*But gin they hing o'er lang upo' the tree,
Their sweetness they may tine; and sae may ye:
Red-cheeked you completely ripe appear,
And I hawe thold'd and woo'd a lang haff year.*

PEGGY. [Falling into Patie's arms.]

*Then dinna pu' me; gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's arms, for good and a':
But stint your wishes to this kind embrace,
And mint nae farther till we've got the grace.*

PATIE. [With his left hand about her waist.]

*O, charming armsfu' ! hence, ye cares, away !
I'll kiss my treasure a' the live lang day ;
A' night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
Till that day come that ye 'll be a' my ain.*

BOTH.

*Sun, gallop down the westling skies,
Gang soon so bed, and quickly rise ;
O, lash your steeds, post time away,
And haste about our bridal day !
And if ye're wearied, honest light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.*

[Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

Now turn your eyes beyond yon spreading lime,
And tent a man whose beard seems bleech'd wi' time:
An elwand fills his hand, his habit mean,
Nae doubt, ye'll think he has a pedlar been.
But whisht ! it is the Knight in mascurad,
That comes hid in this cloud to see his lad.
Observe how pleas'd the royal sufferer moves,
Thro' his auld av'news, anes delightfu' groves.

Sir WILLIAM, *solus*.

THE gentleman thus hid in low disguise,
I'll for a space, unknown delight mine eyes.
With a full view of ev'ry fertile plain,
Which once I lost, which now are mine again.
Yet 'midst my joys, prospects pain renew,
Whilst I my once fair seat in ruins view.

Yonder, ah me ! it desolately stands
Without a roof, the gates fall'n from their bands;
The casements all broke down, no chimney left,
The naked walls of tap'stry all bereft:
My stables and pavilions, broken walls !
That with each rainy blast decaying falls :
My gardens, once adorn'd the most complete,
With all that nature, all that art makes sweet ;
Where round the figur'd green, and pebble walks,
The dewy flowers hung nodding on their stalks :
But overgrown with nettles, docks, and brier,
No jaccacinths or eglintines appear.
How do those ample walls to ruin yield,
Where peach and nest'rine branches found a bield,
And bask'd in rays, which early did produce
Fruit fair to view, delightful in the use !
All round in gaps the most in rubbish lie,
And from what stands the wither'd branches fly.
These soon shall be repair'd ;—and now my joy
Forbids all grief——when I'm to see my boy,
My only prop and object of my care,
Since Heaven too soon call'd home his mother fair :
Him, ere the rays of reason clear'd his thought,
I secretly to faithful Symon brought,
And charg'd him strictly to conceal his birth,
Till we should see what changing times brought forth.
Hid from himself, he starts up by the dawn,
And ranges careless o'er the heights and lawn,
After his fleecy charge, serenely gay,
With other shepherds whistling o'er the day.
Thrice happy life ! that's from ambition free,
Remov'd from crowns and courts, how cheerfully
A quiet, contented mortal spends his time
In hearty health, his soul unstain'd with crime !

SANG XII. *Tune, Happy Clown.*

*Hid from himself, now by the dawn
He starts as fresh as roses blawn,
And ranges o'er the heights and lawn,
After his bleeting flocks.*

*Healthful and innocently gay
He chants and whistles out the day;
Untaught to smile, and then betray,
Like courtly weather-cocks.*

*Life happy, from ambition free,
Envy and vile hypocrisy,
Where truth and love with joys agree,
Unsullied with a crime.*

*Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,
In proping of their pride and state,
He lives, and unafraid of fate,
Contented spends his time.*

Now towards good Symon's house I'll bend my way,
And see what makes yon gamboling to-day;
All on the green, in a fair wanton ring,
My youthful tenants gaily dance and sing.

[Exit Sir William.]

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

'Tis Symon's house, please to step in,
And visit round and round,
There's nought superfluous to give pain,
Or costly to be found;

Yet all is clean: A clear peet ingle
Glances amidst the floor;
The green horn spoons, beech luggies mingle
On skelfs foregainst the door.
While the young brood sport on the green,
The auld anes think it best,
Wi' the brown cow to clear their een,
Snuff, crack, and tak their rest.

SYMON, GLAUD, and ELSPA.

Glaud. We anes were young oursells—I like to see
The bairns bob round wi' other merrily.
Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a strapon lad,
And better looks than his I never bade;
Among the lads he bears the gree awa',
And tells his tale the cleverest o' them a'.

Elspa. Poor man! he's a great comfort to us baith;
God mak him gude, and hide him ay frae skafth.
He is a bairn, I'll say't, well worth our care,
That ga'e us ne'er vexation, late or air.

Glaud. I trow, guidwife, if I be not mistane,
He seems to be wi' Peggy's beauty tane;
And troth my niece is a right dainty wean,
As ye weel ken: a bonnier needna be,
Nor better,—be't she were nae kin to me.

Symon. Ha! Glaud, I doubt that ne'er will be a match,
My Patie's wild, and will be ill to catch;
And or he were, for reasons I'll no tell,
I'd rather be mixt wi' the mools mysell.

Glaud. What reason can ye have? There's nane, I'm sure,
Unless ye may cast up that she's but poor:
But gif the lassie marry to my mind,
I'll be to her as my ain Jenny kind.
Fourscore of breeding ews of my ain birn,
Five ky that at ae milking fills a kirn,

I'll gi'e to Peggy that day she's a bride;
 By and atour, gif my good luck abide,
 Ten lambs at spaining time, as lang's I live,
 And twa quey cawfs I'll yearly to them give.

Elspa. Ye offer fair, kind Glaud: but dinna speer
 What may be is not fit ye yet should hear.

Symon. Or this day eight days, likely, he shall learn,
 That our denial disna slight his bairn.

Glaud. Weel, nae mair o't:—come, gi'es the other bend,
 We'll drink their healths, whatever way it end.

[*Their healths gae round.*]

Symon. But will ye tell me, Glaud, by some 'tis said,
 Your niece is but a fundling, that was laid
 Down at your hallon side, ae morn in May,
 Right clean row'd up, and bedded on dry hay.

Glaud. That clatteran, Madge, my titty, tells sic flaws,
 Whene'er our Meg her cankart humour gaws.

JENNY enters.

Jenny. O, father! there's an auld man on the green,
 The fellest fortune-teller e'er was seen:
 He tents our loofs, and syne whops out a book,
 Turns o'er the leaves, and gi'es our brows a look:
 Syne tells the oddest tales that e'er ye heard;
 His head is grey, and lang and grey his beard.

Symon. Gae bring him in; we'll hear what he can say,
 Nane shall gang hungry by my house to day. [Exit Jen.
 But for his telling fortunes, troth, I fear,
 He kens nae mair o' that than my grey mare.

Glaud. Spae-men! the truth of a' their saws I doubt;
 For greater liars never ran thereout.

JENNY returns, bringing in Sir WILLIAM; with them
PATIE.

Symon. Ye're welcome, honest carle—here, tak a seat.

Sir William. I gi'e ye thanks, goodman, I'se no be blate.

Glaud. [*Drinks.*] Come, t' ye, friend.—How far came ye
the day.

Sir William. I pledge ye, nibour, e'en but little way:
Rousted with eild, a wee piece gate seems lang,
Twa miles or three's the maist that I dow gang.

Symon. Ye're welcome here to stay a' night-wi' me,
And tak sic bed and board as we can gi'e.

Sir William. That's kind unsought—Weel, gin ye ha'e a
bairn

That ye like weel, and wad his fortune learn,
I shall employ the farthest of my skill
To spae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

Symon. [*Pointing to Patie.*] Only that lad—alack! I hae
nae mae,

Either to mak me joyfu' now or wae.

Sir William. Young man, let's see your hand—what gara
ye sneer?

Patie. Because your skill's but little worth I fear.

Sir William. Ye cut before the point—but, billy, bide;
I'll wager there's a mouse mark on your side.

Elspa. Betouch-us-too! and weel I wat that's true;
Awa, awa! the deel's o'er grit-wi' you.

Four inch aneath his oter is the mark,
Scarce ever seen since he first wore a sark.

Sir William. I'll tell ye mair; if this young lad be spar'd
But a short while, he'll be a braw rich laird.

Elspa. A laird!—Hear ye, goodman—what think ye now?

Symon. I dinna ken. Strange auldman! what art thou?

Fair fa' your heart, 'tis good to bode of wealth;
Come, turn the timmer to laird Patie's health.

[*Patie's health gaes round.*]

Patie. A laird of twa good whistles and a kent,
Twa curs, my trusty tenants on the bent,
Is a' my great estate—and like to be:
Sae, cunning carle, ne'er pass your jokes on me.

Symon. Whisht, Patie,—let the man look o'er your
hand,

Aft-times as broken a ship has come to land.

[*Sir William looks a little at Patie's band, then counterfeits falling into a trance, while they endeavour to lay him right.*]

Elsa. Preserve's!—the man's a warlock, or possest
Wi' some nae good, or second sight, at least:
Where is he now?—

Glaud. ———He's seeing a' that's done
In ilka place, beneath or yont the moon.

Elsa. Thae second-sighted fowk (His peace be here!)
See things far aff, and things to come, as clear
As I can see my thumb—Wow! can he tell
(Speer at him, soon as he comes to himsell)
How soon we'll see Sir William?—Whisht, he heaves,
And speaks out broken words like ane that raves.

Symon. He'll soon grow better—*Elsa,* haste ye, gae
And fill him up a tass of usquebac.

Sir William starts up and speaks.

- ' *A Knight that for a Lion fought,*
- ' *Against a herd of bears,*
- ' *Was to long toil and trouble brought,*
- ' *In which some thousands shares.*

- ' But now again the Lion rares,
- ' And joy spreads o'er the plain;
- ' The Lion has defeat the bears,
- ' The Knight returns again.
- ' That Knight in a few days shall bring
- ' A shepherd frae the fauld,
- ' And shall present him to his King,
- ' A subject true and bauld:
- ' He Mr. Patrick shall be call'd;
- ' All you that hear me now,
- ' May well believe what I have tald,
- ' For it shall happen true.'

Symon. Friend, may your spaeing happen soon and weel,
But, faith, I'm redd you've bargain'd wi' the deel,
To tell some tales that fowks wad secret keep;
Or do you get them tald you in your sleep?

Sir William. Howe'er I get them, never fash your beard;
Nor come I to read fortunes for reward:
But I'll lay ten to ane wi' ony here,
That all I prophesy shall soon appear.

Symon. You prophesying fowk are odd kind men!
They're here that ken, and here that disna ken
The whimpl'd meaning o' your unco tale,
Whilk soon will mak a noise o'er moor and dale.

Gland. It's nae sma' sport to hear how Sym believes,
And taks't for gospel what the spae-man gi'es
Of flawing fortunes, whilk he evens to Pate:
But what we wish, we trow at ony rate.

Sir William. Whist! doubtfu' carle; for ere the sun
Has driven twice down to the sea,
What I have said, ye shall see done
In part, or nae mair credit me.

Glaud. Weel be't sae, friend, I shall say naithing mair;
But I've twa sonsy lasses, young and fair,
Plump ripe for men: I wish you could foresee
Sic fortunes for them, might prove joy to me.

Sir William. Nae mair through secrets I can sift
Till darkness black the bent:
I ha'e but anes a day that gift;
Sae rest a while content.

Symon. Elspa, cast on the claith, fetch butt some meat,
And o' your best gar this auld stranger eat.

Sir William. Delay a while your hospitable care;
I'd rather enjoy this evening calm and fair,
Around yon ruin'd tower to fetch a walk,
With you, kind friend, to have some private talk.

Symon. Soon as you please I'll answer your desire:
And, *Glaud*, you'll tak your pipe beside the fire:
We'll but gae round the place, and soon be back,
Syne sup together, and tak our pint, and crack.

Glaud. I'll out a space, and see the young anes play;
My heart's still light, albeit my locks be gray. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

Jenny pretends an errand hame;
Young Roger draps the rest,
To whisper out his melting flame,
And thaw his lassie's breast.
Behind a bush, weel hid frae sight, they meet:
See, Jenny's laughing; Roger's like to greet.
Poor shepherd!

ROGER and JENNY.

Roger. Dear Jenny, I wad speak t' ye, wad ye let;
And yet I ergh, ye're aye sae scornfu' set.

Jenny. And what wad Roger say, if he cou'd speak?
Am I oblig'd to guess what ye're to seek?

Roger. Yes, ye may guess right eith for what I grien,
Baith by my service, sighs, and langing een.
And I maun out wi' t, though I risk your scorn;
Ye're never frae my thoughts baith e'en and morn.
Ah! could I lo'e thee less I'd happy be:
But happier far, could you but fancy me.

Jenny. And who kens, honest lad, but that I may?
Ye canna say that e'er I said ye nay.

Roger. Alake! my frightened heart begins to fail,
Whene'er I mint to tell you out my tale,
For fear some tighter lad, mair rich than I,
Has won your love, and near your heart may lie.

Jenny. I lo'e my father, cousin Meg I love;
But to this day, nae man my heart could move:
Except my kin, ilk lad's alike to me;
And frae ye a' I best had keep me free.

Roger. How lang, dear Jenny?—sayna that again;
What pleasure can ye tak in giving pain?
I'm glad, however, that ye yet stand free;
Wha kens but ye may rue and pity me?

Jenny. Ye have my pity else, to see you set
On that whilk maks our sweetness soon forget;
Wow! but we're bonny, good and every thing;
How sweet we breathe, whene'er we kiss or sing!
But we're nae sooner fools to gi'e consent,
Than we our daffin and tint pow'r repent:
When prison'd in four wa's, a wife right tame,
Although the first, the greatest drudge at hame.

Roger. That only happens, when, for sake o' gear,
Ane wales a wife, as he wad buy a mare:
Or when dull parents, bairns together bind
Of different tempers, that can ne'er prove kind.

But love, true downright love, engages me,
Though thou should scorn—still to delight in thee.

Jenny. What sugar'd words frae wooer's lips can fa'
But girning marriage comes and ends them a'.
I've seen, wi' shining fair, the morning rise,
And soon the sleety clouds mirk a' the skies;
I've seen the siller spring a while rin clear,
And soon in mossy puddles disappear:
The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may smile;
But soon contentions a' their joys beguile.

Roger. I've seen the morning rise wi' fairest light,
The day unclouded, sink in calmest night;
I've seen the spring rin whimpling through the plain,
Increase, and join the ocean without stain:
The bridegroom may be blyth, the bride may smile;
Rejoice through life, and a' your fears beguile.

Jenny. Were I but sure ye lang would love maintain,
The fewest words my easy heart could gain:
For I maun own,* since now at last you're free,
Although I jok'd, I lov'd your company;
And ever had a warmness in my breast,
That made ye dearer to me than the rest.

Roger. I'm happy now! o'er happy! haud, my head!
This gust of pleasure's like to be my dead.
Come to my arms! or strike me! I'm a' fir'd
Wi' wond'ring love! let's kiss till we be tir'd.
Kiss, kiss! we'll kiss the sun and stars away,
And ferly at the quick return o' day.
O, Jenny! let my arms about thee twine,
And briss thy bonny breasts and lips to mine. [*They embrace.*]

SANG XIII. *Tune, Leith-wynd.*

JENNY.

*Were I assur'd you'd constant prove,
 You should nae mair complain;
 The easy maid beset with love,
 Few words will quickly gain:
 For I must own, now since ye're free,
 This too fond heart of mine
 Has lang, a black-sole true to thee,
 Wish'd to be pair'd with thine.*

ROGER.

*I'm bappy now, ah! let my head
 Upon thy breast recline!
 The pleasure strikes me near-band dead,
 Is Jenny then sae kind?
 O, let me briss thee to my heart!
 And round my arms entwine;
 Delightfu' thought! we'll never part:
 Come, press thy mouth to mine.*

*Jenny. Wi' equal joy my easy heart gi'es way,
 To own thy weel-try'd love has won the day.
 Now by the warmest kisses thou hast tane,
 Swear thus to love me, when by vows made ane.*

*Roger. I swear by fifty thousand yet to come,
 Or may the first ane strike me deaf and dumb,
 There shall not be a kindlier dawted wife,
 If ye agree wi' me to lead your life.*

SANG XIV. *Tune, O'er Boggie.*

JENNY.

*Weel, I agree, ye're sure of me :
 Next to my father gae ;
 Mak him content to gie consent,
 He'll hardly say ye nay ;
 For ye ha'e what he wad be at,
 And will commend you weel,
 Since parents auld thinks love grows cauld,
 When bairns want milk and meal.*

*Should be deny, I care na by,
 He'd contradict in vain :
 Tho' a' my kin had said and sworn,
 But thee, I will ha'e nane.
 Then never range, nor learn to change,
 Like those in high degree :
 And if ye prove faithful in love,
 You'll find nae fault in me.*

*Roger. My faulds contain twice fifteen forrow nowt,
 As mony newcal in my byars rowt :
 Five pack of woo' I can at Lammas sell,
 Shorn frae my bob-tail'd bleeters on the fell ;
 Gude twenty pair o' blankets for our bed,
 Wi' meikle care, my thrifty mither made :
 Ilk thing that maks a hartsome house and tight,
 Was still her care, my father's great delight.
 They left me a' ; which now gi'es joy to me,
 Because I can gi'e a', my dear, to thee :
 And had I fifty times as meikle mair,
 Nane but my Jenny should the samen skair.*

My love and a' is yours ; now haud them fast,
And guide them as ye like, to gar them last.

Jenny. I'll do my best.—But see wha comes this way,
Patie and Meg :—besides, I maunna stay :
Let's steal frae ither now, and meet the morn :
If we be seen, we'll drie a deal o' scorn.

Roger. To where the saugh-tree shades the mennin-pool,
I'll frae the hill come down, when day grows cool :
Keep triste, and meet me there ;—there let us meet,
To kiss, and tell our love :—there's nought sae sweet.

SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

This scene presents the Knight and Sym,
Within a gallery of the place,
Where a' looks ruinous and grim ;
Nor has the Baron shown his face :
But joking wi' his shepherd leel,
Aft speers the gate he kens fu' weel.

Sir WILLIAM and SYMON.

Sir William. To whom belongs this house so much decay'd ?

Symon. To ane that lost it, lending gen'rous aid,
To bear the head up, when rebellious tail
Against the laws of nature did prevail.
Sir William Worthy is our master's name,
Whilk fills us a' with joy, now *He's come hame.*

(*Sir William draps his masking beard :*

Symon transported sees

The welcome Knight, with fond regard,

And grasps him round the knees.)

My master ! my dear master !—do I breathe
To see him healthy, strong, and free frae skaith !

Return'd to cheer his wishing tenant's sight,
To bless his son, my charge, the world's delight!

Sir William. Rise, faithful Symon; in my arms enjoy
A place, thy due—kind guardian of my boy:
I came to view thy care in this disguise,
And am confirm'd thy conduct has been wise:
Since still the secret thou 'st securely seal'd,
And ne'er to him his real birth reveal'd.

Symon. The due obedience to your strict command
Was the first lock:—niest, my ain judgment fand
Out reasons plenty: since, without estate,
A youth, tho' sprung frae kings, looks baugh and blate.

Sir William. And aften vain and idly spend their time,
Till grown unfit for action, past their prime,
Hang on their friends: which gi'es their sauls a cast,
That turns them downright beggars at the last.

Symon. Now, weel I wat, sir, ye ha'e spoken true;
For there's laird Kytie's son, that lov'd by few:
His father steght his fortune in his wame,
And left his heir nought but a gentle name:
He gangs about sornan frae place to place,
As scrimp of manners as of sense and grace:
Oppressing a', as punishment of their sin,
That are within his tenth degree o' kin;
Rins in ilka trader's debt, wha's sae unjust
To his ain family as to gi'e him trust.

Sir William. Such useless branches of a commonwealth,
Should be lopt off, to give a state mair health,
Unworthy bare reflection—Symon, run
O'er all your observations on my son;
A parent's fondness easily finds excuse,
But do not, with indulgence, truth abuse.

Symon. To speak his praise, the langest simmer-day
Wad be o'er short—cou'd I them right display.

In word and deed he can sae weel behave,
 That out o' sight he rins before the lave;
 And when there's e'er a quarrel or contest,
 Patrick's made judge to tell whase cause is best;
 And his decreet stands good—he'll gar it stand;
 Wha dares to grumble finds his correcting hand;
 Wi' a firm look, and a commanding way,
 He gars the proudest o' our herds obey.

Sir William. Your tale much pleases—my good friend,
 proceed;

What learning has he, can he write and read?

Symon. Baith wonder weel: for troth, I didna spare
 To gi'e him at the school enough o' lair;
 And he delytes in books—he reads and speaks
 Wi' fouks that ken them, Latin words and Greeks.

Sir William. Where gets he books to read—and o' what
 kind?

Though some give light, some blindly lead the blind.

Symon. Whene'er he drives our sheep to Edinburgh port,
 He buys some books of history, sangs, or sport:
 Nor does he want o' them a routh at will,
 And carries ae a pouchfu' to the hill.
 About ane Shakspeare and a famous Ben,
 He aftens speaks, and ca's them best o' men.
 How sweetly Hawthornden and Stirling sing,
 And ane ca'd Cowley, loyal to his king,
 He kens fu' weel, and gars their verses ring.
 I sometimes thought he made o'er great a phrase,
 About fine poems, histories, and plays.
 When I reprov'd him anes—a book he brings,
 Wi' this, quoth he, on braes I crack wi' kings.

Sir William. He answer'd well; and much ye glad my ear,
 When such accounts I of my shepherd hear;

Reading such books can raise a peasant's mind
Above a lord's, that is not thus inclin'd.

Symon. What ken we better, that sae sindle look,
Except on rainy Sundays, on a book;
When we a leaf or twa haff read, haff spell,
Till a' the rest sleep round, as weel's our sell.

Sir William. Well jested, Symon; but one question more
I'll only ask you now, and then give o'er:
The youth's arriv'd the age when little loves
Flighter around young hearts, like cooing doves;
Has nae young lassie with inviting mien,
And rosie cheeks, the wonder of the green,
Engag'd his look, and caught his youthfu' heart?

Symon. I fear'd the warst, but kend the sma'est part;
Till late I saw him twa-three times mair sweet,
With Glau'd's fair neice, then I thought right or meet:
I had my fears, but now have nought to fear,
Since like yoursell your son will soon appear;
A gentleman, enrich'd wi' a' these charms,
May bless the fairest, best-born lady's arms.

Sir William. This night must end his unambitious fire,
When higher views shall greater thoughts inspire.
Go, Symon, bring him quickly here to me,
None but yourself shall our first meeting see:
Yonder's my horse, and servants nigh at hand,
They come just at the time I gave command:
Straight in my own apparel I'll go dress;
Now ye the secret may to all confess.

Symon. Wi' how much joy I on this errand flee,
There's nane can ken, that is not downright me. [Exit.

Sir William. [Solus.] When the event of hope successfully
appears,
One happy hour cancels the toil of years?

A thousand toils are lost in Lethe's stream,
 And cares evanish like a morning dream;
 When wish'd for pleasures rise like morning light,
 The pain that's past enhances the delight.
 These joys I feel, that words can ill express,
 I ne'er had known without my late distress.
 But from his rustic business and love,
 I must in haste my Patrick soon remove,
 To courts and camps that may his soul improve.
 Like the rough di'mond, as it leaves the mine;
 Only in little breakings shews its light.
 Till artful polishing has made it shine;
 Thus education makes the genius bright.

SANG XV. *Tune*, What ye was I met yestreen.

*Now from rusticity and love,
 Whose flames but over-lowly burn,
 My gentle shepherd must be drove,
 His soul must take another turn:
 As the rough diamond from the mine,
 In breakings only shews its light,
 Till polishing has made it shine,
 Thus learning makes the genius bright.* [Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

The scene describ'd in former page.
 Bauldy's onset—enter Mause and Madge.

Madge.

OUR laird's come hame! and owns young Pate his heir!
Mause. That's news indeed!——

Madge. ——— As true as ye stand there.
 As they were dancing a' in Symon's yard,
 Sir William, like a warlock, wi' a beard
 Five nives in length, and white as driven snaw,
 Amang us came, cry'd, *Ha'd ye merry a'* ;
 We ferly'd meikle at his unco look,
 Whilk frae his pouch he whirled forth a book.
 As we stood round about him on the green,
 He view'd us a', but fix'd on Pate his een ;
 Then pawkylie pretended he cou'd spae,
 Yet for his pains and skill wad naething hae.

Mause. Then sure the lasses, and ilk gaping coof,
 Wad rin about him, and ha'd out their loof.

Madge. As fast as flaes skip to the tate o' woo,
 Whilk slee Tod-lawrie hauds witho't his mou',
 When, he to drown them, and his hips to cool,
 In simmer days slides backward in a pool :
 In short he did for Pate braw things foretel,
 Without the help of conjuring or spell.
 At last, when weel diverted, he withdrew,
 Pu'd of his beard to Symon, Symon knew
 His welcome master ; round his knees he gat,
 Hang at his coat, and syne for blytheness grat.
 Patrick was sent for——happy lad is he !
 Symon tald Elspa, Elspa tald it me.
 Ye'll hear out a' the secret story soon,
 And troth 't is e'en right odd when a' is done ;
 To think how Symon ne'er afore wad tell,
 Na, no sae meikle as to Pate himsell :
 Our Meg, poor thing, alake ! has lost her jo.

Mause. It may be sae wha kens, and may be no.
 To lift a love that's rooted is great pain ;
 Ev'n kings ha'e tane a queen out o' the plain,
 And what has been before may be again.

Madge. Sic nonsense! love tak root, but tocher-good,
'Tween a herd's bairn, and ane o' gentle blood!
Sic fashions in king Bruce's days might be;
But siccan ferlies now we never see.

Mause. Gif Pate forsaks her, Bauldy she may gain,
Yonder he comes, and vow but he looks fain!
Nae doubt he thinks that Peggy's now his ain.

Madge. He get her! slavering doof! it sets him weel
To yoke a plough where Patrick thought to teel!
Gif I were Meg, I'd let young master see——

Mause. Ye'd be as dorty in your choice as he;
And so wad I, but whist! here Bauldy comes.

BAULDY enters, singing.

*Jocky said to Jenny: Jenny wile thou da't,
Ne'er a fit, quoth Jenny, for my tocher-good:
For my tocher-good, I winna marry thee,
E'en's ye like, quoth Jocky, ye may let me be.*

Madge. Weel liltet Bauldy, that's a dainty sang.

Bauldy. I'll gi'e ye't a', 'tis better than its lang.

[Sings again.

*I hae gowd and gear, I hae land enough,
I hae seven good awsen ganging in a pleugh;
Ganging in a pleugh, and linkan o'er the lee,
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.*

*I hae a good ha' house, a barn and a byre,
A peestack 'fore the door, we'll make a rantin fire;
I'll make a ranting fire, and merry shall we be,
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.*

*Jenny said to Jocky, gin ye winna tell,
Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysell ;
Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free ;
Ye're welcomer to tak me, than to let me be.*

I trow sae——lasses will come too at last,
Tho' for a while they maun their snaw baws cast.

Mause. Weel, Bauldy, how gaes a' ?——

Bauldy.——Faith, unco right :
I hope we'll a' sleep sound, but ane, this night.

Madge. And wha's the unlucky ane, if we may ask ?

Bauldy. To find out that is nae difficult task :
Poor bonny Peggy, wha maun think nae mair
On Pate, turn'd Patrick, and Sir William's heir.
Now, now good Madge, and honest Mause, stand be,
While Meg's in dumps, put in a word for me ;
I'll be as kind as ever Pate could prove,
Less wilfu', and ay constant in my love.

Madge. As Neps can witness, and the bushy thorn,
Where mony a time to her your heart was sworn :
Fy, Bauldy, blush, and vows of love regard ;
What other lass will trow a mansworn herd ?
The curse of Heaven hings ay aboon their heads ;
That's ever guilty of sic sinfu' deeds.
I'll ne'er advise my niece say gray a gate,
Nor will she be advis'd, fu' weel I wate.

Bauldy. Sae gray a gate ! mansworn ! and a' the rest !
Ye lee'd, auld roudes——and in faith had best
Eat in your words, else I shall gar ye stand
Wi' a het face afore the haly-band.

Madge. Ye'll gar me stand ! ye sheveling gabit-brock,
Speak that again, and trembling dread my rock,

And ten sharp nails; that when my hands are in,
Can flye the skin o' ye'r cheeks out o'er your chin.

Bauldy. I tak ye witness, Mause, ye heard her say
That I'm mansworn—I winna let it gae.

Madge. Ye're witness too, he ca'd me bonny names,
And should be serv'd as his good breeding claims.
Ye filthy dog!—

*[Flies to his hair like a fury.—A stout battle—Mause
endeavours to redd them.]*

Mause. Let gang your grips; fy, Madge! howt, Bauldy,
leen;

I wadna wish this tulzie had been seen;

'Tis sae daft like——

*[Bauldy gets out of Madge's clutches with a bleed-
ing nose.]*

Madge. ——'Tis dafter like to thole
An ether-cap like him to blaw the coal.
It sets him weel wi' vile unscrapit tongue,
To cast up whether I be auld or young;
They're aulder yet than I have married been,
And, or they died, their bairns bairns have seen.

Mause. That's true; and Bauldy ye was far to blame,
To ca' Madge ought but her ain christen'd name.

Bauldy. My lugs, my nose, and noddle finds the same.

Madge. Auld roudes! filthy fallow, I shall auld ye.

Mause. Howt no!—ye'll e'en be friends wi' honest

Bauldy:

Come, come, shake hands, this maun nae farder gae;
Ye maun forgi'e 'm: I see the lad looks wae.

Bauldy. In troth now, Mause, I ha'e at Madge nae spite,
But she abusing first, was a' the wyte
Of what has happen'd, and should therefore crave
My pardon first, and shall acquittance have.

Madge. I crave your pardon!—Gallows-face, gae greet,
And own your faut to her that ye wad cheat.
Gae or be blasted in your health and gear,
'Till ye learn to perform as weel as swear.
Vow and loup back!—was e'er the like heard tell?
Swith tak him deel, he's o'er lang out o' hell.

Bauldy. [*Running off.*] His presence be about us!
Curst were he,
That were condemn'd for life to live with thee.

[*Exit Bauldy.*]

Madge. [*Laughing.*] I think I have towzled his harigalds
a wee;

He'll no soon grein to tell his love to me.
He's but a rascal that wad mint to serve
A lassie sae, he does but ill deserve.

Mause. Ye towz'd him tightly—I commend ye for't,
His bleeding snout gae me nae little sport;
For this forenoon he had that scant of grace,
And breeding baith—to tell me to my face,
He hop'd I was a witch, and wadna stand,
To lend him in this case my helping hand.

Madge. A witch!—how had ye patience this to bear?
And leave him eens to see, or lugs to hear?

Mause. Auld wither'd hands, and feeble joints like mine
Obliges fowk resentment to decline,
'Till aft 't is seen, when vigour fails, then we
With cunning can the lack of pith supplie:
Thus I put aff revenge 'till it was dark,
Syne bade him come, and we should gang to wark:
I'm sure he'll keep his tryst; and I came here
To seek your help, that we the fool may fear.

Madge. And special sport we'll hae as I protest;
Ye'll be the witch, and I shall play the ghaist;

A linen sheet wound round me like ane dead,
I'll cawk my face, and grane, and shake my head.
We'll fleg him sae, he'll mint nae mair to gang
A conjuring, to do a lassie wrang.

Mause. Then let us gae; for see its hard on night,
The westling clouds shine red wi' setting light. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

When birds begin to nod upon the bough,
And the green swaird grows damp wi' falling dew;
While good Sir William is to rest retir'd,
The Gentle Shepherd, tenderly inspir'd,
Walks thro' the broom wi' Roger ever leel,
To meet, to comfort Meg, and tak fareweel.

PATIE and ROGER enter.

Roger. Wow! but I'm cadgie, and my heart louns light;
O, Mr. Patrick! ay your thoughts were right:
Sure gentle fowk are farer seen than we,
That naething ha'e to brag of pedigree.
My Jenny now, wha brak my heart this morn,
Is perfect yielding—sweet—and nae mair scorn;
I spake my mind—she heard—I spake again,
She smil'd—I kiss'd—I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.

Patie. I'm glad to hear 't.—But, O! my change this day,
Heaves up my joy, and yet I'm sometimes wae.
I've found a father, gently kind as brave,
And an estate that lifts me 'boon the lave.
Wi' looks a' kindness, words that love confest,
He a' the father to my soul exprest,
While close he held me to his manly breast.

Such were the eyes, he said, thus smil'd the mouth
 Of thy lov'd mother, blessing of my youth !
 Who set too soon !—And while he praise bestow'd,
 Adown his gracefu' cheeks a torrent flow'd.
 My new-born joys, and this his tender tale,
 Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my thoughts prevail ;
 That speechless lang, my late kend sire I view'd,
 While gushing tears my panting breast bedew'd ;
 Unusual transports made my head turn round,
 Whilst I myself wi' rising raptures found,
 The happy son of ane so much renown'd.
 But he has heard !—too faithful Symon's fear,
 Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear :
 Which he forbids ;—ah ! this confounds my peace,
 While thus to beat, my heart shall sooner cease.

Roger. How to advise ye, troth, I'm at a stand ;
 But wer't my case, ye'd clear it up aff hand.

Patie. Duty, and haften reason plead his cause,
 But love rebels against all bounding laws ;
 Fixt in my heart my shepherdess excels,
 And part of my new happiness repels.

SANG XVI. *Tune, Kirk wad let me be.*

*Duty and part of reason,
 Plead strong on the parent's side,
 Which love so superior calls treason,
 The strongest must be obey'd :
 For now, though I'm ane of the gentry,
 My constancy falsehood repels ;
 For change in my heart has no entry ;
 Still there my dear Peggy excels.*

Roger. Enjoy them baith. Sir William will be won;
Your Peggy's bonny—you're his only son.

Patie. She's mine by vows, and stronger ties of love,
And frae these bands nae change my mind shall move;
I'll wed nane else, through life I will be true;
But still obedience is a parent's due.

Roger. Is not our master and yourself to stay
Amang us here?—or are ye gawn away
To London court, or ither far aff parts,
To leave your ain poor us wi' broken hearts?

Patie. To Edinburgh straight to-morrow we advance,
To London niest, and afterwards to France;
Where I must stay some years, and learn—to dance,
And twa three ither monkey-tricks: That done,
I come hame strutting in my red-heel'd shoon.
Then 't is design'd, when I can weel behave,
That I maun be some petted thing's dull slave,
For some few bags of cash, that I wat weel
I nae mair need nor carts do a third wheel;
But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,
Sooner than hear sic news shall hear my death.

Roger. *They wha ha'e just enough can soundly sleep,
The o'er-come only fashes fauk to keep.*—
Good Maister Patrick tak your ain tale hame.

Patie. What was my morning thought at night's the
same:

The poor and rich but differ in the name.
Content's the greatest bliss we can procure
Frae 'boon the lift—without it kings are poor,

Roger. But an estate like yours yields braw content,
When we but pick it scantily on the bent:
Fine claiiths, saft beds, sweet houses, sparkling wine,
Rich fare, and witty friends, whene'er ye dine;

Submissive servants, honour, wealth, and ease ;
Wha's no content wi' thae are ill to please.

Patie. Sae Roger thinks, and thinks nae far amiss,
But mony a cloud hings hov'ring o'er the bliss :
The passions rule the roast—and if they're sour,
Like the lean ky they'll soon the fat devour.
The spleen, tint honour, and affronted pride,
Stang like the sharpest goads in gentry's side.
The gout, and gravel, and the ill disease,
Are frequentest wi' fowk o'er-laid wi' ease ;
While o'er the moor the shepherd wi' less care,
Enjoys his sober wish and halesome air.

Roger. Lord, man ! I wonder ay, and it delights
My heart, whene'er I hearken to your flights :
How gat ye a' this sense, I fain wad lear,
That I may easier disappointments bear ?

Patie. Frae books, the wale of books, I gat some skill,
Thae best can teach what's real good and ill ;
Ne'er grudge ilk year to ware some stanes of cheese,
To gain those silent friends that ever please.

Roger. I'll do't, and ye shall tell me whilk to buy ;
Faith I'se hae books, tho' I shou'd sell my ky ;
But now let's hear how you're design'd to move,
Between Sir William's will and Peggy's love.

Patie. Then here it lies—his will maun be obey'd,
My vows I'll keep, and she shall be my bride ;
But I sometime this last design maun hide.
Keep you the secret close, and leave me here ;
I sent for Peggy—yonder comes my dear.

Roger. Pleas'd that ye trust me wi' the secret, I
To wyle it frae me a' the de'il's defy. [Exit.]

Patie. [Solus.] Wi' what a struggle maun I now impart,
My father's will to her that hauds my heart ;

I ken she lo'es, and her saft saul will sink,
While it stands trembling on the hated brink
Of disappointment—Heaven support my fair,
And let her comfort claim your tender care :——
Her eyes are red!

PEGGY enters.

——My Peggy, why in tears?
Smile as ye wont, allow nae room for fears,
Tho' I'm nae mair a shepherd, yet I'm thine.

Peggy. I darena think sae high—I now repine
At the unhappy chance that made na me
A gentle match, or still a herd kept thee.
Wha can withoutten pain see frae the coast,
The ship that bears his all like to be lost!
Like to be carried by some rover's hand,
Far frae his wishes, to some distant land.

Patie. Ne'er quarrel fate, whilst it wi' me remains
To raise thee up, or still attend these plains.
My father has forbid our loves I own:
But love's superior to a parent's frown.
I falsehood hate: come kiss thy cares away;
I ken to love as weel as to obey:
Sir William's gen'rous; leave the task to me,
To mak strict duty and true love agree.

Peggy. Speak on! speak ever thus, and still my grief;
But short I dare to hope the fond relief:
New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspire,
That wi' nice air swims round in silk attire:
Then I! poor me! wi' sighs may ban my fate,
When the young laird's nae mair my handsome Pate.
Nae mair again to hear sweet tales exprest,
By the blythe shepherd that excell'd the rest:

Nae mair be envy'd by the tattling gang,
 When Patie kiss'd me, when I danc'd or sang;
 Nae mair, alake! we'll on the meadow play,
 And rin half breathless round the rucks of hay;
 As aft times I ha'e fled frae thee right fain,
 And fawn on purpose that I might be tane:
 Nae mair around the *foggy know* I'll creep,
 To watch and stare upon thee while asleep.
 But hear my vow—'t will help to gi'e me ease—
 May sudden death, or deadly sair disease,
 And warst of ills attend my wretched life,
 If e'er to ane but you I be a wife.

SANG XVII. *Tune*, Woes my heart that we shou'd
 sunder.

*Speak on—speak thus, and still my grief,
 Hold up a heart that's sinking under
 These fears, that soon will want relief,
 When Pate must from his Peggy sunder:
 A gentler face, and silk attire,
 A lady rich in beauty's blossom,
 Alake, poor me! will now conspire,
 To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.*

*No more the shepherd who excell'd
 The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
 Shall now his Peggy's praises tell;
 Ah! I can die, but never sunder.
 Ye meadows where we aften stray'd,
 Ye banks where we were wont to wander;
 Sweet-scented rucks round which we play'd,
 You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.*

*Again, ah! shall I never creep
Around the know wi' silent duty,
Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
And wonder at thy manly beauty!
Hear, Heaven, while solemnly I vow,
Tho' thou shou'd prove a wand'ring lover,
Thro' life to thee I shall prove true,
Nor be a wife to any other.*

Patie. Sure Heaven approves—and be assur'd of me,
I'll ne'er gang back o' what I've sworn to thee;
And time, tho' time maun interpose a while,
And I maun leave my Peggy and this isle;
Yet time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,
If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy place.
I'd hate my rising fortune, should it move
The fair foundation of our faithfu' love.
If at my feet were crowns and sceptres laid,
To bribe my soul fra thee, delightfu' maid;
For thee I'd soon leave these inferior things,
To sic as hae the patience to be kings.—
Wherefore that tear? believe and calm thy mind.

Peggy. I greet for joy, to hear thy words sae kind;
When hopes were sunk, and nought but mirk despair,
Made me think life was little worth my care;
My heart was like to burst; but now I see
Thy gen'rous thoughts will save thy love for me:
Wi' patience then, I'll wait each wheeling year,
Hope time away, till thou wi' joy appear;
And a' the while I'll study gentler charms,
To make me fitter for my trav'ller's arms;
I'll gain on uncle Glaud—he's far frae fool,
And will not grudge to put me thro' ilk school,
Where I may manners learn.—

SANG XVIII. *Tune, Tweed-side.*

*When hope was quite sunk in despair
 My heart it was going to break ;
 My life appear'd worthless my care,
 But now I will save't for thy sake.
 Where'er my love travels by day,
 Wherever he lodges by night,
 Wi' me his dear image shall stay ;
 And my soul keep him ever in sight.*

*Wi' patience I'll wait the long year,
 And study the gentlest charms ;
 Hope time away till thou appear,
 To lock thee for ay in these arms.
 Whilst thou wast a shepherd, I priz'd
 No higher degree in this life ;
 But now I'll endeavour to rise
 To a height that's becoming thy wife.*

*For beauty, that's only skin deep,
 Must fade like the gowans in May :
 But inwardly rooted will keep
 For ever without a decay.
 Nor age, nor the changes of life,
 Can quench the fair fire of love,
 If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
 And the husband has sense to approve.*

*Patie. ————— That's wisely said :
 And what he wares that way shall be weel paid.
 Tho', without a' the little helps of art,
 Thy native sweets might gain a prince's heart.*

Yet now, lest in our station we offend,
We must learn modes to innocence unkend;
Affect afit-times to like the thing we hate,
And drap serenity, to keep up state:
Laugh when we're sad, speak when we've nought to say,
And for the fashion, when we're blyth seem wae:
Pay compliments to them we afit ha'e scorn'd,
Then scandalize them when their backs are turn'd.

Peggy. If this is gentry, I had rather be
What I am still—But I'll be ought wi' thee.

Patie. Na, na, my Peggy, I but only jest
Wi' gentry's apes: for still amangst the best
Gude manners gi'e integrity a bleeze,
When native virtues join the arts to please.

Peggy. Since wi' na hazard, and sae sma' expence,
My lad frae books can gather siccan sense;
Then why, ah! why shou'd the tempestuous sea
Endanger thy dear life, and frighten me?
Sir William's cruel, that wad force his son,
For watna-whats, sae great a risk to run.

Patie. There is nae doubt but trav'ling does improve;
Yet I wou'd shun it for thy sake, my love.
But soon as I've shook aff my landart cast
In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

Peggy. Wi' ev'ry setting day and rising morn,
I'll kneel to Heaven, and ask thy safe return;
Under that tree, and on the suckler brae,
Where afit we wont, when bairns, to rin and play;
And to the hissel-shaw, where first ye vow'd
Ye wad be mine, and I as aithly trow'd;
I'll aften gang, and tell the trees and flow'rs,
Wi' joy, that they'll bear witness I am yours.

SANG XIX. *Tune, Bush aboon Traquair.*

*At setting day and rising morn,
 Wi' soul that still shall love thee,
 I'll ask of Heaven thy safe return,
 Wi' a' that can improve thee.
 I'll visit aft the birken bush,
 Where first thou kindly tald me
 Sweet tales of love, and bid my blush,
 Whilst round thou didst infald me.*

*To a' our haunts I will repair,
 To greenwood-shaw or fountain:
 Or where the simmer day I'd share
 Wi' thee upon yon mountain.
 There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
 From thoughts unfeign'd and tender:
 By vows ye're mine, my love is yours,
 A heart which cannot wander.*

Patie. My dear, allow me fra thy temples fair,
 A shining ringlet of thy flowing hair;
 Which, as a sample of each lovely charm,
 I'll aften kiss and wear about my arm.

Peggy. Were't in my power wi' better boons to please,
 I'd gi'e the best I cou'd wi' the same ease;
 Nor wad I, if thy luck had fall'n to me,
 Been in ae jot less generous to thee.

Patie. I doubt it not; but since we've little time,
 To ware't on words, wad border on a crime,
 Love's safer meaning better is exprest,
 When 'tis with kisses on the heart imprest.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

See how poor Bauldy stares like ane possest,
And roars up Symon frae his kindly rest :
Bare legg'd, wi' night-cap, and unbutton'd coat,
See the auld man comes forward to the sot.

SYMON and BAULDY.

Symon.

WHAT want ye, Bauldy, at this early hour,
While drowsy sleep keeps a' beneath its power!
Far to the North the scant approaching light,
Stands equal 'twixt the morning and the night.
What gars ye shake, and glowre, and look sae wan?
Your teeth they chatter, hair like bristles stand.

Bauldy. O len me soon some water, milk, or ale,
My head's grown giddy—legs wi' shaking fail:
I'll ne'er dare venture forth at night my lane:
Alake! I'll never be mysell again.
I'll ne'er o'erput it: Symon! Oh, Symon! O!

[Symon gives him a drink.]

Symon. What ails thee, gowk? to mak so loud ado.
You've wak'd Sir William, he has left his bed:
Ae comes, I fear, ill pleas'd; I hear his tread.

Sir WILLIAM enters.

Sir William. How goes the night? Does day-light yet
appear?

Symon, you're very timeously asteer.

Symon. I'm sorry, sir, that we've disturb'd your rest,
But some strange thing has Bauldy's spirit oppress,
He's seen some witch, or wrestled wi' a ghaist.

Bauldy. O! ay—dear sir, in truth, 't is very true,
And I am come to mak my plaint to you.

Sir William. [*Smiling.*] I lang to hear 't.—

Bauldy. ——— Ah! sir, the witch ca'd Mause,
That wins aboon the mill amang the haws,
First promis'd that she'd help me wi' her art,
To gain a bonny thrawart lassie's heart;
As she had trysted, I met wi' er this night,
But may nae friend o' mine get sic a fright!
For the curs'd hag, instead o' doing me good,
(The very thought o't's like to freeze my blood!)
Rais'd up a ghaist, or de'il, I kenna whilk,
Like a dead corse in sheet as white as milk;
Black hands it had, and face as wan as death;
Upon me fast the witch and it fell baith,
And gat me down, while I like a great fool,
Was labour'd as I wont to be at school.
My heart out o' its hool was like to loup,
I pithless grew wi' fear, and had nae hope;
'Till wi' an elrich laugh they vanish'd quite;
Syne I, haff dead with anger, fear, and spite,
Crap up, and fled straight frae them, sir, to you,
Hoping you'll help to gi'e the de'il his due.
I'm sure my heart will ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt,
Till in a fat tar barrel Mause be burnt.

Sir William. Well, Bauldy, whate'er's just shall granted be;
Let Mause be brought this morning down to me.

Bauldy. Thanks to your honour, soon shall I obey;
But first I'll Roger raise, and twa three mae,
To catch her fast, e'er she get leave to squeel,
And cast her cantraips, that bring up the de'il. [*Exit.*]

Sir William. Troth, Symon, Bauldy's more afraid than hurt,
The witch and ghaist have made themselves good sport.

What silly notions crowd the clouded mind,
That is through want of education blind!

Symon. But does your honour think there's nae sic thing,
As witches raising de'ils up thro' a ring;
Syne playing tricks, a thousand I cou'd tell,
Cou'd never be contriv'd on this side hell.

Sir William. Such as the devil's dancing in a moor,
Amongst a few old women craz'd and poor;
Who are rejoic'd to see him frisk and loup
O'er braes and bogs wi' candles in his dowp;
Appearing sometimes like a black horn'd cow,
Aft-times like Bawty, Badrans, or a sow;
Then with his train thro' airy paths to glide,
While they on cats, or clowns, or broomstaffs ride!
Or in an egg-shell skim out o'er the main,
To drink their leader's health in France or Spain:
Then aft by night, bumbaze hard-hearted fools,
By tumbling down their cup-boards, chairs, and stools.
Whate'er's in spells, or if there witches be,
Such whimsies seem the most absurd to me.

Symon. 'Tis true enough, we ne'er heard that a witch
Had either meikle sense, or yet was rich;
But Mause, tho' poor, is a sagacious wife,
And lives a quiet and very honest life;
That gars me think this hobble-show that's past,
Will end in naething but a joke at last.

Sir William. I'm sure it will; but see increasing light,
Commands the imps of darkness down to night;
Bid raise my servants, and my horse prepare,
Whilst I walk out to take the morning air.

SANG XX. *Tune, Bonny grey ey'd morn.*

*The bonny grey-ey'd morn begins to peep,
 And darkness flies before the rising ray:
 The hearty hind starts from his lazy sleep,
 To follow healthfu' labours of the day,
 Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow,
 The lark and the linnet 'tend his levee,
 And he joins their concert, driving his plow,
 From toil of grimace and pageantry free.*

*While fluster'd with wine, or madden'd with loss,
 Of half an estate, the prey of a main,
 The drunkard and gamester tumble and toss,
 Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain.
 Be my portion, health and quietness of mind,
 Plac'd at due distance from parties and state,
 Where neither ambition nor avarice blind,
 Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate.*

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

*While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,
 Wi' a blue snood Jenny binds up her hair;
 Glaud by his morning ingle takes a beek,
 The rising sun shines motty thro' the reek;
 A pipe his mouth, the lasses please his een,
 And now and then his joke maun interveen.*

GLAUD, PEGGY, and JENNY.

Glaud. I wish, my bairns, it may keep fair till night,
 Ye didna use sae soon to see the light;

Nae doubt, now, ye intend to mix the thrang,
To tak your leave of Patrick or he gang;
But do ye think, that now when he's a laird,
That he poor landwart lasses will regard?

Jenny. Tho' he's young master now, I'm very sure,
He has mair sense than slight auld friends, tho' poor:
But yesterday he ga'e us mony a tug,
And kiss'd my cousin there frae lag to lug.

Glaud. Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, and he'll do't again:
But, be advis'd, his company refrain;
Before, he as a shepherd, sought a wife,
Wi' her to lead a chaste and frugal life;
But now grown gentle, soon he will forsake
Sic godly thoughts, and brag of being a rake.

Peggy. A rake! what's that?—sure if it means ought ill,
He'll never be't, else I ha'e tint my skill.

Glaud. Daft lassie, ye ken nought of the affair,
Ane young and good, and gentle's unco rare;
A rake's a graceless spark, that thinks nae shame
To do what like of us thinks sin to name:
Sic are sae void of shame, they'll never stap,
To brag how aften they ha'e had the clap;
They'll tempt young things, like you, with youdith flush'd,
Syne mak ye a' their jest when ye're debauch'd.
Be wary then, I say, and never gi'e
Encouragement, or board wi' sic as he.

Peggy. Sir William's virtuous, and o' gentle blood;
And may not Patrick too like him be good?

Glaud. That's true, and mony gentry may than he,
As they are wiser, better are than we;
But thinner sawn; they're sae puft up wi' pride,
There's mony o' them mocks ilk haly guide,
That shaws the gate to Heaven—I've heard mysell,
Some of them laugh at doomsday, sin, and hell.

Jenny. Watch o'er us, father! heh! that's very odd,
Sure him that doubts a doomsday, doubts a God!

Glaud. Doubt! why, they neither doubt, nor judge, nor
think,

Nor hope, nor fear; but curse, debauch, and drink;

But I'm no saying this, as if I thought

That Patrick to sic gaits will e'er be brought.

Peggy. The lord forbid! na, he kens better things:

But here comes aunt; her face some ferly brings.

MADGE enters.

Madge. Haste, haste ye, we're a' sent for o'er the gate,
To hear, and help to redd some odd debate,
'Tween Mause and Bauldy, 'bout some witchcraft spell
At Symon's house, the knight sits judge himsell.

Glaud. Lend me my staff—Madge, lock the outer door,
And bring the lasses wi' ye; I'll step before. *[Exit.]*

Madge. Poor Meg!—Look, Jenny, was the like e'er seen?
How blear'd and red with greeting look her een!
This day her brankan wooer taks his horse,
To strut a gentle spark at Edinburgh cross;
To change his kent, cut fra the branchy plain,
For a nice sword, and glancing headed cane;
To leave his ram-horn spoons and kitted whey,
For gentler tea, that smells like new-won hay;
To leave the green-swaired dance, when we gae milk,
To rustle among the beauties clad in silk.
But Meg, poor Meg! maun wi' the shepherds stay,
And tak what God will send in hodden-gray.

Peggy. Dear aunt, what need ye fash us w' your scorn?
It's na my faut that I'm nae gentler born.
Gif I the daughter of some laird had been,
I ne'er had notic'd Patie on the green;

Now since he rises, why shou'd I repine?
If he's made for anither, he'll ne'er be mine:
And then, the like has been, if the decree
Designs him mine, I yet his wife may be.

Madge. A bonny story, trowth!—But we delay;
Prin up your aprons baith, and come away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

Sir William fills the twa-arm'd chair,
While Symon, Roger, Glaud and Mause,
Attend, and wi' loud laughter hear
Daft Bauldy bluntly plead his cause:
For now 't is tell'd him that the taz
Was handled by revengfu' Madge,
Because he brak good breeding's laws,
And wi' his nonsense rais'd their rage.

Sir WILLIAM, PATIE, ROGER, SYMON, GLAUD,
BAULDY, and MAUSE.

Sir William. And was that all?—Weel, Bauldy, ye was
serv'd

No otherwise than what ye well deserv'd.
Was it so small a matter to defame,
And thus abuse an honest woman's name?
Besides your going about to have betray'd,
By perjury, an innocent young maid.

Bauldy. Sir, I confess my faut thro' a' the steps,
And ne'er again shall be untrue to Neps.

Mause. Thus far, sir, he oblig'd me on the score,
I kend na that they thought me sic before.

Bauldy. An't like your honour I believ'd fit weel;
But trowth I was e'en doil't to seek the de'il.

Yet, wi' your honour's leave, tho' she's nae witch,
 She's baith a slee and a revengefu' ———
 And that my some place finds:—but I had best
 Haud in my tongue; for yonder comes the ghaist,
 And the young bonny witch, whase rosie cheek,
 Sent me, without my wit, the de'il to seek.

MADGE, PEGGY, and JENNY enter.

Sir William. [*Looking at Peggy.*] Whose daughter's she
 that wears th' Aurora gown,
 With face so fair, and locks a lovely brown?
 How sparkling are her eyes!—What's this I find?
 The girl brings all my sister to my mind.
 Such were the features once adorn'd a face,
 Which death too soon depriv'd of sweetest grace.
 Is this your daughter, Glaud?

Glaud. —Sir, she's my niece——

And yet she's not—but I shou'd haud my peace.

Sir William. This is a contradiction—What d'ye mean?
 She is, and is not!—Pray thee, Glaud, explain.

Glaud. Because I doubt, if I should make appear
 What I ha'e kept a secret thirteen year——

Mause. You may reveal what I can fully clear.

Sir William. Speak soon; I'm all impatience!——

Patie. —— So am I!

For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.

Glaud. Then, since my master orders, I obey——
 This bonny foundling, ae clear morn of May,
 Close by the lee-side of my door, I found,
 All sweet and clean, and carefully hapt round,
 In infant-weeds, of rich and gentle make.
 What cou'd they be, thought I, did thee forsake?

Wha, warse than brutes, could leave expos'd to air
 Sae much o' innocence, sae sweetly fair,
 Sae helpless young? for she appear'd to me,
 Only about twa towmonds auld to be.
 I took her in my arms; the bairnie smil'd
 Wi' sic a look, wad made a savage mild.
 I hid the story, she has pass'd since syne
 As a poor orphan, and a niece of mine:
 Nor do I rue my care about the wean,
 For she's weel worth the pains that I ha'e tane.
 Ye see she's bonny; I can swear she's good,
 And am right sure she's come o' gentle blood;
 Of whom I kenna—naething ken I mair,
 Than what I to your honour now declare.

Sir William. This tale seems strange!—

Patie. ——— The tale delights mine ear!

Sir William. Command your joys, young man, till truth
 appear.

Mause. That be my task—Now, sir, bid a' be hush:
 Peggy may smile—Thou hast nae cause to blush.
 Lang ha'e I wish'd to see the happy day,
 That I might safely to the truth gi'e way;
 That I might now Sir William Worthy name,
 The best and nearest friend that she can claim.
 He saw 't at first, and wi' quick eye did trace,
 His sister's beauty in her daughter's face.

Sir William. Old woman, do not rave; prove what you say;
 'T is dangerous in affairs like this to play.

Patie. What reason, sir, can an old woman have
 To tell a lie, when she's so near her grave?
 But how, or why, it should be truth, I grant,
 I every thing that looks like reason want.

Omnes. The story's odd! we wish to hear it out.

Sir William. Make haste, good woman, and resolve each doubt,

[Mause goes forward, leading Peggy to Sir William.

Mause. Sir, view me weel—Has fifteen years so plow'd
A wrinkled face that you ha'e aften view'd,
That here I as an unknown stranger stand,
Who nurs'd her mother that now holds my hand!
Yet stronger proofs I'll gie if you demand.

Sir William. Ha! honest nurse, where were my eyes before?
I know thy faithfulness, and need no more;
Yet from the lab'rinth to lead out my mind,
Say, to expose her, who was so unkind?

[Sir William embraces Peggy, and makes her sit by him.

Sir William. Yes, surely, thou'rt my niece; truth must prevail:

But no more words till Mause relates her tale.

Patie. Good nurse, gae on; nae music's haff sae fine,
Or can gi'e pleasure like these words of thine.

Mause. Then it was I that sav'd her infant life,
Her death being threaten'd by an uncle's wife.
The story's lang; but I the secret knew,
How they pursu'd, wi' avaricious view,
Her rich estate, of which they're now possess;
All this to me a confident confest.
I heard wi' horror, and wi' trembling dread,
They'd smother the sakeless orphan in her bed!
That very night, when a' were sunk in rest,
At midnight hour the floor I saftly prest,
And staw the sleeping innocent away,
With whom I travell'd some few miles ere day.
All day I hid me—when the day was done,
I kept my journey lighted by the moon,
Till eastward fifty miles I reach'd these plains,
Where needfu' plenty glads your cheerfu' swains.

Afraid of being found out, I to secure
My charge, e'en laid her at this shepherd's door;
And took a neighbouring cottage here, that I
Whate'er shou'd happen to her, might be by.
Here honest Glaud himself, and Symon may,
Remember weel how I that very day,
Frae Roger's father took my little crove.

Glaud. [*With tears of joy stealing down his beard.*]
I weel remember 't: Lord reward your love!
Lang ha'e I wish'd for this; for aft I thought,
Sic knowledge some time shou'd about be brought.

Patie. 'Tis now a crime to doubt—my joys are full,
Wi' due obedience to my parent's will.
Sir, wi' paternal love, survey her charms,
And blame me not for rushing to her arms.
She's mine by vows, and would, tho' still unknown,
Have been my wife, when I my vows durst own.

Sir William. My niece! my daughter! welcome to my
care,
Sweet image of thy mother, good and fair,
Equal with Patrick. Now my greatest aim
Shall be to aid your joys, and well-match'd flame.
My boy, receive her from your father's hand,
With as good will as either would demand.

[*Patie and Peggy embrace, and kneel to Sir William.*]

Patie. Wi' as much joy this blessing I receive,
As ane wad life, that's sinking in a wave.

Sir William. [*Raising them.*] I give you both my blessing:
may your love
Produce a happy race, and still improve.

Peggy. My wishes are complete—my joys arise,
Whilst I'm haff dizzy with the blest surprise;
And am I then a match for my ain lad,
That for me so much generous kindness had?

Lang may Sir William bless the happy plains,
Happy, while Heaven grant he on them remains.

Patie. Be lang our guardian, still our master be,
We'll only crave what you shall please to gi'e;
Th' estate be your's, my Peggy's ane to me.

Glaud. I hope your honour now will tak amends
Of them that sought her life for wicked ends.

Sir William. The base unnat'ral villain soon shall know,
That eyes above watch the affairs below :
I'll strip him soon of all to her pertains,
And make him reimburse his ill-got gains.

Peggy. To me the views of wealth, and an estate
Seem light, when put in balance wi' my Pate :
For his sake only, I'll ay thankfu' bow
For such a kindness, best of men, to you.

Symon. What double blythness wakens up this day !
I hope now, sir, you'll no soon haste away.
Shall I unsaddle your horse, and gar prepare
A dinner for ye of hale country fare ?
See how much joy unwrinkles every brow,
Our looks hing on the twa, and doat on you :
Even Bauldy the bewitch'd, has quite forgot
Fell Madge's taz, and pawky Mause's plot.

Sir William. Kindly old man, remain with you this day !
I never from these fields again will stray :
Masons and wrights shall soon my house repair,
And busy gard'ners shall new planting rear :
My father's hearty table you soon shall see
Restor'd, and my best friends rejoice with me.

Symon. That's the best news I heard this twenty year ;
New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear.

Glaud. God save the king, and save Sir William lang,
T' enjoy their ane, and raise the shepherd's sang.

Roger. Wha winna dance? wha will refuse to sing?
What shepherd's whistle winna lilt the spring?

Bauldy. I'm friends wi' Mause—wi' very Madge I'm
gree'd,

Altho' they skelpit me when woodly fleid:
I'm now fu' blyth, and frankly can forgive,
To join and sing, *Lang may Sir William live.*

Madge. Lang may he live:—and, Bauldy, learn to steek
Your gab a wee, and think before ye speak;
And never ca' her auld that wants a man,
Else ye may yet some witch's fingers ban.
This day I'll wi' the youngest o' ye rant.
And brag for ay that I was ca'd the aunt
Of our young lady—my dear bonny bairn!

Peggy. Nae other name I'll ever for you learn——
And, my good nurse, how shall I gratefu' be
For a' thy matchless kindness done for me?

Mause. The flowing pleasures of this happy day
Does fully all I can require repay.

Sir William. To faithful Symon, and kind Glaud, to you,
And to your heirs, I give an endless feu,
The mailens ye possess, as justly due,
For acting like kind fathers to the pair,
Who have enough besides and these can spare.
Mause, in my house, in calmness close your days,
With nought to do but sing your Maker's praise.

Omnes. The Lord of Heaven return your honour's love,
Confirm your joys, and a' your blessings roove.

Patie. [*Presenting Roger to Sir William.*] Sir, here's my
trusty friend, that always shar'd

My bosom secrets, ere I was a laird;
Glaud's daughter, Janet, (Jenny, think nae shame)
Rais'd, and maintains in him a lover's flame:

Lang was he dumb; at last he spake and won,
And hopes to be our honest uncle's son;
Be pleas'd to speak to Glaud for his consent,
That nane may wear a face of discontent.

Sir William. My son's demand is fair—Glaud, let me crave
That trusty Roger may your daughter have,
With frank consent; and while he does remain
Upon these fields, I make him chamberlain.

Glaud. You croud your bounties, sir; what can we say,
But that we're dyvours that can ne'er repay!
What'er your honour wills, I shall obey.
Roger, my daughter with my blessing take,
And still our master's right your business make.
Please him, be faithfu', and this auld grey head
Shall nod with quietness down amang the dead.

Roger. I ne'er was good at speaking a' my days,
Or ever loo'd to mak o'er great a fraise;
But for my master, father, and my wife,
I will employ the cares of a' my life.

Sir William. My friends, I'm satisfy'd you'll all behave,
Each in his station, as I'd wish or crave.
Be ever virtuous; soon or late ye'll find
Reward and satisfaction to your mind.
The maze of life sometimes looks dark and wild;
And oft when hopes are highest, we're beguil'd.
Oft when we stand on brinks of dark despair,
Some happy turn, with joy, dispels our care.
Now all's at rights, who sings best, let me hear.

Peggy. When you demand, I readiest should obey;
I'll sing you ane, the newest that I ha'e.

SANG XXI. *Tune, Corn riggs are bonny.*

*My Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy ;
His breath is sweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy :
His shape is handsome, middle size,
He's comely in his walking ;
The shining of his een surprize,
'Tis heaven to hear him talking.*

*Last night I met him on a barwk,
Where yellow corn was growing,
There mony a kindly word he spoke,
That set my heart a glowing.
He kiss'd and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me best of ony,
That gars me like to sing sinsyne,
O corn-riggs are bonny.*

*Let lasses of a silly mind
Refuse what maist they're wanting,
Since we for yielding are design'd,
We chastly should be granting.
Then I'll comply, and marry Pate,
And syne my cockernony ;
He's free to towzel, air or late,
Where corn-riggs are bonny.*

[Exeunt omnes.]

A

GLOSSARY;

OR,

EXPLANATION of the *Scotch* words used by the Author,
which are rarely or never found in the modern *English*
Language.

Some General Rules, shewing wherein many Southern and Northern words are originally the same, having only a letter changed for another, or sometimes one taken away, or added.

I. In many words ending with an l after an a, or u, the l is rarely sounded.		Scots.	English.
A', Ba,	ALL. a .	Bow,	Boll.
Ca,	Call.	Bowt,	Bolt.
Fa,	Fall.	Caff,	Calf.
Ga,	Gall.	Cow,	Coll, or Clip.
Ha,	Hall.	Faut,	Fault.
Sma,	Small.	Fause,	False.
Sta,	Stall.	Fowk,	Folk.
Wa,	Wall.	Fawn,	Fallen.
Fou, or Fu,	Full.	Gowd,	Gold.
Pou, or Pu,	Pull.	Haff,	Half.
Woo, or U,	Wool.	How,	Hole, or Hollow.
		Howms,	Holms.
		Maut,	Malt.
		Pow,	Poll.
		Row,	Roll.
		Scawd,	Scald.
		Stown,	Stolen.
		Wawk,	Walk.

II. The l changes to a, w, or u, after o, or a, and it is fre- quently suno before another consonant; as		Scots.	English.
BAwm,	BAlm.		
Bauk,	Baul.		
Bouk,	Bulk.		

III. An o before ld, changes to an a, or au; as,		Scots.	English.
Auld,	OLD.		
Bauld,	Bold.		

<i>Scots.</i>	English.	<i>Scots.</i>	English.
Cauld,	Cold.	Lain, or len,	Loan.
Fauld,	Fold.	Lang,	Long.
Hald, or had,	Hold.	Law,	Low.
Sald,	Sold.	Mae,	More.
Tald,	Told.	Maist,	Most.
Wad,	Would.	Mair,	More.
		Mane,	Mean.
IV. The o, oe, or ow, is		Maw,	Mow.
changed to a, ae, or ai; as,		Na,	No.
<i>Scots.</i>	English.	Name,	None.
AE, or ane,	ONE.	Nathing,	Nothing.
Aeten,	Oaten.	Pape,	Pope.
Aff,	Off.	Rae,	Roe.
Aften,	Often.	Rair,	Roar.
Aik,	Oak.	Raip,	Rope.
Aith,	Oath.	Raw,	Row.
Ain, or awn,	Own.	Saft,	Soft.
Alane,	Alone.	Saip,	Scap.
Amaist,	Almost.	Sair,	Sore.
Amang,	Among.	Sang,	Song.
Airs,	Oars.	Slaw,	Slow.
Aits,	Oats.	Snaw,	Snow.
Apen,	Open.	Strake,	Stroak.
Awner,	Owner.	Staw,	Stole.
Bain,	Bone.	Stane,	Stone.
Bair,	Bore.	Saul,	Soul.
Baith,	Both.	Tae,	Toe.
Blaw,	Blow.	Taiken,	Token.
Braid,	Broad.	Tangs,	Tongs.
Claith,	Cloth.	Tap,	Top.
Craw,	Crow.	Thrang,	Tbrong,
Drap,	Drop.	Wae,	Woe.
Fae,	Foe.	Wame,	Womb.
Frac,	Fro, or From.	Wan,	Won.
Gae,	Go.	War,	Worse.
Gaits,	Goats.	Wark,	Work.
Grane,	Groan.	Warld,	World.
Haly,	Holy.	Wha,	Who.
Hale,	Whole.		
Halesome,	Wholesome.	V. The o, or u, is frequently	
Hame,	Home.	changed into i; as,	
Hait or het,	Hot.	<i>Scots.</i>	English.
Laith,	Loath.	ANither,	ANotber.
Laid,	Lead.	Bill,	Bull.

GLOSSARY.

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<i>Scots.</i>	<i>English.</i>	<i>Scots.</i>	<i>English.</i>
Birn,	<i>Burn.</i>	Mither,	<i>Mother.</i>
Brither,	<i>Brother.</i>	Nits,	<i>Nuts.</i>
Fit,	<i>Foot.</i>	Nise,	<i>Noze.</i>
Fither,	<i>Fother.</i>	Pit,	<i>Put.</i>
Hinny,	<i>Honey.</i>	Rin,	<i>Run.</i>
Ither,	<i>Other.</i>	Sin,	<i>Sun.</i>

A

ABlins, perhaps.

Aboon, above.

Aikerbraid, the breadth of an acre.

Air, long since, early. *Air up*, soon up in the morning.

Ambrie, cup-board.

Anew, enough.

Arles, earnest of a bargain.

Ase, ashes.

Attains, or *at anes*, at once, at the same time.

Attour, out-over.

Auld-farran, ingenious.

Aurglebargin, or *eagglebargin*, to contend and wrangle.

Awsome, frightful, terrible.

Aynd, the breadth.

B.

BAck-sey, a surloin.

Badrans, a cat.

Baid, staid, abode.

Bairns, children.

Balen, whale-bone.

Bang, is sometimes an action of haste. We say, he or it came *wi' a bang*. A *bang* also means a great number. *Of customers she had a bang*.

Bangster, a blustering roaring person.

Bannocks, a sort of bread thicker than cakes, and round.

Barken'd, when mire, blood, &c. hardens upon a thing like bark.

Barlikbood, a fit of drunken angry passion.

Barrow-trams, the staves of a hand-barrow.

Batts, cholic.

Bawbee, halfpenny.

Bauch, sorry, indifferent.

Bawry, *bawsand-fac'd*, is a cow, or a horse, with a white face.

Bedeem, immediately, in haste.

Best, beaten.

Begoud, began.

Begrutten, all in tears.

Beik, to bask.

Beild, or *beil*, a shelter.

Bein, or *been*, wealthy. A *been house*, a warm well-furnished one.

Beit, or *beet*, to help, repair.

Bells, bubbles.

Beltan, the 3d of May, or Rood-day.

Bended, drunk hard.

Benn, the inner-room of a house.

Bennison, blessing.

Bensell, or *bensail*, force.

Bent, the open field.

Bieuk, baked.

Bicker, a wooden dish.

Bekering, fighting, running quickly; school-boys battling with stones.

Bigg, build. *Bigget*, built.

Biggings, building.

Biggonet, a linen cap, or coif.

Billy, brother.

Byre, or *hyar*, a cow-stall.

Birks, birch-trees.

Birle, to drink. Common-people joining their farthings for purchasing li-

- quor, they call it, *birling a bawbee*.
Birn, a burnt mark.
Birns, the stalks of burnt heath.
Birr, force, flying swiftly, with a noise.
Birs'd, bruised.
Bitlle, or *beetle*, a wooden melle, for beating hemp, or a fuller's-club.
Black-a-vic'd, of a black complexion.
Blaz, pale blue, the colour of the skin, when bruised.
Blastum, beguile.
Blate, bashful.
Blatter, a rattling noise.
Bleeb, to blanch or whiten.
Bleer, to make the eye water.
Bleeze, blaze.
Blether, foolish discourse.
Bletherer, a babler. Stammering is called *blethering*.
Blin, cease. Never *blin*, never have done.
Blinkan, the flame rising and falling, as of a lamp when the oil is exhausted.
Beak, or *boke*, vomit.
Beal, a little press, or cupboard in the wall.
Bodin, or *bedden*, provided, or furnished.
Bedle, one sixth of a penny English.
Bodward, an ominous message. *Bodwords* are now used to express ill-natured messages.
Boglebo, hobgoblin, or spectre.
Bony, beautiful.
Bonywalys, toys, gewgaws.
Boss, empty.
Bouk, bulk.
Bourd, jest or dally.
Bouze, to drink.
Broeben, a kind of water-gruel of oat-meal, butter, and honey.
Brae, the side of a hill, bank of a river.
Braird, the first sprouting of corns.
Brander, a gridiron.
Brands, calves of the legs.
Brankan, prancing, a capering.
Branks, wherewith the rustics bridle their horses.
Brattle, noise, as of horse-feet.
Brats, rags.
Braw, brave, fine in apparel.
Brechen, fern.
Brent-brow, smooth high forehead.
Brigs, bridges.
Brist, to press.
Brock, a badger.
Broe, broth.
Browden, fond.
Browster, brewer.
Browst, a brewing.
Bruliment, a broil.
Bucky, the large sea-snail. A term of reproach, when we express a cross-natured fellow, by a *thrawn bucky*.
Buff, nonsense. As, *He blether'd buff*.
Bught, the little fold where the ewes are enclosed at milking time.
Buller, to bubble. The motion of water at a spring-head, or noise of a rising-tide.
Bumbazed, confused. Made to stare and look like an ideot.

Bung, completely fuddled, as it were to the bung.

Bunkers, a bench, or sort of long low chests, that serve for seats.

Bumbler, a bungler.

Burn, a brook.

Busk, to deck, dress.

Bustine, fustian (cloth)

But, often for *without*; as, *but feed*, or *savour*.

Bykes, or *bikes*, nests or hives of bees.

Bygane, bypast.

By-word, a proverb.

C

CAdge, carry. *Cadger*, is a country carrier.

Caff, a calf. *Chaff*.

Callan, a boy.

Camschough, stern, grim, of a distorted countenance.

Cangle to wrangle.

Cankerd, angry, passionately snarling.

Canna, cannot.

Cant, to tell merry old tales.

Catraips, incantations.

Canty, cheerful and merry.

Capernoited, whimsical, ill-natured.

Car, sledge.

Carena, care not.

Carle, a word for an old man.

Carline, an old woman. *Gire-carline*, a giant's wife.

Catbel, an hot pot, made of ale, sugar and eggs.

Cauldrife, spiritless. Wanting cheerfulness in address.

Cauler, cool or fresh.

Cawk, chalk.

Chafis, chops.

Chaping, an ale-measure or

stoup, somewhat less than an English quart.

A-char, or *a-jar*, aside. When any thing is beat a little out of its position, or a door or window a little opened, we say, They're *a-char*, or *a-jar*.

Charlewain, Charles-wain, the constellation called the *Plow*, or *Ursa Major*.

Cbancy, fortunate, good-natured.

Cbat, a cant name for the gallows.

Cbiel, a general term, like *fellow*, used sometimes with respect; as, *He's a very good cbiel*; and contemptuously, *That cbiel*.

Cbirm, chirp and sing like a bird.

Cbucky, a hen.

Clan, tribe, family.

Clank, a sharp blow, or stroke, that makes a noise.

Clasbes, chat.

Clatter, to chatter.

Claught, took hold.

Claver, to speak nonsense.

Claw, scratch.

Cleek, to catch, as with hook.

Cleugh, a den betwixt rocks.

Clinly, hard, stony.

Clock, a beetle.

Clotted, the fall of any soft moist thing.

Closs, a court or square; and frequently a lane or alley.

Clour, the little lump that rises on the head occasioned by a blow or a fall.

Clute or *cloot*, hoof of cows or sheep.

Cockernony, the gathering of a

- woman's hair when its
wrapt or snooded up with a
band or snood.
Cockstool, a pillory.
Cod, a pillow.
Cof, bought.
Cog, a pretty large wooden
dish the country people put
their pottage in.
Cogle, when a thing moves
backwards and forwards
inclining to fall.
Coodie, a small wooden ves-
sel, used by some for a
chamber-pot.
Coof, a stupid fellow.
Coor, to cover.
Cooser, a ston'd horse.
Coost, did cast. *Coosten*,
thrown.
Corby, a raven,
Cosie, sheltered in a conveni-
ent place.
Cotter, a sub-tenant.
Cowp, to fall; also a fall.
Cowp, to change, barter.
Cowp, a company of people;
as merry, senseless, corky
cowp.
Cour, to crouch and creep.
Couto, frank and kind.
Crack, to chat.
Creel, basket.
Crisb, grease.
Creil, a crooked dwarf.
Croone, or *crune*, to murmur
or hum over a song. The
lowing of bulls.
Crouse, bold.
Crove, a cottage.
Crummy, a cow's name.
Cryn, shrink, or become less
by drying.
Cudeigh, a bribe, present.
Culzie, intice or flatter.
Cun, to taste, learn, know.
Cunzie, or *coonie*, coin.
Curn, a small parcel.
Currebe, a kerchief. A linen
dress wore by our High-
land women.
Culted, used kind and gain-
ing methods for obtaining
love and friendship.
Cutts, lots. These cuts are
usually made of straws un-
equally cut.
Cutty, short.

D

- DAK*, a proficient.
Dad, to beat one thing
against another. *He fell
wi' a dad.* He dadded his
head against the wall.
Daft, foolish, and sometimes
wanton.
Daffin, folly, waggyery.
Dail or dale, a valley, a plain
Daintils, dainties, delicates.
Dainty, is used as an epithet
of a fine man or woman.
Dander, wander to and fro, or
saunter.
Dang, did ding, beat, thrust,
drive.
Ding dang, moving hastily
one on the back of another.
Darn, to hide.
Dasb, to put out of counte-
nance.
Dowty, a fondling, darling.
To dawt, to cocker and ca-
ress with tenderness.
Deave, to stun the ears with
noise.
Dees, dairy-maids.
Deray, merriment, jollity,
solemnity, tumult, disor-
der, noise.
Dern, secret, hidden, lonely.
Deval, to descend, fall, hurry.

N

- Dewgt*, rags, or shapings of cloth.
Didle, to act or move like a dwarf.
Dight, decked, made ready; also to clean.
Dinna, do not.
Dirle, a smarting pain quickly over.
Dit, to stop or close up a hole.
Divet, broad turf.
Docken, a dock, (the herb.)
Doilt, confused and silly.
Doited, dozed, or crazy, as in old age.
Doll, a large piece, *dole* or share.
Donk, moist.
Donste, affectedly neat. Clean when applied to any little person.
Dofart, a dull heavy-headed fellow.
Dool or *drule*, the goal which gamesters strive to gain first, (as at foot-ball.)
Dool, pain, grief.
Dorta, a proud pet.
Dorty, proud, not to be spoke to, conceited, appearing as disobliged.
Dosend, cold, impotent.
Dought, could, availed.
Doughty, strong, valiant and able.
Douks, dives under water.
Douse, solid, grave, prudent.
Dow, to will, to incline, to thrive.
Dow, dove.
Dow'd, (liquor,) that's dead, or has lost the spirits; or wither'd (plant.)
Dowff, mournful, wanting vivacity.
Dowie, melancholy, sad, doleful.
Downa, *dow* not; i. e. though one has the power, he wants the heart to do it.
Dowp, the arse, the small remains of a candle, the bottom of an egg-shell. *Better haff egg iban toom dowp*.
Drant, to speak slow, after a sighing manner.
Dree, to suffer, endure.
Dreery, wearisome, frightful.
Dreigh, slow, keeping at distance. Hence an ill payer of his debts, we call *dreigh*. Tedious.
Dribs, drops.
Drizel, a little water in a rivulet, scarce appearing to run.
Droning, sitting lazily, or mooving heavily. Speaking with groans.
Drouked, drenched, all wet.
Dubs, mire.
Dung, defeat.
Dunt, stroke or blow.
Dunty, a doxy.
Dure, a poignard or dagger.
Dynles, trembles, shakes.
Dyver, a bankrupt.

E

- E Ages*, incites, stirs up.
Eard, earth, the ground.
Edge (of a hill,) is the side or top.
Eeen, eyes.
Eild, age.
Eildeens, of the same age.
Eitb, easy. *Eitbar*, easier.
Elbuck, elbow.
Elf-shot, bewitched, shot by fairies.
Elson, a shoemaker's awl.

Elritch, wild, hideous, uninhabited, except by imaginary ghosts.

Endlang, along.

Ergo, scrupulous, when one makes faint attempts to do a thing, without a steady resolution.

Ersi, time past.

Estler, hewn stone. Buildings of such we call *estler* work.

Ether, an adder.

Ette, to aim, design.

Even'd, compar'd.

Eydent, diligent, laborious.

F

FA, a trap, such as is used for catching rats or mice.

Fae, a foe, an enemy.

Fadge, a spongy sort of bread, in shape of a roll.

Fag, to tire or turn away.

Fail, thick turf, such as are used for building dykes for folds, inclosures, &c.

Fain, expresses earnest desire; as, *Fain would I*. Also joyful, tickled with pleasure.

Fait, neat, in good order.

Fairfaw, when we wish well to one, that a good or fair fate may befall him.

Fang, the talons of a fowl.

To fang, to grip or hold fast.

Fasb, vex or trouble. *Fasbous*, troublesome.

Faugb, a colour between white and red. *Faugb rigs*, fallow ground.

Feck, a part, quantity; as, *Maist feck*, the greatest

number, *nae feck*, very few.

Feckfow, able, active.

Feckless, feeble, little, and weak.

Feed, or *fead*, feud, hatred, quarrel.

Feil, many, several.

Fen, shift. *Fending*, living by industry. *Mak a fen*, fall upon methods.

Ferlie, wonder.

Ferzier, the last or fore-run year.

File, to defile, or dirty.

Firclaught, a flash of lightning.

Fistle, to stir. A stir.

Fitted, the print of the foot.

Fizzing, whizzing.

Flaffing, moving up and down, raising wind by motion, as birds with their wings.

Flags, flashes, as of wind and fire.

Flane, an arrow.

Flang, flung.

Flaughter, to pare turf from the ground.

Flaw, lie, or fib.

Fleetch, to coax or flatter.

Fleg, fright.

Fewet, a smart blow.

Fley or *flic*, to affright. *Floyt* afraid or terrified.

Fintlers, splinters.

Flit, to remove.

Futte or *flyte*, to scold, chide.

Flet, did scold.

Flusber, floods.

Fog, moss.

Fo.rdays, the morning far advanced, fair day light.

Forby, besides.

Forebearers, forefathers, ancestors.

Forfain, abused, bespattered.

Forfoughten, weary, faint and out of breath with fighting.

Forgainst, opposite to.

Forgeiber, to meet, encounter.

Forleet, to forsake or forget.

Forestem, the forehead.

Fouth, abundance, plenty.

Fozy, spungy, soft.

Frais, to make a noise. We use to say one *maks a frais* when they boast, wonder, and talk more of a matter than it is worthy of, or will bear.

Fray, bustle, fighting.

Freik, a fool, light, impertinent fellow.

Fremil, strange, not a kin.

Fristed, trusted.

Frusb, brittle, like bread baked with butter.

Fuff, to blow. *Fuffin*, blowing.

Furder, prosper.

Furthy, forward.

Fusb, brought.

Furlet, four pecks.

Fyk, to be restless, uneasy.

G.

GAb, the mouth. To prate.

Gab sae gasb.

Gabbing, prating pertly. To *gab* again, when servants give saucy returns when reprimanded.

Gabby, one of a ready and easy expression; the same with *auld gabbet*.

Gadge, to dictate impertinently, talk idly with a stupid gravity.

Gafaw, a hearty loud laughter. To *gawf*, to laugh.

Gait, a goat.

Gams, gums.

Gar, to cause or force.

Gare, greedy, rapacious, earnest to have a thing.

Gasb, solid, sagacious. One with a long out chin, we call *gasb-gabbet*, *gasb-beard*.

Gate, way.

Gaunt, yawn.

Gawky, idle, staring, idiotical person.

Gawn, going.

Gaws, galls.

Gawzy, jolly, buxome.

Geck, to mock.

Geed or *gade*, went.

Genty, handsome, genteel.

Get or *brat*, a child, by way of contempt or derision.

Gielanger, an ill-debter.

Gif, if.

Gillygacus or *gillygapus*, a staring, gaping fool, a gormandizer.

Gilpy, a roguish boy.

Gimmer, a young sheep (ew.)

Gin, if.

Gird, to strike, pierce.

Girn, to grin, snarl; also a snare or trap, such as boys make of horse-hair to catch birds.

Girth, a hoop.

Glaiks, an idle, good for nothing fellow.

Glaiked, foolish, wanton, light. To give the *glais*, to beguile one, by giving him his labour for his pains.

Glaister, to bawl or bark.

Glamour, juggling. When devils, wizards or jugglers deceive the sight, they are said to cast *glamour* over the eyes of the spectator.

Glar, mire, oozy mud.

Glee, to squint.
Gleg, sharp, quick, active.
Glen, a narrow valley between mountains.
Gloom, to scowl or frown.
Glowming, the twilight, or evening gloom.
Glowr, to stare, look stern.
Glumb, to hang the brow and grumble.
Goan, a wooden dish for meat.
Goolie, a large knife.
Gorlings, or *gorblings*, young unfledged birds.
Gossie, gossip.
Gowans, daisies.
Gove, to look broad and stedfast, holding up the face.
Gouf, besides the known game, a racket or sound blow on the chops, we call a *gouf* on the *buffet*.
Gowk, the cuckow. In derision we call a thoughtless fellow, and one who harps too long upon one subject a *gowk*.
Gowl, a howling, to bellow and cry.
Gousty, ghastly, large, waste, desolate and frightful.
Grany, grandmother, any old woman.
Grape, a trident fork; also to grope.
Gree, prize, victory.
Green, to long for.
Great, to weep. *Grat*, wept.
Grieve, an overseer.
Gross, gross, coarse.
Grotts, mill'd oats.
Grouf, to lie flat on the belly.
Grounche, or *glumb*, to murmur, grudge.
Grutten, wept.

Gryse, a pig.
Gumption, good sense.
Gurly, rough, bitter, cold.
Gysened, when the wood of any vessel is shrunk with dryness.
Gyttings, young children.

H

Haffet, the cheek, side of the head.
Hagabag, coarse napery.
Haggise, a kind of pudding, made of the lungs and liver of a sheep, and boiled in the big bag.
Hags, hacks, peat-pits, or breaks in mossy ground.
Hain, to save, manage narrowly.
Halesome, wholesome; as, *bale*, whole.
Hallen, a screen.
Hameld, domestic.
Hamely, friendly, frank, open kind.
Hanty, convenient, handsome.
Harle, drag.
Harns, brains. *Harn-pan*, the scull.
Harsbip, ruin.
Hasb, a sloven.
Haveren or *baverel*, id.
Haugs, are valleys or low grounds on the sides of rivers.
Havins, good-breeding.
Haviour, behaviour.
Hass, the throat, or fore part of the neck.
Heal or *beel*, health or whole.
Heepy, a person hypocondriac.
Heeryestreen, the night before yesternight.
Heez, to lift up a heavy thing

- a little. A *beery* is a good lift.
Hefit, accustomed to live in a place.
Hegbt, promised; also named
Hempy, a tricky wag, such for whom the hemp grows.
Hereit, ruined in estate, broke, spoiled.
Herp, a clasp, or hook, bar or bolt; also in yarn, a certain number of threads.
Hetber-bells, the heath blossom.
Heugb, a rock or steep hill; also a coal-pit.
Hiddits, or *bidlings*, lurking, hiding-places. To do a thing in *bidlings*, i. e. privately.
Hirple, to move slowly, and lamely.
Hirle or *birdsale*, a flock of cattle.
Ho, a single stocking.
Hobblesbew, a confused racket noise.
Hool, husk. *Hool'd*, inclosed.
Hooly, slowly.
Host, or *woast*, to cough.
How or *bu*, a cap or roof-tree.
How, low ground, a hollow.
How! ho!
Howdered, hidden.
Howdy, midwife.
Howk, to dig.
Howms, plains or river sides.
Howt! ty!
Howtowdy, a young hen.
Hurkle, to crouch or bow together like a cat, hedgehog, or hare.
Hut, a hovel.
Hyt, mad.
- J
- JAck*, jacket.
Jag, to prick as with a pin.
- Jaw*, a wave or gush of water.
Jawp, the dashing of water.
Icesbogles, icicles.
Jee, to incline to one side.
 To *jee* back and fore, is to move like a balk up and down, to this and the other side.
Jig, to crack, make a noise like a cart-wheel.
Jimp, slender.
Jip, gypsie.
Itk, each. *Itka*, every.
Ingan, onion.
Ingle, fire.
Jo, sweetheart.
Jowk, a low bow.
Lie, fearful, terrified, as if afraid of some ghost or apparition. Also melancholy
I'se, I shall; as, *I'll*, for I will.
Iles, embers.
Junt, a large joint or piece of meat.
Jute, sour or dead liquor.
Jybe, to mock. *Gibe*, taunt.
- K
- KAber*, a rafter
Kale or *kail*, colewort, and sometimes broth.
Kacky, to dung.
Kain, a part of a farm-rent paid in fowls.
Kame, a comb.
Kanny, or *canny*; fortunate; also *warie*, one who manages his affairs discreetly.
Kebbuck, a cheese.
Keckle, to laugh, to be noisy.
Kedgy, jovial.
Keek, to peep.
Kelt, cloth with a freeze, commonly made of native black wool.

Kemp, to strive who shall perform most of the same work in the same time.

Ken, to know; used in England as a noun. A thing within ken, *i. e.* within view.

Kent, along staff, such as shepherds use for leaping over ditches.

Kepp, to catch a thing that moves towards one.

Kiest, did cast. *Vid. Coost.*

Killed, tucked up.

Kimmer, a female gossip.

Kirn, a churn, to churn.

Kirle, an upper petticoat.

Kitchen, all sorts of eatables, except bread.

Kittle, difficult, mysterious, knotty (writings.)

Kittle, to tickle, ticklish.

Knacky, witty and facetious.

Knait, to beat or strike sharply.

Knoos'd, buffeted and bruised.

Knoost or *knuist*, a large lump.

Know, a hillock.

Knublock, a knob.

Knuckles, only used in Scotland for the joints of the fingers, next the back of the hand.

Kow, goblin, or any person one stands in awe to disoblige, and fears.

Ky, kine or cows.

Kyib, to appear. *He'll kyib in bis ain colours.*

Kyte, the belly.

L

L Aggert, bespattered, covered with clay.

Laigh, low.

Laits, manners.

Lack or *lack*, undervalue, con-

temn; as, *He that lacks my mare, would buy my mare.*

Landart, the country, or belonging to it. Rustic.

Lane, alone.

Langour, languishing, melancholy. To hold one out of *langour*, *i. e.* to divert him.

Lankale, colewort, uncut.

Lap, leaped.

Lapper'd, curdled or clotted.

Lare, a place for laying; or that has been lain in.

Lare, bog.

Lave, the rest or remainder.

Lawin, a tavern reckoning.

Lawland, low country.

Lavrock, the lark.

Lawy or *lawtib*, justice, fidelity, honest.

Leal, true, upright, honest, faithful to trust, loyal. *A leal heart never lied.*

Leam, flame.

Lear, learning, to learn.

Lee, untill'd ground; also an open grassy plain.

Legien, a milking pail with one lug or handle.

Leman, a kept miss.

Lends, buttocks, loins.

Leigh, laughed.

Lew-warm, lukewarm.

Libbit, gelded.

Lick, to whip or beat; *item*, a wag or cheat, we call a great lick.

Lied, ye lied, ye tell a lie.

Lift, the sky or firmament.

Liggs, lyes.

Lilt, the holes of a wind instrument of music; hence *Lilts up a spring.* *Lilt it out*, take off your drink merrily.

Limmer, a whore.

Limp, to halt.

Lin, a cataract.

Ling, quick career in a straight line, to gallop.

Lingle, cord, shoemaker's thread.

Linkan, walking speedily.

Lira, breasts; *item*, the most muscular parts; sometimes the air or complexion of the face.

Lirk, a wrinkle or fold.

Lisk, the flank.

Litb, a joint.

Loan, a little common near to country villages, where they milk their cows.

Loeb, a lake.

Loe, to love.

Loof, the hollow of the hand.

Looms, tools, instruments in general, any vessel.

Loot, did let.

Low, flame.

Lowan, flaming.

Lown, calm. *Keepdown*, be secret.

Loun, rogue, whore, villain.

Lounder, a sound blow.

Lout, to bow down, making courtesye.

Luck, to inclose, shut up, fasten. Hence *Lucken-banded*, close-fisted; *Lucken Gowans* *Boots*, &c.

Lucky, grandmother or goody.

Lug, ear. Handle of a pot or vessel.

Luggie, a dish of wood with a handle.

Lum, the chimney.

Lure, rather.

Lyart, hoary, or grey-hair'd.

M

MAgil, to mangle.

Maik or *make*, match, equal

Maikless, matchless.

Mailen, a farm.

Makly, seemly, well proportioned.

Maksna, it is no matter.

Malison, a curse, malediction.

Mangit, gall'd or bruised by toil or stripes.

Mank, a want.

Mant, to stammer in speech.

Marcb or *mercb*, a land-mark, or border of lands.

Marb, the marrow.

Marrow, mate, fellow, equal, comrade.

Mask, to mash in brewing.

Masking-loom, mash-vat.

Maun, must. *Mauna*, must not, may not.

Meikle, much, big, great, large.

Meith, limit, mark, sign.

Mends, satisfaction, revenge, retaliation. *To make amends*, to make a grateful return.

Mense, discretion, sobriety, good-breeding. *Mensfu'*, mannerly.

Menzie, company of men, army, assembly, one's followers.

Massen, a little dog, lap-dog.

Midding, a dunghill.

Midges, gnats, little flies.

Mim, affectedly modest.

Mint, aim, endeavour.

Mirk, dark.

Miscaw, to give names.

Mischance, misfortune.

Misken, to neglect, or not to take notice of one; also let alone.

Mistubous, malicious, rough.

Misters, necessities, wants.

Mittans, woollen gloves.

Mony, many.

Mools, the earth of the grave.

Mou, mouth.

Moup, to eat, generally used of children, or of old people, who have but few teeth, and make their lips move fast, though they eat but slow.

Mow, a pile or hing, as of feuel, hay, sheaves of corn.

Mows, jests.

Muckle, see *Meikle*.

Murgullied, mismanaged, abused.

Mutch, coif.

Mutchkin, an English pint.

N

Nacky, or *knacky*, clever, active in small affairs.

Nise, nose.

Nettle, to fret or vex.

Newfangle, fond of a new thing.

Nevel, a sound blow with the *nine* or fist.

Nick, to bite or cheat. *Nicked*, cheated; also as a cant word to drink heartily; as *be nicks fine*.

Niest, next.

Niffer, to exchange or barter.

Niffnaffan, trifling.

Nignays, trifles.

Nips, bits.

Nitber, to straiten. *Nitbered*, hungered, or half-starved in maintenance.

Nive, the fist.

Nock, notch or nick of an arrow or spindle.

Noit, see *knot*.

Nowt, cows, kine.

Nowther, neither.

Nuckle, new-calv'd (cows.)

O

OE, a grand-child.

O'er or *ower*, too much; as, *A' o'ers is v. ce.*

O'ercome, surplus.

Ony, any.

Or, sometimes used for *ere*, or before. *Or day*, i. e. before day break.

Ora, any thing over what is needful.

Orp, to weep, with a convulsive pant.

Oughtlens, in the least.

Owk, week.

Overlay, a cravat.

Owtan, oxen.

Owtber, either.

Oxter, the arm-pit.

P

PAddock, a frog.

Paddock-ride, the spawn of frogs.

Paiks, chastisement. *To paik*, to beat or belabour one soundly.

Pang, to squeeze, press, or pack one thing into another.

Paugby, proud, haughty.

Pawky, witty, or sly in word or action, without any harm or bad design.

Peer, a key or wharf.

Peets, turf for fire.

Pegb, to pant.

Peny, finical, foppish, conceited.

Perquire, by heart.

Pett, a favourite, a fondling.

To pettle, to dandle, feed, cherish, flatter. Hence to take the *pet*, is to be peevish or sullen, as commonly

- petts* are when in the least disobliged.
- Pibroughs*, such Highland tunes as are played on bagpipes before them, when they go out to battle.
- Pig*, an earthen pitcher.
- Pike* to pick out or choose.
- Pimpin*, pimping, mean, scurvey.
- Pine*, pain or pining.
- Pingle*, to contend, strive, or work hard.
- Pirn*, the spool or quill within the shuttle which receives the yarn. *Pirny* (cloth) or a web of unequal threads or colours, stripped.
- Pitb*, strength, might, force.
- Plack*, twobodles, or the third of a penny English.
- Pople* or *Paple*, the bubbling, purling, or boiling up of water.
- Poorritb*, poverty.
- Powny*, a little hore or gallo-way also a turkey.
- Pouss*, to push.
- Pouch*, a pocket.
- Pratick*, practice, art, stratagem. *Priving pratick*, trying ridiculous experiments.
- Prets*, tricks, rogueries. We say, *He played me a pret*, i. e. cheated. *The callans fu' o' pretts*, i. e. has abundance of waggish tricks.
- Prig*, to cheapen, or importune for a lower price of goods one is buying.
- Prin*, a pin.
- Prive*, to prove or taste.
- Propine*, gift or present.
- Pryme* or *prime*, to fill or stuff.
- Putt a stane*, throw a big stone.
- Quay*, a young cow.
- R
- Rackless*, careless; one who does things without regarding whether they be good or bad, we call him *rackless banded*.
- Rae*, a roe.
- Raffan*, roving, merry, hearty.
- Raird*, a loud sound.
- Rair*, a roar.
- Rack* or *rook*, a mist or fog.
- Rampage*, to speak and act furiously.
- Rasbes*, rushes.
- Rave*, did rive or tear.
- Raught*, reached.
- Rax*, to stretch. *Rax'd*, reached.
- Ream*, cream. Whence *reaming*; as, *reaming liquor*.
- Redd*, to rid, unravel. To separate folks that are fighting. It also signifies clearing of any passage. *I'm redd*, I'm apprehensive.
- Rede*, counsel, advice; as, *I wad na rede you to do that*.
- Reek*, reach, also smoke.
- Rest*, to rust, or dry in the smoke.
- Reft*, bereft, robbed, forced, or carried away.
- Reif*, rapine, robbery.
- Reik* or *rink*, a course or race.
- Rever*, a robber or pirate.
- Rewth*, pity.
- Rice* or *risc*, bulrushes, bramble-branches, or twigs of trees.
- Ryse*, or *rife*, plenty.
- Rift*, to belch.
- Rigging*, the back or rigback, the top or ridge of a house.
- Ripples*, a weakness in the back and reins.
- Rock*, a distaff.

- Roose* or *ruse*, to commend, extol.
Roove, to rivet.
Rotian, a rat.
Roundel, a witty, and often a satiric kind of rhyme.
Rowan, rolling.
Rowt, to roar, especially the lowing of bulls and cows.
Rowth, plenty.
Rick, a rick or stack of hay or corn.
Rude, the red taint of the complexion.
Rueful, doleful.
Rug, to pull, take away by force.
Rumple, the rump.
Rungs, small boughs of trees lopped off.
Runkle, a wrinkle.
Runcle, do ruffle.
- S
- S. Aebins*, seeing it is, since.
Saikless, guiltless, free.
Sain'd blessed.
Sall, shall, Like *soud* for *should*.
Sand-blind, pur-blind, short-sighted.
Sar, savour or smell.
Sark, a shirt.
Saug, a willow, or willow tree.
Saw, an old saying, or proverbial expression.
Scad, scald.
Scar, the bare places on the sides of hills washen down with rain.
Scart, to scratch.
Scawp, a bare dry piece of stony ground.
Scon, bread the country people bake over the fire, thinner and broader than a bannock.
Scowp, to leap or move hastily from one place to another.
Scowth, room, freedom.
Scrimp, narrow, straitened, little.
Scroggs, shrubs, thorns, briars.
Scroggy, thorny.
Scuds, ale. A late name given it by the benders.
Scunner, to loath.
Sell, self.
Seuch, furrow, ditch.
Sey, to try.
Seybow, a young onion.
Sban, pitiful, silly, poor.
Sbarn, cow's dung.
Sbaw, a wood or forest.
Sbawl, shallow.
Sbawps, empty husks.
Sheen, shining.
Sbill, shrill, having a sharp sound.
Sbire, clear, thin. We call thin cloth, or clear liquor, *sbire*; also a clever wag, a *sbire* lick.
Sbog, to wag, shake, or jog backwards and forwards.
Sboot, shovel.
Sboon, shoes.
bore, to threaten.
Sbottle, a drawer.
Sib, a kin.
Sic, such.
Sicker, firm, secure.
Sike, a rill, or rivulet, commonly dry in summer.
Siller, silver.
Sindle or *sinle*, seldom.
Sinsyne, since that time.---
Lang sinsyne, long ago.
ksill, to scatter.

- Skair*, share.
Skaw, hurt, damage.
Skiegb, skittish.
Skelf, shelf.
Skelp, to run. Used when one runs barefoot. Also a small splinter of wood.
Item, to flog the hips.
Stiff, to move smoothly away.
Skink, a kind of strong broth, made of cows hams, or knuckles; also to fill drink in a cup.
Skirl, to shriek or cry with a shrill voice.
Skaie, slate. *Skailie* is a fine blue slate.
Skourie, ragged, nasty, idle.
Skreed, a rent.
Skybald, a tatterdemalion.
Skyt, fly out hastily.
Slade or *slaid*, did slide, moved, or make a thing move easily.
Slap or *slak*, a gap, or narrow pass between two hills.
Slap, a breach in a wall.
Sleek, smooth.
Sleet, a shower of half-melted snow.
Sierg, to bedaub or plaister.
Sid, smooth, cunning, slippery; as, *He's a slid town*.
Slidry, slippery.
Slippery, sleepy.
Slonk, a mire, ditch, or slough; to wade through a mire.
Slate, a bar or bolt for a door.
Slough, husk or coat.
Smaik, a silly little pitiful fellow; the same with *smatchet*.
Smirky, smiling.
Smittle, infectious, catching.
Smoor to smother.
- Snack*, ready, nimble, clever.
Sned, to cut.
Sneer, to laugh in derision.
Sneg, to cut; as, *Sneg'd off at the web's end*.
Snell, sharp, smarting, bitter, firm.
Snib, snub, check, or reprove, correct.
Snifter, to snuff or breathe thro' the nose a little stopt.
Snod, metaphorically used for neat, handsome, tight.
Snood, the band for tying up a woman's hair.
Snool, to dispirit by chiding, hard labour, and the like; also a pitiful grovelling slave.
Snoove, to whirl round.
Snotter, snot.
Snarl, to ruffle, wrinkle.
Sod, a thick turf.
Sonzy, happy, lucky, fortunate, sometimes used for large and lusty.
Sore, sorrel, reddish coloured.
Sorn, to sponge.
Soss, the noise that a thing makes when it falls to the ground.
Sough, the sound of wind amongst trees, or of one sleeping.
Sowis, flummery, or oatmeal sowered amongst water for some time, then boiled to a consistency, and eaten with milk or butter.
Sowf, to conn over a tune on an instrument.
Spae, to foretel or divine.
Spaemen, prophets, augurs.
Spain, to wean from the breast.

- Spait*, a torrent, flood or inundation.
Spang, a jump; to leap or jump.
Spaul, shoulder, arm.
Speel, to climb.
Speer, to ask, enquire.
Spelder, to split, stretch, or draw asunder.
Spence, the place of the house where provisions are kept.
Spill, to spoil, abuse.
Spoolie, spoil, booty, plunder.
Sprangs, stripes of different colours.
Spring, a tune on a musical instrument.
Sprush, spruce.
Spruttled, speckled, spotted.
Spunk, tinder.
Stalwart, strong and valiant.
Stang, did sting; also a sting or pole.
Stank, a pool of standing water.
Stark, strong, robust.
Starns, the stars. *Starn*, a small moiety. We say, *Ne'er a starn*.
Stay, steep; as, *set a stout heart to a stay brace*.
Steek, to shut close.
Stegb, to cram.
Stend or sten, to move with a hasty long pace.
Stent, to stretch or extend.
Stipend a benefice.
Stiek, a steer or bullock.
Stoit or stot, to rebound or reflect.
Stoor, rough, hoarse.
Stou, to cut or crop. *A stou*, a large cut or piece.
Stound, smarting pain or stich.
Stour, dust agitated by winds, men, or horses feet. *To stour*, to run quickly.
Stowth, stealth.
Strapan, clever, tall, handsome.
Strath, a plain on a river side.
Streek, to stretch.
Striddle, to stride; applied commonly to one that's little.
Strinkle, to sprinkle or strew.
Stroot or strut, stuff'd full, drunk.
Strunt, a pet. *To take the strunt* to be petted or out of humour.
Studdy, an anvil, or smith's stithy.
Sturdy, giddy-headed; *item*, strong.
Sture or stoer, stiff, strong, hoarse.
Sturt, trouble, disturbance, vexation.
Stym, a blink, or a little sight of a thing.
Suddle, to sully or defile.
Sumpb, blockhead.
Sunkan, splenetic.
Suncots, something.
Swak, to throw, cast with force.
Swankies, clever young fellows.
Swarf, to swoon away.
Swasb, squat, fuddled.
Swatch, a pattern.
Swarts, small ale.
Sweebi, burden, weight, force.
Sweer, lazy, slow.
Sweeties, confections.
Swelt, suffocated, choaked to death.
Swith, begone quickly.
Switber, to be doubtful whether to do this or that.
Syne, afterwards, then.

T

Tackel, an arrow.*Taid*, a toad.*Tane*, taken.*Tap*, a head. Such a quantity of lint as spinsters put upon the distaff, is called a *Lint-tap*.*Tape*, to use any thing sparingly.*Tappit-ben*, the Scots quart stoup.*Tarrow*, to refuse what we love from a cross-humour.*Tartan*, cross striped stuff of various colours, checkered. The Highland plaid.*Tass*, a little dram-cup.*Tate*, a small lock of hair, or or any little quantity of wool, cotton, &c.*Taunt*, to mock.*Tawpy*, a foolish wench.*Taz*, a whip or scourge.*Ted*, to scatter, spread.*Tee*, a little earth on which gamesters at the *gowf* set their balls before they strike them off.*Teen* or *tynd*, anger, rage, sorrow.*Tect*, to peep out.*Tensome*, the number of ten.*Tent*, attention. *Tenty* cautious.*Tback*, thatch. *Tbacker*, thatcher.*Tbae*, those.*Tbarmes*, small tripes.*Tbeek*, to thatch.*Tbig*, to beg or borrow.*Tbir*, these.*Tbole*, to endure, suffer.*Tbow*, thaw.*Tbowlless*, unactive, silly, lazy, heavy.*Tbrawart*, froward, cross, crabbed.*Tbrawin*, stern, cross-grained.*Tbreep*, to aver, alledge, urge, and affirm boldly.*Tbrimal*, to press or squeeze through with difficulty.*Tbud*, a blast, blow, storm, or the violent sound of these.*Cry'd beb at ilka tbud*; i. e. gave a groan at every blow.*Tid*, tide or time; proper time; as, *He took the tid*.*Tift*, good order, health.*Tine*, to lose. *Tint*, lost.*Tinsel*, loss.*Tip* or *tippy*, ale sold at 2d. the Scots pint.*Tirl*, or *tir*, to uncover a house or undress a person; strip one naked. Sometimes a short action is named a *Tirl*; as, *They took a tirl of dancing, drinking, &c.**Titty*, sister.*Tocber*, portion, dowry.*Tod*, a fox.*Tooly*, to fight. A fight or quarrel.*Toom*, empty; applied to a barrel, purse, house, &c.*Item*, to empty.*Tosb*, right, neat.*Torie*, warm, pleasant, half fuddled.*To the fore*, in being alive, unconsumed.*Touse* or *touste*, to rumple, teaze.*Tout*, the sound of a horn or trumpet.*Tow*, a rope. A Tyburn neck-lace, or St. Johnstoun rib-band.*Towmond*, a year or twelve-months.

Trewes, hose and breeches all of a piece.
Trig, neat, handsome.
Troke, exchange.
True, to true, trust, believe; as, *True ye sae?* or *Love gars me true ye*.
Truf, steal.
Tryst, appointment.
Turs, turfs, truss.
Twin, to part with or separate from.
Twitcb, touch.
Twinters, sheep of two years old.
Tydie, plump, fat, lucky.
Trynd, vide *teen*.
Tyst, entice, stir up, allure.

U

UGG, to detest, hate, nauseate.
Ugsome, hateful, nauseous, horrible.
Umwible, the late, or deceased some time ago. Of old.
Undocht or *wandocht*, a silly, weak person.
Uneith, not easy.
Ungeard, naked, not clad, unharnessed.
Unko, or *unco*, uncouth, strange.
Unloosome, unlovely.
Fougy, elevated, proud. That boasts or brags of any thing

W

WAD, or *wed*, pledge, wager, pawn; also, would.
Waff, wandering by itself.
Wak, moist, wet.
Wale, to pick and chose.
The Wale, i. e., the best.
Wallop, to move swiftly, with much agitation.

Wally, chosen, beautiful, large. *A bonny wally*, i. e. a fine thing.
Wame, womb.
Wandough, want of dought, impotent.
Wangrace, wickedness, want of grace.
War, worse.
Warlock, wizard.
Wat or *wit*, to know.
Waught, a large draught.
Waughts, drinks largely.
Wee, little; as, *A wanton wee thing*.
Wean or *wee ane*, a child.
Ween, thought, imagined, supposed.
Weer, to stop or oppose.
Weir, war.
Weird, fate or destiny.
Weil, rain.
Wersb, insipid, wallowish, wanting salt.
Wbawk, whip, beat, flog.
Wbid, to fly quickly. *A wbid* is a hasty flight.
Wbilk, which.
Wbilly, to cheat. *Wbilly-wba*, a cheat.
Whingeing, whining, speaking with a doleful tone.
Wbins, furze.
Whisbt, hush. Hold your peace.
Wbisk, to pull out hastily.
Wbomlit, turned upside down.
Wight, stout, clever, active; item, a man or person.
Wbimpling, a turning backward and forward, winding like the meanders of a river.
Win or *won*, to reside, dwell.
Winna, will not.
Winnocks, windows.
Winsom, gaining, desirable,

- agreeable, complete, large; we say, *My winsome love*.
Wirrykow, a bugbear
Wisent, parched, dry, withered.
Whistle, to exchange money.
Witbersbins, cross motion, or against the sun.
Woo or *W*, wool; as in the whim of making five words out of four letters, thus, *z*, *a*, *e*, *w*; (*i. e.*) Is it all one wool?
Wood, mad.
Woody, the gallows.
Wordy, worthy.
Wow! strange! wonderful.
Wreatbs, (of snow), when heaps of it are blown together by the wind.
Wyning, inclining. *To wyse*, to lead, train.
- Wyson*, the gullet.
Wyl, to blame. *lame*.
- Y
- YAmph*, to bark, or make a noise like little dogs.
Yap, hungry, having a long desire for any thing ready.
Yealtou, yea, wilt thou.
Yed, to contend, wrangle.
Yeld, barren, as a cow that gives no milk.
Yerk, to do any thing with celerity.
Yesk, the hiccup.
Yett, gate.
Yestreen, yesternight.
Youditb, youthfulness.
Yowden, wearied.
Yowf, a swinging blow.
Yuke, the itch.
Yule, Christmas.

*This Play was originally published,
 June, 1725.*

7 JUL 52

THE END.

7 JUL 52

Act II.

THE MISTAKE.

Sc. 2.



Robert del.

Finley scul.

MISS MANSELL as LEONORA.

Enc. — I have a bauble for you. I think you have
some claim to —

London Printed for G. Cawthorne, Finsbury Library, June 1, 1827.



See above del.

Picture 23.

London. Printed for G. Cawthorne, British Library, Strand Jan 24 1798.

7 JUL 52

THE
MISTAKE.

A
COMEDY.

BY SIR JOHN VANBRUGH.

ADAPTED FOR
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,
AS PERFORMED AT
THE THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,

By Permission of the Manager.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation; and those
printed in Italics are the Additions of the Theatre.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the Direction of
GEORGE CAWTHORN, *British Library*, STRAND.

M DCC XCVI.



PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr. STEELE.

*OUR Author's wit and raillery to-night
Perhaps might please, but that your stage delight
No more is in your minds, but ears and sight.
With audiences compos'd of belles and beaux,
The first dramatic rule is—Have good clothes;
To charm the gay spectator's gentle breast,
In lace and feather tragedy's express'd,
And heroes die unpity'd if ill-dress'd.*

*The other stile you full as well advance;
If 't is a comedy you ask—Who dance?
For, Oh! what dire convulsions have of late
Torn and distracted our dramatic state,
On this great question, which house first should sell
The new French steps imported by Ruel?
Desbarques can't rise so high we must agree,
They've half a foot in height more wit than we.
But though the genius of our learned age
Thinks fit to dance and sing quite off the stage
True action, comic mirth, and tragic rage;
Yet, as your taste now stands, our Author draws
Some hopes of your indulgence and applause.
For that great end this edifice he made,
Where humble swain at lady's feet is laid:
Where the pleas'd nymph her conquer'd lover spies,
Then to glass pillars turns her conscious eyes,
And points anew each charm for which he dies.*

*The Muse before nor terrible nor great,
Enjoys by him this awful gilded seat ;
By him theatric angels mount more high,
And mimic thunders shake a broader sky.*

*Thus all must own our Author has done more
For your delight than ever bard before.
His thoughts are still to raise your pleasures fill'd ;
To write, translate, to blazon, or to build.
Then take him in the lump, nor nicely pry
Into small faults that 'scape a busy eye ;
But, kindly, sirs, consider he, to-day,
Finds you the house, the actors, and the play ;
So, though we stage mechanic rules omit,
You must allow it in a wholesome wit.*

... ..

Dramatis Personae.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

DON ALVAREZ, father to Leonora,	-	Mr. Wilson.
DON FELIX, father to Lorenzo,	-	Mr. Thompson.
DON CARLOS, in love with Leonora,	-	Mr. Lewis.
DON LORENZO, in love with Leonora,	-	Mr. Farren.
METAPHRASTUS, tutor to Camillo,	-	Mr. Gardner.
SANCHO, servant to Carlos,	-	Mr. Quick.
LOPEZ, servant to Lorenzo,	-	Mr. Edwin.
A Bravo,	- - - -	Mr. Bates.

Women.

LEONORA, daughter to Alvarez,	-	Mrs. T. Kennedy.
CAMILLO, supposed son to Alvarez,	-	Mrs. Bates.
ISABELLA, her friend,	- -	Mrs. Morton.
JACINTA, Servant to Leonora,	-	Mrs. Pitt.



THE MISTAKE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Street. CARLOS and SANCHO enter.

Carlos.

I TELL thee, I am not satisfied : I'm in love enough to be suspicious of every body.

San. And yet, methinks, sir, you should leave me out.

Car. It may be so ; I can't tell : but I'm not at ease. If they don't make a knave, at least they'll make a fool of thee.

San. I don't believe a word on't. But, good faith, master, your love makes somewhat of you ; I do n't know what 'tis : but, methinks, when you suspect me, you do n't seem a man of half those parts I used to take you for. Look in my face, 'tis round and comely, not one hollow line of a villain in it. Men of my fabric don't use to be suspected for knaves ; and when you take us for fools, we never take you for wise men.—For my part, in this present case, I take myself to be mighty deep. A stander-by, sir, sees more than a gamester. You are pleased to be jealous with your poor mistress without a cause ; she uses you but too well, in my humble opinion ; she sees you, and talks with you, till I am quite tired on't sometimes ; and your rival, that you are so scared about, forces a visit upon her about once in a fortnight.

Car. Alas! thou art ignorant in these affairs: he that's the civil'st received, is often the least cared for. Women appear warm to one, to hide a flame for another. Lorenzo, in short, appears too composed of late to be a rejected lover; and the indifference he shews upon the favours I seem to receive from her, poisons the pleasure I else should taste in them, and keeps me on a perpetual rack. No—I would fain see some of his jealous transports, have him fire at the sight of me, contradict me whenever I speak, affront me wherever he meets me, challenge me, fight me——

San. Run you through the guts——

Car. But he's too calm, his heart's too much at ease, to leave me mine at rest.

San. But, sir, you forget that there are two ways for our hearts to get at ease; when our mistresses come to be very fond of us, or we—not to care a fig for them. Now, suppose upon the rebukes you know he has had, it should chance to be the latter.

Car. Again, thy ignorance appears. Alas! a lover who has broke his chain will shun the tyrant that enslav'd him. Indifference never is his lot: he loves or hates for ever; and if his mistress prove another's prize, he cannot calmly see her in his arms.

San. For my part, master, I'm not so great a philosopher as you be, nor (thank my stars) so bitter a lover! but what I see, that I generally believe; and when Jacinta tells me she loves me dearly, I have good thoughts enough of my person never to doubt the truth on't. See, here the baggage comes.

JACINTA enters with a letter.

Hist! Jacinta! my dear.

Jacin. Who's that? Blunderbuss! Where's your master?

San. Hard by.

[*Shewing him.*

Jacin. Oh, sir, I'm glad I have found you at last! I believe I have travelled five miles after you, and could neither find you at home, nor in the walks, nor at church, nor at the opera, nor——

San. Nor any where else where he was not to be found. If you had looked for him where he was, 'twas ten to one but you had met with him.

Jacin. I had, Jack-a-dandy!

Car. But, pr'ythee, what's the matter? Who sent you after me?

Jacin. One who's never well but when she sees you; I think 'twas my lady.

Car. Dear Jacinta, I fain would flatter myself, but am not able. The blessing's too great to be my lot. Yet 'tis not well to trifle with me; how short soe'er I am in other merit, the tenderness I have for Leonora claims something from her generosity. I should not be deluded.

Jacin. And why do you think you are? Methinks she's pretty well above-board with you. What must be done more to satisfy you?

San. Why, Lorenzo must hang himself, and then we are content.

Jacin. How! Lorenzo?

San. If less will do, he'll tell you.

Jacin. Why, you are not mad, sir, are you? Jealous of him! Pray, which way may this have got into your head? I took you for a man of sense before. Is this your doings, log?

[*To Sancho.*

San. No, forsooth, pert, I'm not much given to suspicion, as you can tell, Mrs. Forward—If I were, I might find more cause, I guess, than your mistress has given our master here. But I have so many pretty thoughts of my own

person, housewife, more than I have of yours, that I stand in dread of no man.

Jacin. That's the way to prosper: however, so far I'll confess the truth to thee, at least, if that don't do, nothing else will. Men are mighty simple in love-matters, sir. When you suspect a woman is falling off, you fall a plaguing her to bring her on again, attack her with reason and a sour face. Ud'slife, sir, attack her with a fiddle! double your good-humour, give her a ball, powder your perriwig at her, let her cheat you at cards a little, and I'll warrant all's right again. But to come upon a poor woman with the gloomy face of jealousy, before she gives the least occasion for it, is to set a complaisant rival in too favourable a light. Sir, sir, I must tell you, I have seen those who have owed their success to nothing else.

Car. Say no more. I have been to blame; but there shall be no more on't.

Jacin. I should punish you but justly, however, for what's past, if I carried back what I have brought you. But I'm good-natured; so, here 'tis; open it, and see how wrong you timed your jealousy. [Gives the letter.]

Car. [Reads.] 'If you love me with that tenderness you have made me long believe you do, this letter will be welcome; 'tis to tell you, you have leave to plead a daughter's weakness to a father's indulgence; and if you prevail with him to lay his commands upon me, you shall be as happy as my obedience to them can make you. LEONORA.'

Then shall I be what man was never yet. [Kissing the letter.]
Ten thousand blessings on thee for thy news. I could adore thee as a deity. [Embracing her.]

Jacin. True flesh and blood, every inch of her, for all that.

Car. [Reads again.] 'And if you prevail with him to lay

his commands upon me, you shall be as happy as my obedience to them can make you.'——Oh, happy, happy Carlos! —But what shall I say to thee for this welcome message! [*To Jacinta.*] Alas, I want words! But let this speak for me, and this, and this, and——

[*Giving her his ring, watch, and purse.*]

San. Hold, sir; pray, leave a little something for our board wages. You can't carry them all, I believe. [*To Jacinta.*] Shall I ease you of this? [*Offering to take the purse.*]

Jacin. No; but you may carry that, sirrah.

[*Giving him a box on the ear.*]

San. The jade's grown purse-proud already.

Car. Well, dear Jacinta, say something to your charming mistress, that I am not able to say myself; but, above all, excuse my late unpardonable folly, and offer her my life to expiate my crime.

Jacin. The best plea for pardon will be never to repeat the fault.

Car. If that will do, 't is sealed for ever.

Jacin. Enough. But I must be gone. Success attend you with the old gentleman. Good bye t'ye, sir. [*Exit.*]

Car. Eternal blessings follow thee.

San. I think she has taken them all with her; the jade has got her apron full.

Car. Is not that Lorenzo coming this way?

San. Yes, 't is he. For my part, now, I pity the poor gentleman.

LORENZO enters.

Car. I'll let him see at last I can be chearful too. [*Aside.*] Your servant, Don Lorenzo—How do you do this morning?

Lor. I thank you, Don Carlos: perfectly well, both in body and mind.

Car. What, cured of your love then?

Lor. No, nor I hope I never shall. May I ask you how 'tis with yours?

Car. Increasing every hour. We are very constant both.

Lor. I find so much delight in being so, I hope I never shall be otherwise.

Car. Those joys I am well acquainted with, but should lose them soon, were I to meet a cool reception.

Lor. That's every generous lover's case, no doubt; an angel could not fire my heart, but with an equal flame.

Car. And yet you said you still loved Leonora.

Lor. And yet I said I loved her.

Car. Does she then return you——

Lor. Every thing my passion can require.

Car. Its wants are small, I find.

Lor. Extended as the heavens.

Car. I pity you.

Lor. He must be a deity that does so.

Car. Yet I'm a mortal, and once more can pity you. Alas, Lorenzo! 'tis a poor cordial to an aching heart, to have the tongue alone announce it happy;—besides, 'tis mean: you should be more a man.

Lor. I find I have made you an unhappy one, so can forgive the boilings of your spleen.

Car. This seeming calmness might have the effect your vanity proposes by it, had I not a testimony of her love would (should I shew it) sink you to the centre.

Lor. Yet still I'm calm as ever.

Car. Nay then, have at your peace. Read that, and end the farce.

[Gives him Leonora's letter.]

Lor. [Reads.] I have read it.

Car. And know the hand?

Lor. 'Tis Leonora's; I have often seen it.

Car. I hope you then at last are satisfied.

Lor. I am. [*Smiling.*] Good-morrow, Carlos. [*Exit.*

San. Sure he's mad, master.

Car. Mad, say'st thou?

San. And yet, by'r lady, that was a sort of a dry, sober smile at going off.

Car. A very sober one! Had he shewn me such a letter, I had put on another countenance.

San. Ay, o' my conscience had you.

Car. Here's mystery in this. I like it not.

San. I see his man and confident there, Lopez.—Shall I draw him on a Scotch pair of boots, master, and make him tell all?

Car. Some questions I must ask him; call him hither.

San. Hem! Lopez, hem!

LOPEZ enters.

Lop. Who calls?

San. I and my master.

Lop. I can't stay.

San. You can indeed, sir. [*Laying hold on him.*

Car. Whither in such haste, honest Lopez? What, upon some love errand?

Lop. Sir, your servant; I ask your pardon; but I was going——

Car. I guess where; but you need not be so shy of me any more; thy master and I are no longer rivals; I have yielded up the cause; the lady will have it so, so I submit.

Lop. Is it possible, sir? Shall I then live to see my master and you friends again?

“*San.* Yes, and what's better, thou and I shall be, friends too. There will be no more fear of Christian bloodshead. I give thee up Jacinta; she's a slippery

"housewife ; so master and I are going to match ourselves
"elsewhere.

Lop. But is it possible, sir, your honour should be in
"earnest? I'm afraid you are pleased to be merry with
your poor humble servant.

Car. I'm not at present much disposed to mirth ; my indifference in this matter is not so thoroughly formed ; but my reason has so far mastered my passion, to shew me 'tis in vain to pursue a woman whose heart already is another's. 'Tis what I have so plainly seen of late, I have roused my resolution to my aid, and broke my chains for ever.

Lop. Well, sir, to be plain with ycu, this is the joyfullest news I have heard this long time ; for I always knew you to be a mighty honest gentleman : and good faith, it often went to the heart o' me, to see you so abused. Dear, dear, have I often said to myself (when they have had a private meeting just after you have been gone)——

Car. Ha !

San. Hold, master, don't kill him yet. [*Aside to Carlos.*]

Lop. I say, I have said to myself, what wicked things are women, and what pity it is they should be suffered in a Christian country ! what a shame they should be allowed to play Will-in-the-whisp with men of honour, and lead them through thorns and briars and rocks and rugged ways, till their hearts are torn in pieces, like an old coat in a fox-chase ! I say, I have said to myself——

Car. Thou hast said enough to thyself, but say a little more to me. Where were these secret meetings thou talkest of.

Lop. In sundry places, and by divers ways ; sometimes in the cellar, sometimes in the garret, sometimes in the court, sometimes in the gutter ; but the place where the kiss of kisses was given, was——

Car. In hell.

Lop. Sir!

Car. Speak, fury! What dost thou mean by the kiss of kisses!

Lop. The kiss of peace, sir, the kiss of union, the kiss of consummation.

Car. Thou liest, villain!

Lop. I don't know but I may, sir—What the devil's the matter now? [*Aside.*]

Car. There's not one word of truth in all thy cursed tongue has uttered.

Lop. No, sir—I—I believe there is not.

Car. Why then didst thou say it, wretch?

Lop. Oh!——only in jest, sir.

Car. I am not in a jesting condition.

Lop. Nor I——at present, sir.

Car. Speak then the truth, as thou wouldst do it at the hour of death.

Lop. Yes, at the gallows, and be turned off as soon as I've done. [*Aside.*]

Car. What's that you murmur?

Lop. Nothing but a short prayer.

Car. I am distracted, and fright the wretch from telling me what I am upon the rack to know. [*Aside.*] Forgive me, Lopez; I am to blame to speak thus harshly to thee. Let this obtain my pardon. [*Giving him money.*] Thou seest I am disturbed.

Lop. Yes, sir, I see I have been led into a snare; I have said too much.

Car. And yet thou must say more; nothing can lessen my torment but a farther knowledge of what causes my misery. Speak then, have I any thing to hope.

Lop. Nothing, but that you may be a happier batchelor, than my master may probably be a married man.

Car. Married, say'st thou?

Lop. I did, sir, and I believe he'll say so too in a twelve-month.

Car. Oh, torment!—But give me more on't; when, how, to whom, where?

Lop. Yesterday, to Leonora, by the parson, in the pantry.

Car. Look to't, if this be false, thy life shall pay the torment thou hast given me. Begone!

Lop. With the body and the soul o' me. [Exit.

San. Base news, master.

Car. Now my insulting rival's smile speaks out. Oh, cursed, cursed woman!

JACINTA enters.

Jacin. I'm come in haste to tell you, sir, that as soon as the moon's up, my lady will give you a meeting in the close walk by the back-door of the garden; she thinks she has something to propose to you will certainly get her father's consent to marry you.

Car. Past sufferance! this aggravation is not to be borne. Go, thank her—with my curses—Fly—and let them blast her while their venom's strong. [Exit.

Jacin. Won't thou explain? What's this storm for?

San. And dar'st thou ask me questions, smooth-fac'd iniquity, crocodile of Nile, syren of the rocks?—Go, carry back the too gentle answer thou hast received; only let me add with the poet:

'We are no fools, trollop, my master nor me;

'And thy mistress may go—to the devil with thee.' [Exit.

Jacin. Am I awake?—I fancy not. A very idle dream this. Well, I'll go talk in my sleep to my lady about it; and when I awake, we'll try what interpretation we can make on't. [Exit.

ACT I. SCENE I.

CAMILLO and ISABELLA enter.

Isabella.

How can you doubt my secrecy? Have you not proofs of it?

Cam. Nay, I am determined to trust you. But are we safe here? Can nobody overhear us?

Isab. "Safer much than in a room." Nobody can come within hearing, before we see them.

Cam. And yet how hard 'tis for me to break silence!

Isab. Your secret, sure, must be of great importance.

Cam. You may be sure it is, when I confess 'tis with regret I own it e'en to you; and were it possible, you should not know it.

Isab. 'Tis frankly own'd, indeed; but 'tis not kind, perhaps, not prudent, after what you knew I already am acquainted with. Have I not been bred up with you? And am I ignorant of a secret, which, were it known—

Cam. Would be my ruin—I confess it would. I own you know why both my birth and sex are thus disguised; you know how I was taken from my cradle to secure the estate, which had else been lost by young Camillo's death; "but which is now safe in my supposed father's hands, by my passing for his son; and 'tis because you know all this, I have resolved to open farther wonders to you." But before I say any more, you must resolve one doubt, which often gives me great disturbance, whether Don Alvarez ever was himself privy to the mystery which has disguised my sex, and made me pass for his son?

Isab. What you ask me, is a thing has often perplexed my thoughts, as well as yours, nor could my mother ever resolve the doubt. You know when that young child Camillo died, in whom was wrapped up so much expectation, from the great estate his uncle's will (even before he came into the world) had left him; his mother made a secret of his death to her husband Alvarez, and readily fell in with a proposal made her, to take you (who then was just Camillo's age) and bring you up in his room. You have heard how you were then at nurse with my mother, and how your own was privy and consenting to the plot; but Don Alvarez was never let into it by them.

Cam. Don't you then think it probable his wife might after tell him?

Isab. 'Twas ever thought, nothing but a death-bed repentance could draw it from her to any one, and that was prevented by the suddenness of her exit to t'other world, "which did not give her even time to call Heaven's mercy" on her. And yet, now I have said all this, I own the "correspondence and friendship I observe he holds with" your real mother, gives me some suspicion, and the presents he often makes her (which people seldom do for nothing) confirm it. But since this is all I can say to you "on that point, pray let us" come to the secret, which you have made me impatient to hear.

Cam. Know, then, that though Cupid is blind, he is not to be deceived: "I can hide my sex from the world, but" not from him;" his dart has found the way through the manly garb I wear, to pierce a virgin's tender heart. I love——

Isab. How!

Cam. Nay, be not surprized at that, I have other wonders for you.

Isab. Quick, let me hear 'em.

Cam. I love Lorenzo.

Isab. Lorenzo! Most nicely hit. The very man from whom your imposture keeps this vast estate; and who, on the first knowledge of your being a woman, would enter into possession of it. This is indeed a wonder.

Cam. Then wonder farther still, I am his wife.

Isab. Ha! his wife!

Cam. His wife, Isabella; and yet thou hast not all my wonders, I am his wife without his knowledge; he does not even know that I'm a woman.

Isab. Madam, your humble servant; if you please to go on I won't interrupt you, indeed I won't.

Cam. Then hear how these strange things have past: Lorenzo, bound unregarded in my sister's chains, seemed in my eyes a conquest worth her care. Nor could I see him treated with contempt, without growing warm in his interest: I blamed Leonora for not being touched with his merit; I blamed her so long, till I grew touched with it myself: and the reasons I urged to vanquish her heart, insensibly made a conquest of my own: "'twas thus, my friend, I fell. What was next to be done my passion pointed out: "my heart I felt was warm'd to a noble enterprize; I gave "it way, and boldly on it led me." Leonora's name and voice, in the dark shades of night, I borrowed, to engage the object of my wishes. "I met him, Isabella, and so "deceived him; he cannot blame me, sure, for much I blest "him. But to finish this strange story: In short, I own, I "long had loved; but finding my father most averse to my "desires, I at last had forced myself to this secret correspondence; I urged the mischiefs would attend the knowledge on't, I urg'd them so, he thought them full of "weight, so yielded to observe what rules I gave him: "they were to pass the day with cold indifference; to avoid

“even signs or looks of intimacy, but gather for the still, the secret night, a flood of love to recompense the losses of the day.” I will not trouble you with lovers cares, nor what contrivances we formed to bring this toying to a solid bliss.” Know only, when three nights we thus had passed, the fourth it was agreed should make us one for ever; each kept their promise, and last night has joined us.

Isab. Indeed your talents pass my poor extent; you serious ladies are well formed for business; what wretched work a poor coquet had made on’t; but still there’s that remains will try your skill; you have your man, but——

Cam. Lovers think no farther, the object of that passion possesses all desire; “however I have opened to you my wondrous situation. If you can advise me in my difficulties to come, you will.” But see——My husband!

LORENZO enters.

Lor. You look as if you were busy: pray tell me, if I interrupt you, I’ll retire.

Cam. No, no, you have a right to interrupt us, since you were the subject of our discourse.

Lor. Was I?

Cam. You were; nay, I’ll tell you how you entertained us, too.

Lor. Perhaps I had as good avoid hearing that.

Cam. You need not fear, it was not to your disadvantage; I was commending you, and saying, if I had been a woman, I had been in danger; nay, I think I said I should infallibly have been in love with you.

Lor. While such an If is in the way, you run no great risque in declaring: but you’d be finely caught now, should some wonderful transformation give me a claim to your heart.

Cam. Not sorry for't at all; for I ne'er expect to find a mistress please me half so well as you would do if I were yours.

Lor. Since you are so well inclined to me in your wishes, sir, I suppose (as the fates have ordained it) you would have some pleasure in helping me to a mistress, since you can't be mine yourself.

Cam. Indeed I should not.

Lor. Then my obligation is but small to you.

Cam. Why, would you have a woman, that is in love with you herself, employ her interest to help you to another?

Lor. No, but your being no woman might.

Cam. Sir, 'tis as a woman I say what I do, and I suppose myself a woman when I design all these favours to you: therefore out of that supposition, I have no other good intentions to you than you may expect from any one that says, he's—Sir, your humble servant.

Lor. So unless heaven is pleased to work a miracle, and from a sturdy young fellow, make you a kind-hearted young lady, I'm to get little by your good opinion of me.

Cam. Yes; there is one means yet left (on this side a miracle) that would perhaps engage me, if with an honest oath you could declare, were I a woman, I might dispute your heart, even with the first of my pretending sex.

Lor. Then solemnly and honestly I swear, that had you been a woman, and I the master of the world, I think I should have laid it at your feet.

Cam. Then honestly and solemnly I swear, henceforwards all your interest shall be mine.

Lor. I have a secret to impart to you, will quickly try your friendship.

Cam. I have a secret to unfold to you, will put you even to a fiery trial.

Lor. What do you mean, Camillo?

Cam. I mean that I love, where I never durst yet own it, yet where 'tis in your power to make me the happiest of—

Lor. Explain, Camillo; and be assured, if your happiness is in my power, 'tis in your own.

Cam. Alas! you promise me you know not what.

Lor. I promise nothing but what I will perform; name the person.

Cam. 'Tis one who is very near to you.

Lor. If 'tis my sister, why all this pain in bringing forth the secret?

Cam. Alas! it is your——

Lor. Speak!

Cam. I cannot yet; farewell.

Lor. Hold! Pray speak it now.

Cam. I must not: but when you tell me your secret, you shall know mine.

Lor. Mine is not in my power, without the consent of another.

Cam. Get that consent, and then we'll try who best will keep their oaths.

Lor. I am content.

Cam. And I. Adieu.

Lor. Farewell.

[Exit Lorenzo.]

LEONORA and JACINTA enter.

Leo. 'Tis enough: I will revenge myself this way: if it does but torment him, I shall be content to find no other pleasure in it. Brother, you'll wonder at my change, after all my ill usage of Lorenzo, I am determined to be his wife.

Cam. How, sister! so sudden a turn! This inequality of temper indeed is not commendable.

Leo. Your change, brother, is much more justly surprising; you hitherto have pleaded for him strongly, accused me of blindness, cruelty and pride; and now I yield to your reasons, and resolve in his favour, you blame my compliance, and appear against his interest.

Cam. I quit his service for what's dearer to me, yours: I have learned from sure intelligence, the attack he made on you was but a feint, and that his heart is in another's chain; I would not therefore see you so exposed, to offer up yourself to one who must refuse you.

Leo. If that be all, leave me my honour to take care of; I am no stranger to his wishes; he won't refuse me, brother, nor, I hope, will you, to tell him of my resolution: If you do, this moment with my own tongue (through all a virgin's blushes) I'll own to him I am determined in his favour—— You paused as if you'd let the task lie on me.

Cam. Neither on you, nor me; I have a reason you are yet a stranger to: know then, there is a virgin, young and tender, whose peace and happiness so much are mine, I cannot see her miserable; she loves him with that torrent of desire, that, were the world resigned her in his stead, she'd still be wretched. I will not pique you to a female strife, by saying, you have not charms to tear him from her; but I would move you to a female softness, by telling you her death would wait your conquest. What I have more to plead is as a brother; I hope that gives me some small interest in you? Whatever it is, you see how I'd employ it.

Leo. "You ne'er could put it to a harder service." I beg a little time to think: pray leave me to myself a while.

Cam. I shall; I only ask that you would think, and then you won't refuse me.

[Exit Cam.]

Jacin. Indeed, madam, I am of your brother's mind, though for another cause; but sure 'tis worth twice thinking on for your own sake: you are too violent.

Leo. A slighted woman knows no bounds. Vengeance is all the cordial she can have, so snatches at the nearest. Ungrateful wretch! to use me with such insolence.

Jacin. You see me as much enraged at it as you are yourself, yet my brain is roving after the cause, for something there must be; never letter was received by a man with more passion and transport; I was almost as charming a goddess as yourself, only for bringing it. Yet, when in a moment after I came with a message worth a dozen on't, never was witch so handled: something must have passed between one and t'other, that's sure.

Leo. Nothing could pass worth my enquiring after, since nothing could happen that can excuse his usage of me; he had a letter under my hand which owned him master of my heart; and till I contradicted it with my mouth, he ought not to doubt the truth on't.

Jacin. Nay, I confess, madam, I ha'n't a word to say for him. I'm afraid he's but a rogue at bottom, as well as my Shameless that attends him; we are bit, by my troth, and haply well enough served, for listening to the glib tongues of the rascals; but be comforted, madam; they'll fall into the hands of some foul sluts or other, before they die, that will set our account even with 'em.

Leo. Well, let him laugh; let him glory in what he has done: he shall see I have a spirit can use him as I ought.

Jacin. And let one thing be your comfort, by the way, madam, that in spite of all your dear affections to him, you have had the grace to keep him at arm's end. You ha'n't thanked me for't; but, good faith, 'twas well I did not stir out of the chamber that fond night. For there are times the stoutest of us are in danger, the rascals wheedle so.

Leo. In short, my very soul is fired by this treatment; and if ever that perfidious monster should relent, though he would crawl like a poor worm beneath my feet, nay, plunge

a dagger in his heart, to bleed for pardon: I charge thee strictly, charge thee on thy life, thou do not urge a look to melt me towards him, but strongly buoy me up in brave resentment; and if thou see'st (which Heaven avert) a glance of weakness in me, rouse to my memory the vile wrongs I've borne, and blazon 'em with skill in all their glaring colours.

Jacin. Madam, never doubt me; I am charged to the mouth with fury, and if ever I meet that fat traitor of mine, such a volley will I pour about his ears.—Now Heaven prevent all hasty vows; but in the humour I am, methinks, I'd carry my maidenhead to my cold grave with me before I'd let it simper at the rascal. But soft, here comes your father.

ALVAREZ enters.

Alv. Leonora, I'd have you retire a little, and send your brother's tutor to me, Metaphrastus.

[Exeunt Leonora and Jacinta.]

I'll try if I can discover by his tutor, what it is that seems so much to work his brain of late; for something more than common there plainly does appear, yet nothing that can disturb his soul, like what I have to torture mine on his account. "Sure nothing in this world is worth a troubled mind: what racks has avarice stretched me on! I wanted nothing; kind Heaven hath given me a plenteous lot, and seated me in great abundance." Why then approve I of this imposture? What have I gained by it? Wealth and misery. I have bartered peaceful days for restless nights; a wretched bargain! and he that merchandizes thus, must be undone at last.

METAPHRASTUS enters.

Metaph. *Mandatum tuum curo diligenter.*

Alv. Master, I had a mind to ask you——

Metaph. The title, master, comes from *Magis* and *Ter*, which is as much as to say, *thrice worthy*.

Alv. I never heard so much before, but it may be true for aught I know : but master——

Metaph. Go on.

Alv. Why so I will if you'll let me ; but don't interrupt me, then.

Metaph. Enough, proceed.

Alv. Why then, master, for the third time, my son Camillo gives me much uneasiness of late ; you know I love him, and have many careful thoughts about him.

Metaph. 'Tis true, *Filio, non potest præferri, nisi filius*.—

Alv. Master, when one has business to talk on, these scholastic expressions are not of use : I believe you a great Latinist ; possibly you may understand Greek ; those who recommended you to me, said so, and I am willing it should be true : but the thing I want to discourse you about at present, does not properly give you an occasion to display your learning. Besides, to tell you the truth, 'twill at all times be lost upon me ; my father was a wise man, but he taught me nothing but common sense ; I know but one tongue in the world, which luckily being understood by you as well as me, I fancy whatever thoughts we have to communicate to one another, may reasonably be conveyed in that, without having recourse to the language of Julius Cæsar.

Metaph. You are wrong, but may proceed.

Alv. I thank you : what is the matter I do not know, but though it is of the utmost consequence to me to marry my son, what match soever I propose to him, he still finds some pretence or other to decline it.

Metaph. He is perhaps of the humour of a brother of Marcus Tullis, who——

Alv. Dear master, leave the Greeks and the Latins, and the Scotch and the Welch, and let me go on in my business; what have those people to do with my son's marriage?

Metaph. Again you are wrong; but go on.

Alv. I say then, that I have strong apprehensions, from his refusing all my proposals, that he may have some secret inclination of his own; and to confirm me in this fear, I yesterday observed him (without his knowing it) in a corner of the grove, where nobody comes.——

Metaph. A place out of the way, you would say; a place of retreat.

Alv. Why, the corner of a grove, where nobody comes, is a place of retreat, is it not?

Metaph. In Latin, *Secessus*.

Alv. Ha!

Metaph. As Virgil has it, *Est in successu locus*.

Alv. How could Virgil have it, when I tell you no soul was there but he and I.

Metaph. Virgil is a famous author; and I quote his sayings as a phrase more proper to the occasion than that you use, and not as one who was in the wood with you.

Alv. And I tell you, I hope to be as famous as any Virgil of 'em all, when I have been dead as long, and have no need of a better phrase than my own to tell you my meaning.

Metaph. You ought, however, to make choice of the words most used by the best authors. *Tu vivendo bonos*, as they say, *scribendo sequare peritos*.

Alv. Again!

Metaph. 'T is Quintilian's own precept.

Alv. Oons——

Metaph. And he has something very learned upon it, that may be of service to you to hear.

Alv. You son of a whore, will you hear me speak?

Metaph. What may be the occasion of this unmanly passion? What is it you would have with me?

Alv. What you might have known an hour ago, if you had pleased.

Metaph. You would then have me hold my peace—I shall.

Alv. You will do very well.

Metaph. You see I do; well, go on.

Alv. Why then, to begin once again; I say my son Camillo——

Metaph. Proceed; I sha' n't interrupt you.

Alv. I say, my son Camillo——

Metaph. What is it you say of your son Camillo?

Alv. That he has got a dog of a tutor, whose brains I'll beat out, if he won't hear me speak.

Metaph. That dog is a philosopher, contemns passion, and yet will hear you.

Alv. I don't believe a word on't, but I'll try once again; I have a mind to know from you, whether you have observed any thing in my son——

Metaph. Nothing that is like his father. Go on.

Alv. Have a care.

Metaph. I do not interrupt you; but you are long in coming to a conclusion.

Alv. Why, thou hast not let me begin yet.

Metaph. And yet 't is high time to have made an end.

Alv. Dost thou know thy danger? I have not——thus much patience left.

[*Shewing the end of his finger,*

Metaph. Mine is already consumed. I do not use to be thus treated; my profession is to teach and not to hear, yet I have hearkened like a school-boy, and am not heard although a master.

Alv. Get out of the room.

Metaph. I will not. If the mouth of a wise man be shut, he is, as it were, a fool; for who shall know his understanding? Therefore a certain philosopher said well. Speak, that thou may'st be known; great talkers, without knowledge, are as the winds that whistle; but they who have learning, should speak aloud. If this be not permitted, we may expect to see the whole order of nature o'erthrown; hens devour foxes, and lambs destroy wolves; nurses suck children, and children give suck; generals mend stockings, and chambermaids take towns; we may expect, I say——

Alv. That, and that, and that, and——

[*Strikes him, and kicks him, and then follows him off with a bell at his ear.*]

Metaph. O tempora! O mores!

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Street. LOPEZ enters.

Lopez.

SOMETIMES Fortune seconds a bold design, and when Folly has brought us into a trap, Impudence brings us out on't. I have been caught by this hot-headed lover here; and have been told, like a puppy, what I shall be beaten for like a dog. Come, courage, my dear Lopez; fire will fetch out fire. Thou hast told one body thy master's secret, e'en tell it to half a dozen more, and try how that will thrive. Go, tell it to two old Dons, the lovers' fathers. The thing's done, and can't be retrieved. Perhaps they'll lay their two ancient heads together, club a pennyworth of wisdom a-piece, and, with great penetration, at last find out, that 't is best to submit, where 't is not in their power to do

otherwise. This being resolved, there's no time to be lost.

[Knocks at Alvarez's door.]

Alv. Who knocks?

[Within.]

Lop. Lopez.

Alv. What dost want?

[Looking out.]

Lop. To bid you good-morrow, sir.

Alv. Well, good-morrow to thee again.

[Retires.]

Lop. What a——I think he does not care for my company.

[Knocks again.]

Alv. Who knocks?

Lop. Lopez.

Alv. What wouldst have?

[Looks out.]

Lop. My old master, sir, gives his service to you, and desires to know how you do.

Alv. How I do! Why, well. How should I do?—Service to him again.

[Retires.]

Lop. Sir.

Alv. [Returning.] What the deuce would'st thou have with me, with thy good-morrrows and thy services?

Lop. This man does not understand good-breeding, I find.

[Aside.] Why, sir, my master has very earnest business with you.

Alv. Business! About what? What business can he have with me?

Lop. I don't know, truly; but 'tis some very important matter: he has just now, as I hear, discovered some great secret, which he must needs talk with you about.

Alv. Ha! a secret, say'st thou?

Lop. Yes: and bid me bring him word, if you were at home, he'd be with you presently. Sir, your humble servant.

[Exit.]

Alv. A secret, and must speak with me about it!—Heavens, how I tremble! What can this message mean? I have

very little acquaintance with him;—what business can he have with me? An important secret 't was, he said, and that he had just discovered it. Alas! I have in the world but one? if it be that—I'm lost: an eternal blot must fix upon me. How unfortunate am I, that I have not followed the honest counsels of my heart, which have often urged me to set my conscience at ease, by rendering to him the estate which is his due, and which, by a foul imposture, I keep from him. But 't is now too late, my villany is out, and I shall not only be forced, with shame, to restore him what is his, but shall be, perhaps, condemned to make him reparation with my own. Oh, terrible view!

DON FELIX enters.

Don Fel. My son to go and marry her without her father's knowledge? This can never end well. I don't know what to do. He'll conclude I was privy to it, and his power and interest are so great at court, he may with ease contrive my ruin. I tremble at his sending to speak with me—Mercy on me! there he is. *[Aside.*

Alv. Ah! shield me, kind Heaven! There's Don Felix come. How I am struck with the sight of him! Oh, the torment of a guilty mind! *[Aside.*

Don Fel. What shall I say to soften him? *[Aside.*

Alv. How shall I look him in the face? *[Aside.*

Don Fel. 'T is impossible he can forgive it. *[Aside.*

Alv. He'll certainly expose me to the whole world. *[Aside.*

Don Fel. I see his countenance change. *[Aside.*

Alv. With what contempt he looks upon me! *[Aside.*

Don Fel. I see, Don Alvarez, by the disorder of your face, you are but too well informed, of what brings me here.

Alv. 'Tis true.

Don Fel. The news may well surprize you; 'tis what I have been far from apprehending.

Alv. Wrong, very wrong indeed.

Don Fel. The action is certainly, to the last point, to be condemned, and I think nobody should pretend to excuse the guilty.

Alv. They are not to be excused, though Heaven may have mercy.

Don Fel. That's what I hope you will consider.

Alv. We should act as Christians.

Don Fel. Most certainly.

Alv. Let mercy then prevail.

Don Fel. It is indeed of heavenly birth.

Alv. Generous Don Felix!

Don Fel. Too indulgent Alvarez!

Alv. I thank you on my knee.

Don Fel. 'Tis I ought to have been there first.

[*They kneel.*]

Alv. Is it possible we are friends?

Don Fel. Embrace me to confirm it. [*They embrace.*]

Alv. Thou best of men!

Don Fel. Unlook'd for bounty!"

Alv. Did you know the torment [*Rising.*] this unhappy action has given me——

Don Fel. 'Tis impossible it could do otherwise; nor has my trouble been less.

Alv. But let my misfortune be kept secret.

Don Fel. Most willingly. My advantage is sufficient
"by it, without the vanity of making it public to the world.

Alv. Incomparable goodness! That I should thus have
"wronged a man so worthy! [*Aside.*] My honour then is
"safe?"

Don Fel. For ever, even for ever let it be a secret, I am content.

Alv. Noble gentleman! [*Aside.*] As to what advantages ought to accrue to you by it, it shall be all to your entire satisfaction.

Don Fel. Wonderful bounty! [*Aside.*] As to that, Don Alvarez, I leave it entirely to you, and shall be content with whatever you think reasonable.

Alv. I thank you, from my soul I must; you know I must.—This must be an angel, not a man. [*Aside.*

“*Don Fel.* The thanks lie on my side, Alvarez, for this unexpected generosity; but may all faults be forgot, and Heaven ever prosper you.

“*Alv.* The same prayer I, with a double fervour, offer up for you.

“*Don Fel.* Let us then once more embrace, and be forgiveness sealed for ever.

“*Alv.* Agreed; thou best of men, agreed. [*They embrace.*”

Don Fel. This thing then being thus happily terminated, let me own to you, Don Alvarez, I was in extreme apprehensions of your utmost resentment on this occasion; for I could not doubt but you had formed more happy views in the disposal of so fair a daughter as Leonora, than my poor son's inferior fortune e'er can answer; but since they are joined, and that——

Alv. Ha!

Don Fel. Nay, 't is very likely to discourse of it may not be very pleasing to you, though your christianity and natural goodness have prevailed on you so generously to forgive it. But to do justice to Leonora, and skreen her from your too harsh opinion in this unlucky action, 't was that cunning wicked creature that attends her, who, by unusual arts, wrought her to this breach of duty, for her own in-

clinations were disposed to all the modesty and resignation a father could ask from a daughter ; my son I can't excuse, but since your bounty does so, I hope you'll quite forget the fault of the less guilty Leonora.

Alv. What a mistake have I lain under here ! And from a groundless apprehension of one misfortune, find myself in the certainty of another. [*Aside.*

Don Fel. He looks disturbed ! What can this mean ?

[*Aside.*

Alv. My daughter married to his son ! Confusion ! But I find myself in such unruly agitation, something wrong may happen if I continue with him ; I'll therefore leave him.

[*Aside.*

Don Fel. You seem thoughtful, sir ; I hope there's no—

Alv. A sudden disorder I am seiz'd with ; you'll pardon me, I must retire. [*Exit.*

Don Fel. I don't like this—He went oddly off—I doubt he finds this bounty difficult to go through with. His natural resentment is making an attack upon his acquired generosity. Pray, Heaven, it ben't too strong for it. “ The “ misfortune is a great one, and can't but touch him nearly. “ It was not natural to be so calm : I wish I don't yet “ drive him to be my ruin.” But here comes this young hot-brained coxcomb, who, with his midnight amours, has been the cause of all this mischief to me.

LORENZO enters.

So, sir, are you come to receive my thanks for your noble exploit ? You think you have done bravely now, ungracious offspring, to bring perpetual trouble on me. Must there never pass a day, but I must drink some bitter potion or other of your preparation for me ?

Lor. I am amazed, sir! Pray what have I done to deserve your anger?

Don Fel. Nothing; no manner of thing in the world; nor never do. I am an old testy fellow, and am always scolding, and finding fault for nothing; complaining that I have got a coxcomb of a son that makes me weary of my life, fancying he perverts the order of nature, turning day into night and night into day; getting whims in my brain, that he consumes his life in idleness, unless he rouses now and then to do some noble stroke of mischief; and having an impertinent dream at this time, that he has been making the fortune of the family, by an underhand marriage with the daughter of a man who will crush us all to powder for it.—Ah, ungracious wretch! to bring an old man into all this trouble. The pain thou gavest thy mother to bring thee into the world, and the plague thou hast given me to keep thee here, make the getting thee (though 'twas in our honey-moon) a bitter remembrance to us both. [*Exit.*

Lor. So—all's out—Here's a noble storm arising, and I'm at sea in a cock-boat. But which way could this business reach him? By this traitor Lopez—It must be so, it could be no other way! for only he, and the priest that married us, know of it. The villain will never confess, though. I must try a little address with him, and conceal my anger. Oh! here he comes.

LOPEZ enters.

Lor. Lopez.

Lop. Do you call, sir?

Lor. I find all's discovered to my father; the secret's out; he knows my marriage.

Lop. He knows your marriage! How the pest should that happen, sir? 'Tis impossible, that's all.

Lor. I tell thee, 'tis true; he knows every particular of it.

Lop. He does! Why then, sir, all I can say is, that Satan and he are better acquainted than the devil and a good Christian ought to be.

Lor. Which way he has discovered it I can't tell, nor am I much concern'd to know, since, beyond all my expectations, I find him perfectly easy at it, and ready to excuse my fault with better reasons than I can find to do it myself.

Lop. Say you so! I am very glad to hear that: then all's safe. [*Aside.*]

Lor. 'Tis unexpected good fortune; but it could never proceed purely from his own temper; there must have been pains taken with him to bring him to this calm; I'm sure I owe much to the bounty of some friend or other. I wish I knew where my obligation lay, that I might acknowledge it as I ought.

Lop. Are you thereabouts, i' faith? Then sharp's the word; I'gad I'll own the thing, and receive his bounty for it. [*Aside.*] Why, sir—not that I pretend to make a merit of the matter, for, alas! I am but your poor hireling, and therefore bound in duty to render you all the service I can—but—'tis I have done it.

Lor. What hast thou done?

Lop. What no man else could have done; the job, sir; told him the secret, and then talked him into a liking on't.

Lor. 'Tis impossible; thou dost not tell me true.

Lop. Sir, I scorn to reap any thing from another man's labours; but if this poor piece of service carries any merit with it you now know where to reward it.

Lor. Thou art not serious.

Lop. I am; or may hunger be my mess-mate.

Lor. And may famine be mine, if I don't reward thee for it, as thou deservest—Dead—— [*Making a pass at him.*]

Lop. Have a care there. [*Leaping on one side.*] What do you mean, sir? I bar all surprise.

Lor. Traitor, is this the fruit of the trust I placed in thee? Villain! [*Making another thrust at him.*]

Lop. Take heed, sir; you'll do one a mischief before y' are aware.

Lor. What recompence can'st thou make me, wretch, for this piece of treachery? Thy sordid blood can't expiate the thousandth—But I'll have it, however. [*Thrusts again.*]

Lop. Look you there again. Pray, sir, be quiet.—Is the devil in you? 'Tis bad jesting with edged tools. I'gad, that last push was within an inch of me. I don't know what you make all this bustle about, but I'm sure I've done all for the best, and I believe 'twill prove for the best too at last, if you'll have but a little patience. But if gentlemen will be in their airs in a moment—Why, what the deuce—I'm sure I have been as eloquent as Cicero in your behalf; and I don't doubt, to good purpose too, if you'll give things time to work. But nothing but foul language and naked swords about the house; sa, sa; run you through, you dog: why, nobody can do business at this rate.

Lor. And suppose your project fail, and I am ruined by it, sir.

Lop. Why, 'twill be time enough to kill me then, sir, won't it? What should you do it for now? Besides, I an't ready, I'm not prepared, I might be undone by't.

Lor. But what will Leonora say to her marriage being known, wretch?

Lop. Why, may be she'll draw—her sword too.—[*Shewing his tongue.*] But all shall be well with you both, if you will but let me alone.

Lor. Peace ; here's her father.

Lop. That's well : we shall see how things go presently.

Don ALVAREZ enters.

Alv. The more I recover from the disorder this discourse has put me in, the more strange the whole adventure appears to me. Leonora maintains there is not a word of truth in what I have heard ; that she knows nothing of marriage : and indeed she tells me this with such a naked air of sincerity, that for my part I believe her. What then must be their project ? Some villanous intention, to be sure ; though which way, I yet am ignorant. But here's the bridegroom ; I'll accost him.—I am told, sir, you have taken upon you to scandalize my daughter, and tell idle tales of what can never happen.

Lop. Now, methinks, sir, if you treated your son-in-law with a little more civility, things might go just as well in the main.

Alv. What means this insolent fellow by my son-in-law ? I suppose 'tis you, villain, are the author of this impudent story.

Lop. You seem angry, sir—perhaps without cause.

Alv. Cause, traitor ! Is a cause wanting where a daughter's defamed, and a noble family scandalized ?

Lop. There he is, let him answer you.

Alv. I should be glad he 'd answer me. Why, if he had any desires to my daughter, did he not make his approaches like a man of honour ?

Lop. Yes ; and so have had the doors bolted against him, like a house-breaker. *[Aside.]*

Lor. Sir, to justify my proceedings, I have little to say ; but to excuse it, I have much ; if any allowance may be made to a passion, which in your youth you have yourself been swayed by ; I love your daughter to that excess—

Alv. You would undo her for a night's lodging.

Lor. Undo her, sir!

Alv. Yes, that's the word; you knew it was against her interest to marry you, therefore you endeavoured to win her to it in private; you knew her friends would make a better bargain for her, therefore you kept your designs from their knowledge; and yet you love her to that excess——

Lor. I'd readily lay down my life to serve her.

Alv. Could you readily lay down fifty thousand pistoles to serve her, your excessive love would come with better credentials; an offer of life is very proper for the attack of a counterscarp: but a thousand ducats will sooner carry a lady's heart; you are a young man, but will learn this when you are older.

Lop. But since things have succeeded better this once, sir, and that my master will prove a most incomparable good husband (for that he'll do, I'll answer for him) and that 'tis too late to recall what's already done, sir.——

Alv. What's done, villain?

Lop. Sir, I mean, that since my master and my lady are married, and——

Alv. Thou ly'st; they are not married.

Lop. Sir! I say, that since they are married, and that they love each other so passing dearly, indeed I fancy that——

Alv. Why, this impudence is beyond all bearing.—Sir, do you put your rascal upon this?

Lor. “Sir, I am in a wood;” I don't know what it is you mean.

Alv. “And I am in a plain, sir, and I think I may be “understood.” Do you pretend that you are married to my daughter?

Lor. Sir, 'tis my happiness on one side, as it is my misfortune on another.

Alv. And do you think this idle project can succeed? Do you believe your affirming you are married to her will induce both her and me to consent it shall be so?

Lop. Sir, I see you make my master almost out of his wits to hear you talk so: but I, who am but a stander-by now, as I was at the wedding, have mine about me, and desire to know, whether you think this project can succeed? Do you believe your affirming they are not married, will induce both him and I to give up the lady? One short question to bring this matter to an issue—Why do you think they are not married?

Alv. Because she utterly renounces it.

Lop. And so she will her religion, if you attack it with that dreadful face. D'ye hear, sir? the poor lady is in love heartily, and I wish all poor ladies that are so, would dispose of themselves so well as she has done; but you scare her out of her senses: bring her here into the room, speak gently to her, tell her you know the thing is done, that you have it from a man of honour, me: that may be you wish it had been otherwise, but are a Christian, and profess mercy, and therefore have resolved to pardon her: say this, and I shall appear a man of reputation, and have satisfaction made me.

Alv. Or an impudent rogue, and have all your bones broke.

Lop. Content.

Alv. Agreed. Leonora! Who's there? Call Leonora.

Lop. All will go rarely, sir; we shall have shot the gulf in a moment.

[*Aside to Lorenzo.*]

LEONORA enters.

Alv. Come hither, Leonora.

Lop. So, now we shall see.

Alv. I called you to answer for yourself; here's a strong

claim upon you; if there be any thing in the pretended title, conceal it no farther, it must be known at last, it may as well be so now. Nothing is so uneasy as uncertainty; I would therefore be gladly freed from it: if you have done what I am told you have, it is a great fault indeed; but as I fear 't will carry much of its punishment along with it, I shall rather reduce my resentment into mourning your misfortune, than suffer it to add to your affliction; therefore speak the truth.

Lop. Well, this is fair play; now I speak, sir. You see, fair lady, the goodness of a tender father, nothing need therefore hinder you from owning a most loving husband. We had like to have been altogether by the ears about this business, and pails of blood were ready to run about the house: but thank Heaven, the sun shines out again, and one word from your sweet mouth makes fair weather for ever. My master has been forced to own your marriage, he begs you'll do so too.

Leo. What does this impudent rascal mean?

Lop. Ha! madam——

Leo. Sir, I should be very glad to know [*To Lorenzo.*] what can have been the occasion of this wild report; sure you cannot be yourself a party in it.

Lop. He! he!

Lor. Forgive me, dear Leonora; I know you had strong reasons for the secret being longer kept; but 'tis not my fault, our marriage is disclosed.

Leo. Our marriage, sir!

Lor. 'Tis known, my dear, though much against my will; but since 'tis so, 'twould be in vain for us to deny it any longer.

Leo. Then, sir, I am your wife! I fell in love with you, and married you without my father's knowledge.

Lor. I dare not be so vain to think 'twas love; I humbly am content to owe the blessing to your generosity; you saw the pains I suffered for your sake, and in compassion eased them.

Leo. I did, sir! Sure this exceeds all human impudence.

Lop. Truly, I think it does. She 'd make an incomparable actress. [Aside.

Lor. I begin to be surprised, madam, at your carrying this thing so far; you see there's no occasion for it; and for the discovery, I have already told you 'twas not my fault.

Lop. My master's! no, 'twas I did it: why what a bustle's here! I knew things would go well, and so they do, if folks would let them. But if ladies will be in their merri-ments, when gentlemen are upon serious business, why what a deuce can one say to them?

Leo. I see this fellow is to be an evidence in your plot; where you hope to drive, it is hard to guess; for if any thing can exceed its impudence, it is its folly. A noble stratagem indeed to win a lady by! I could be diverted by it, but that I see a face of villany requires a rougher treatment: I could almost, methinks, forget my sex, and be my own avenger.

Lor. Madam, I am surprised beyond all——

Lop. Pray, sir, let me come to her: you are so surprised, you make nothing on't: she wants a little snubbing. Look you, madam, I have seen many a pleasant humour amongst ladies, but you out-cut them all. Here's contradiction with a vengeance! You ha'n't been married eight and forty hours, and you are slap—at your husband's beard already: Why, do you consider who he is? who this gentleman is, and what he can do—by law? Why, he can lock you up—knock you down—tie you neck and heels——

Lor. Forbear, you insolent villain, you.

[Offering to strike him.]

Leo. That for what's past, however.

[Giving him a box on the ear.]

Lop. I think she gave me a box o' th' ear; ha!

[Exit Leonora.]

Sir, will you suffer your old servants to be used thus by new comers? It's a sham, a mere sham. Sir, will you take a poor dog's advice for once? She denies she's married to you: take her at her word; you have seen some of her humours—Let her go.

Alv. Well, gentlemen, thus far you see I've heard all with patience; are you content? Or how much farther do you design to go with this business?

Lop. Why truly, sir, we are near at a stand.

Alv. 'Tis time, you villain, you.

Lop. Why, an' I am a villain now, if every word I've spoke be not as true as—as the gazette; and your daughter's no better than a—a—a whimsical young woman, for making disputes among gentlemen. And if every body had their deserts, she'd have a good—I won't speak it out to inflame reckonings; but let her go, master.

Alv. Sir, I do n't think it well to spend any more words with your impudent and villanous servant here.

Lop. Thank you, sir: but I'd let her go.

Alv. Nor have I more to say to you than this, that you must not think so daring an affront to my family can go unresented. Farewell.

[Exit Alvarez.]

Lor. Well, sir, what have you to say for yourself now?

Lop. Why, sir, I only have to say, that I am a very unfortunate—middle-aged man; and that I believe all the stars upon Heaven and earth have been concerned in my destiny. Children now unborn will hereafter sing my downfall

in mournful lines, and notes of doleful tune: I am at present troubled in mind, despair around me, signified in appearing gibbets, with a great bundle of dog-whips by way of preparation.

*I therefore will go seek some mountain high,
If high enough some mountain may be found,
With distant valley, dreadfully profound,
And from the horrid cliff—look calmly all around.*

Farewell.

[*Aside.*

Lor. No, sirrah: I'll see your wretched end myself. Die here, villain.

[*Drawing his sword.*

Lop. I can't, sir, if any body looks upon me.

Lor. Away, you trifling wretch! "but think not to escape, for thou shalt have thy recompence."

[*Exit Lorenzo.*

Lop. Why, what a mischievous jade is this, to make such an uproar in a family the first day of her marriage. Why my master won't so much as get a honeymoon out of her. 'Egad, let her go. If she be thus in her soft and tender youth, she'll be rare company at three-score: Well, he may do as he pleases; but were she my dear, I'd let her go—Such a foot at her tail, I'd make the truth bounce out at her mouth, like a pellet from a pop-gun. [*Exit,*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

CAMILLO and ISABELLA.

Isabella.

'Tis an unlucky accident, indeed.

Cam. Ah, Isabella! fate has now determined my undoing. This thing can ne'er end here. Leonora and Lo-

renzo must soon come to some explanation; the dispute is too monstrous to pass over, without farther enquiry, which must discover all, "and what will be the consequence, I tremble at: for whether Don Alvarez knows of the imposture, or whether he is deceived, with the rest of the world, when once it breaks out and that the consequence is the loss of that great wealth he now enjoys by it, what must become of me? All paternal affections then must cease, and, regarding me as an unhappy instrument in the trouble which will then o'erload him, he will return me to my humble birth, and then I'm lost for ever." But what, alas! will the deceived Lorenzo say? A wife, with neither fortune, birth, nor beauty, instead of one most plenteously endowed with all. O, Heavens! what a sea of misery have I before me!

Isab. Indeed you reason right, but these reflections are ill-timed; why did not you employ them sooner?

Cam. Because I loved.

Isab. And don't you do so now?

Cam. I do, and therefore 'tis I make these cruel just reflections.

Isab. So that love, I find, can do any thing.

Cam. Indeed it can: its powers are wondrous great, its pains no tongue can tell, its bliss no heart conceive; crowns cannot recompence its torments, Heaven scarce supply its joys. My stake is of this value: O counsel me how I shall save it.

Isab. Alas! that counsel's much beyond my wisdom's force, I see no way to help you.

Cam. And yet 'tis sure there's one.

Isab. What?

Cam. Death.

Isab. There possibly may be another; I have a thought

this moment—Perhaps there's nothing in it; yet a small passage comes to my remembrance, that I regarded little when it happened—I'll go and search for one may be of service. But hold; I see Don Carlos: he'll but disturb us now; let us avoid him. [Exeunt.]

Don CARLOS and SANCHO enter.

Car. Repulsed again! This is not to be borne. What though this villain's story be a falsehood, was I to blame to hearken to it? This usage cannot be supported. How was it she treated thee?

San. Never was ambassador worse received. Madam, my master asks ten thousand pardons, and humbly begs one moment's interview:—Begone, you rascal, you. Madam, what answer shall I give my master?—Tell him he's a villain.—Indeed, fair lady, I think this is hasty treatment—Here, my footman, toss me this fellow out of the window: and away she went to her devotions.

Car. Did you see Jacinta?

San. Yes, she saluted me with half a score rogues and rascals, too. I think our destinies are much alike, sir; and o' my conscience, a couple of scurvy jades we are hampered with.

Car. Ungrateful woman, to receive with such contempt so quick a return of a heart so justly alarmed.

San. Ha, ha, ha!

Car. What, no allowance to be made to the first transports of a lover's fury, when rous'd by so dreadful an appearance? As just as my suspicions were, have I long suffered them to arraign her?

San. No.

Cam. Have I waited for oaths or imprecations to clear her?

San. No.

Car. Nay, even now, is not the whole world still in suspense about her, whilst I alone conclude her innocent?

San. 'Tis very true.

Cur. She might, methinks, through this profound respect, observe a flame another would have cherished; she might support me against groundless fears, and save me from a rival's tyranny; she might release me from these cruel racks, and would, no doubt, if she could love as I do.

San. Ha, ha, ha!

Car. But since she don't, what do I do whining here? Curse on these base humilities of love!

San. Right.

Car. Let children kiss the rod that flays them; let dogs lie down and lick the shoe that spurns them.

San. Ay,

Car. I am a man, by nature meant for power; the sceptre's given us to wield, and we betray our trust whenever we meanly lay it at a woman's feet.

Car. True, we are men; boo!—Come, master, let us both be in a passion; here's my sceptre. [*Shewing a cudgel.*] Subject Jacinta, look about you. Sir, was you ever in Muscovy? The women there love the men dearly. Why? Because—[*Shaking his stick.*] There's your love-powder for you. Ah, sir, were we but wise and stout, what work should we make with them! But this humble love-making spoils them all. A rare way indeed to bring matters about with them! we are persuading them all the day they are angels and goddesses, in order to use them at night like human creatures. We are like to succeed, truly.

Car. For my part, I never yet could bear a slight from any thing, nor will I now. There's but one way, however, to resent it from a woman, and that's to drive her bravely from your heart, and place a worthier in her vacant throne.

San. Now, with submission to my betters, I have another way, sir: I'll drive my tyrant from my heart, and place myself on her throne. Yes; I will be lord of my own tenement, and keep my household in order. Would you would do so too, master; for, look you, I have been servitor in a college at Salamanca, and read philosophy with the doctors; where I found that a woman, in all times, has been observed to be an animal hard to understand, and much inclined to mischief. Now as an animal is always an animal, and a captain always a captain, so a woman is always a woman; whence it is, that a certain Greek says, her head is like a bank of sand; or, as another, a solid rock; or, according to a third, a dark lanthorn. Pray, sir, observe, for this is close reasoning; and so as the head is the head of the body; and that the body without a head, is like a head without a tail? and that where there is neither head nor tail, 'tis a very strange body; so I say, a woman is by comparison, do you see, (for nothing explains things like comparisons) I say by comparison, as Aristotle has often said before me, one may compare her to the raging sea; for, as the sea, when the wind rises, knits its brow like an angry bull, and that waves mount upon rocks, and rocks mount upon waves; that porpoises leap like trouts, and whales skip about like gudgeons; that ships roll like beer-barrels, and mariners pray like saints; just so, I say a woman—a woman, I say, just so, when her reason is ship-wrecked upon her passion, and the hulk of her understanding lies thumping against the rock of her fury; then it is, I say, that by certain emotions, which—um—cause, as one may suppose, a sort of convulsive—yes—hurricanous—um—like—in short, a woman is like the devil, sir.

Cam. Admirably reasoned, indeed, Sancho.

San. Pretty well, I thank Heaven; but here come the crocodiles to weep us into mercy.

LEONORA and JACINTA enter.

Master, let us shew ourselves men, and leave their briny tears to wash their dirty faces.

Car. It is not in the power of charms to move me.

San. Nor me, I hope; and yet I fear those eyes will look out sharp to snatch up such a prize. [Pointing to Jacinta.

Jacin. He's coming to us, madam, to beg pardon; but sure you'll never grant it him?

Leo. If I do, "may Heaven ne'er grant me mine."

Jacin. That's brave.

Car. You look, madam, upon me, as if you thought I came to trouble you with my usual importunities; I'll ease you of that pain, by telling you, my business now is calmly to assure you, but I assure it you with Heaven and hell for seconds: for may the joys of one fly from me, whilst the pains of t'other overtake me, if all your charms displayed e'er shake my resolution; I'll never see you more.

San. Bon.

Leo. You are a man of that nice honour, sir, I know you'll keep you word; I expected this assurance from you, and came this way only to thank you for't.

Jacin. Very well.

Car. You did, imperious dame, you did! How base is woman's pride! How wretched are the ingredients it is formed of. If you saw cause for just disdain, why did you not at first repulse me? Why lead a slave in chains, that could not grace your triumphs? If I am thus to be condemned, think on the favours you have done the wretch, and hide your face for ever.

San. Well argued.

Leo. I own you have hit the only fault the world can charge me with; the favours I have done to you, I am indeed

ashamed of; but since women have their frailties, you'll allow me mine.

Car. 'Tis well, extremely well, madam; I'm happy, however, you at last speak frankly; I thank you for it; from my soul I thank you; but don't expect me groveling at your feet again; don't, for if I do——

Leo. You'll be treated as you deserve; trod upon.

Car. Give me patience;—but I don't want t; I am calm: Madam, farewell; be happy, if you can; by Heavens, I wish you so; but never spread your net for me again; for if you do——

Leo. You'll be running into it.

Car. Rather run headlong into fire and flames; rather be torn with pincers bit from bit; rather be broiled like martyrs upon gridirons——But I am wrong: this sounds like passion, and Heaven can tell I am not angry. Madam, I think we have no farther business together; your most humble servant.

Leo. Farewell t' ye, sir.

Car. Come along. [*To Sancho.*] [*Goes to the Scene and returns.*] Yet once more before I go (lest you should doubt my resolution) may I starve, perish, rot, be blasted, dead, damned, or any other thing that men or gods can think on, if on any occasion whatever, civil or military, pleasure or business, love or hate, or any other accident of life, I, from this moment, change one word or look with you.

[*Going off, Sancho claps him on the back.*]

Leo. Content. Come away, Jacinta.

CARLOS returns.

Car. Yet one word, madam, if you please; I have a little thing here belongs to you, a foolish bauble I once was fond of. [*Twitching her picture from his breast.*] Will you accept a trifle from your servant?

Leo. Willingly, sir; I have a bauble too, I think you have some claim to; you'll wear it for my sake.

[Breaks a bracelet from her arm, and gives it him.]

Car. Most thankfully; this too I should restore you, it once was yours—[Giving her a table-book.]—By your favour, madam—there is a line or two in it, I think you did me once the honour to write with your own fair hand. Here it is.

[Reads.]

*You love me, Carlos, and would know
The secret movements of my heart;
Whether I give you mine or no,
With yours, methinks, I'd never, never part.*

Thus you have encouraged me, and thus you have deceived me.

San. Very true.

Leo. I have some faithful lines, too; I think I can produce them. [Pulls out a table-book, reads, and then gives it him.]

*How long see'er to sigh in vain,
My destiny may prove,
My fate (in spite of your disdain)
Will let me glory in your chain,
And give me leave eternally to love.*

There, sir, take your poetry again. [Throwing it at his feet.]

'Tis not much the worse for my wearing;—'t will serve again upon a fresh occasion.

Jacin. Well done.

Car. I believe I can return the present, madam, with—a pocket full of your prose—There—

[Throwing a handful of letters at her feet.]

Leo. Jacinta, give me his letters. There, sir, not to be behind with you.

[Takes a handful of his letters out of a box, and throws them in his face.]

Jacin. And there, and there, and there, sir.

[*Jacinta throws the rest at him.*

San. 'Cod's my life, we want ammunition; but for a shift—There, and there, you saucy slut, you.

[*Sancho pulls a pack of dirty cards out of his pocket, and throws them at her; then they close, he pulls off her head-clothes, and she his wig, and then part; she running to her mistress, he to his master.*

Jacin. I think, madam, we have clearly the better on't.

Leo. For a proof, I resolve to keep the field.

Jacin. Have a care he don't rally, and beat you yet, though. Pray walk off.

Leo. Fear nothing.

San. How the armies stand and gaze at one another after the battle! What think you, sir, of shewing yourself a great general, by making an honourable retreat.

Car. I scorn it. Oh, Leonora! Leonora! A heart like mine should not be treated thus.

Leo. Carlos! Carlos! I have not deserved this ill usage.

Car. Barbarous Leonora! but 'tis useless to reproach you; she that is capable of what you have done, is formed too cruel ever to repent of it. Go on, then, tyrant; make your bliss complete; torment me still, for still, alas! I love enough to be tormented.

Leo. Ah, Carlos! little do you know the tender movements of that thing you name; the heart where love presides, admits no thought against the honour of its ruler.

Car. 'Tis not to call that honour into doubt, if, conscious of our own unworthiness, we interpret every frown to our own destruction.

Leo. When jealousy proceeds from such humble apprehensions, it shews itself with more respect than yours has done.

Car. And were a heart is guiltless, it easily forgives a greater crime.

Leo. Forgiveness is not now in our debate ; if both have been in fault, 't is fit that both should suffer for it ; our separation will do justice on us.

Car. But since we are ourselves the judges of our crimes, what if we should inflict a gentler punishment ?

Leo. 'T would but encourage us to sin again.

Car. And if it should——

Leo. 'T would give a fresh occasion for the pleasing exercise of mercy.

Car. Right ; and so we act the part of earth and heaven together, of men and gods, and taste of both their pleasures.

Leo. The banquet's too inviting to refuse it.

Car. Then thus let us fall on, and feed upon it for ever.

[*Carries her off, embracing her, and kissing her hand.*]

Jacin. Ah, woman ! foolish, foolish woman !

San. Very foolish, indeed.

Jacin. But do n't expect I'll follow her example.

San. You would, Mopsy, if I'd let you.

Jacin. I'd sooner tear my eyes out ! Ah——that she had had a little of my spirit in her.

San. I believe I shall find thou hast a great deal of her flesh, my charmer ; but 't wont do ; I am all rock, hard rock, very marble.

Jacin. A very pumice-stone, you rascal, you, if one would try thee : but to prevent thy humilities, and shew thee all submission would be vain, to convince thee thou hast nothing but misery and despair before thee, here——take back thy paltry thimble, and be in my debt for the shirts I have made thee with it.

San. Nay, if y' are at that sport, mistress, I believe I shall lose nothing by the balance of thy presents. There, take thy tobacco-stopper, and stop thy——

Jacin. Here——take thy sattin pincushion, with thy cu-

rious half hundred of pins in it, thou mad'st such a vapouring about yesterday. Tell them carefully; there's not one wanting.

San. There's thy ivory-hafted knife again; whet it well; 'tis so blunt. 't will cut nothing but love.

Jacin. And there's thy pretty pocket scissars thou hast honoured me with: they'll cut off a leg or an arm, Heaven bless them.

San. Here's the enchanted handkerchief you were pleased to endear with your precious blood, when the violence of your love at dinner t'other day, made you cut your fingers—There——— [*Blows his nose in it, and gives it to her.*]

Jacin. The rascal so provokes me, I won't even keep his paltry garters from him. Do you see these, you pitiful, beggarly scoundrel you?—There, take 'em—there.

[*She takes her garters off, and slaps them about his face.*]

San. I have but one thing more of thine. [*Shewing his cudgel.*] I own 'tis the top of all thy presents, and might be useful to me; but that thou may'st have nothing to upbraid me with, e'en take it again with the rest of them.

[*Lifting it up to strike her, she leaps about his neck.*]

Jacin. Ah, cruel Sancho!—Now beat me, Sancho, do.

San. Rather, like Indian beggars, beat my precious self.

[*Throws away his stick, and embraces her.*]

Rather let infants' blood about the streets,

Rather let all the wine about the cellar,

Rather let—Oh, Jacinta, thou hast o'ercome!

How foolish are the great resolves of man!

Resolves which we neither would keep, nor can.

When those bright eyes in kindness please to shine,

Their goodness I must needs return with mine;

Bless my Jacinta in her Sancho's arms——

Jacin. And I my Sancho with Jacinta's charms. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Street. LOPEZ enters.

Lopez.

As soon as it is night, says my master to me, though it cost me my life, I'll enter Leonora's lodgings; therefore, make haste, Lopez, prepare every thing necessary, three pair of pocket-pistols, two wide-mouthed blunderbusses, some six ells of sword-blade, and a couple of dark lanthorns. When my master said this to me—sir, said I to my master (that is, I would have said it, if I had not been in such a fright I could say nothing; however, I'll say it to him now, and shall probably have a quiet hearing), “Look you, sir, by dint of reason I intend to confound you. You are resolved, you say, to get into Leonora's lodgings, though the devil stand at the door-way? Yes, Lopez, that's my resolution—Very well; and what do you intend to do when you are there? Why, what an injured man should do, make her sensible of—Make her sensible of a pudding! Don't you see she's a jade? She'll raise the house about your ears, arm the whole family, set the great dog at you—Were there three legions of devils to repulse me, in such a cause, I could disperse them all—Why then you have no occasion for help, sir; you may leave me at home to lay the cloth—No, thou art my ancient friend, my fellow traveller; and to reward thy faithful services, this night thou shalt partake my danger and my glory—Sir, I have got glory enough under you already to content any reasonable servant for his life—Thy modesty makes me willing to double my bounty; this night may bring eternal honour to thee and

" thy family—Eternal honour, sir, is too much in conscience for a serving-man; besides, ambition has been many a great soul's undoing—I doubt thou art afraid, my Lopez; thou shalt be armed with back, with breast, and head-piece—They will incumber me in my retreat—Retreat, my hero! thou never shalt retreat—Then, by my troth, I'll never go, sir."——But here he comes.

LORENZO enters.

Lor. Will it never be night? Sure 'tis the longest day the sun e'er travelled.

Lop. Would 'twere as long as those in Greenland, sir, that you might spin out your life t'other half-year. I don't like these nightly projects; a man can't see what he does. We shall have some scurvy mistake or other happen; a brace of bullets blunder through your head in the dark, perhaps, and spoil all your intrigue.

Lor. Away, you trembling wretch, away.

Lop. Nay, sir, what I say is purely for your safety; for as to myself—Uds-death! I no more value the losing a quart of blood, than I do drinking a quart of wine. Besides my veins are too full; my physician advised me, but yesterday, to let go twenty ounces for my health. So, you see, sir, there's nothing of that in the case.

Lor. Then let me hear no other objections; for till I see Leonora, I must lie upon the rack. I cannot bear her resentment, and will pacify her this night, or not live to see to-morrow.

Lop. Well, sir, since you are so determined, I sha'n't be impertinent with any farther advice; but I think you have laid your design to—[*He coughs.*] (I have got such a cold to-day) to get in privately, have you not?

Lor. Yes, and have taken care to be introduced as far as her chamber-door with all secrecy.

Lop. [*He coughs.*] This unlucky cough? I had rather have had a fever at another time. Sir, I should be sorry to do you more harm than good upon this occasion. If this cough should come upon me in the midst of the action, [*Coughs.*] and give the alarm to the family, I should not forgive myself as long as I lived.

Lor. I have greater ventures than that to take my chance for, and can't dispense with your attendance, sir.

Lop. This 'tis to be a good servant, and make one's self necessary.

TOLEDO *enters.*

Tol. Sir, I am glad I have found you. I am a man of honour, you know, and do always profess losing my life upon a handsome occasion. Sir, I come to offer you my service. I am informed, from unquestionable hands, that Don Carlos is enraged against you to a dangerous degree; and that old Alvarez has given positive directions to break the legs and arms of your servant Lopez.

Lop. Look you there now; I thought what 't would come to. What do they meddle with me for? What have I to do with my master's amours? The old Don's got out of his senses, I think. Have I married his daughter?

Lor. Fear nothing; we'll take care o' thee—Sir, I thank you for the favour of your intelligence: 'tis nothing, however, but what I expected, and am provided for.

Tol. Sir, I would advise you to provide yourself with good friends; I desire the honour to keep your back-hand myself.

Lop. 'Tis very kind, indeed. Pray, sir, have you never a servant with you could hold a racket for me too?

Toledo. I have two friends fit to head two armies ; and yet—a word in your ear—they sha' n't cost you above a ducat a piece.

Lop. Take 'em, by all means, sir ; you were never offered a better pennyworth in your life.

Toledo. Ah, sir—little Diego—you have heard of him ; he'd been worth a legion upon this occasion. You know, I suppose, how they have served him. They have hanged him ; but he made a noble execution ; they clapped the rack and the priest to him at once, but could neither get a word of confession, nor a groan of repentance ; he died mighty well, truly.

Lop. Such a man is indeed much to be regretted.—As for the rest of your escorte, Captain, I thank you for 'em, but shall not use 'em.

Toledo. I'm sorry for it, sir, because I think you go in very great danger ; I'm much afraid your rival won't give you fair play.

Lop. If he does, I'll be hanged ; he's a damn'd passionate fellow, and cares not what mischief he does.

Lop. I shall give him a very good opportunity ; for I'll have no other guards about me but you, sir. So come along.

Lop. Why, sir, this is the sin of presumption, setting Heaven at defiance, making a jack-pudding of a blunderhuss.

Lop. No more, but follow. Hold ! turn this way ; I see Camillo there. I would avoid him, till I see what part he takes in this odd affair of his sister's. For I would not have the quarrel fixed with him, if it be possible to avoid it.

[*Exit.*]

Lop. Sir—Captain Toledo, one word, if you please, sir ; I'm mighty sorry to see my master won't accept of your

friendly offer. Look ye, I'm not very rich; but as far as the expence of a dollar went, if you'd be so kind to take a little care of me, it should be at your service.

Tol. Let me see—A dollar, say you! But suppose I'm wounded?

Lop. Why, you shall be put to no extraordinary charge upon that; I have been 'prentice to a barber, and will be your surgeon myself.

Tol. 'Tis too cheap, in conscience; but my land-estate is so ill paid this war time——

Lop. That a little industry may be commendable. So say no more; that matter's fixed. [*Exeunt.*]

CAMILLO enters.

Cam. "How miserable a perplexity have I brought myself into! Yet why do I complain, since, with all the dreadful torture I endure, I can't repent of one wild step I've made? Oh, love! what tempests canst thou raise, what storms canst thou assuage! To all thy cruelties I am resigned; long years through seas of torment I'm content to roll, so thou wilt guide me to the happy port of my Lorenzo's arms, and bless me there with one calm day at last."

ISABELLA enters.

What news, dear Isabella? Methinks there's something cheerful in your looks may give a trembling lover hopes. If you have comfort for me, speak; for I indeed have need of it.

Isab. Were your wants yet still greater than they are, I bring a plentiful supply.

Cam. Oh, Heavens! is't possible?

Isab. New mysteries are out; and if you can find charms

to wean Lorenzo from your sister, no other obstacle is in your way to all you wish.

Cam. Kind messenger from Heaven, speak on.

Isab. Know then, that you are daughter to Alvarez.

Cam. How! daughter to Alvarez?

Isab. You are. The truth's this moment come to light; and till this moment, he, although your father, was a stranger to it; nay, did not even know you were a woman. In short, the great estate which has occasioned such uncommon accidents, was left but on condition of a son; great hopes of one there was, when you destroyed them, and to your parents came a most unwelcome guest. To repair the disappointment, you were exchanged for that young Camillo, who a few months after died. Your father then was absent; but your mother, quick in contrivance, bold in execution, during that infant's sickness, had resolved his death should not deprive her family of those advantages his life had given it; so ordered things with such dexterity, that once again there passed a change between you. Of this, for reasons yet unknown to me, she made a secret to her husband, and took such wise precautions, that till this hour 'twas so to all the world, except the person from whom I now have heard it.

Cam. This news indeed affords a view of no unhappy termination: yet there are difficulties still may be of fatal hindrance,

Isab. None, except that one I just now named to you; for to remove the rest, know I have already unfolded all, both to Alvarez and Don Felix.

Cam. And how have they received it?

Isab. To your wishes both. As for Lorenzo, he is yet a stranger to all has passed; and the two old fathers desire he may some moments longer continue so. They have

agreed to be a little merry with the heat he is in, and engage you in a family quarrel with him.

Cam. I doubt, Isabella, I shall act that part but faintly.

Isab. No matter, you'll make ample amends for it in the scene of reconciliation.

Cam. Pray Heaven it may be my lot to act it with him.

Isab. Here comes Don Felix to wish you joy.

DON FELIX enters.

Don Fel. Come near, my daughter, and with extended arms of great affection let me receive thee.—[*Kisses her.*] Thou art a dainty wench, good faith thou art, and 't is a mettled action thou hast done. If Lorenzo do n't like thee the better for't, God's my life, he's a pitiful fellow, and I sha' n't believe the bonny old man had the getting of him.

Cam. I'm so encouraged by your forgiveness, sir, methinks I have some flattering hopes of his.

Don Fel. O his! 'Egad and he had best, I believe; he'll meet with his match if he don't. What dost think of trying his courage a little by way of a joke, or so?

Isab. I was just telling her your design, sir.

Don Fel. Why I'm in a mighty witty way upon this whimsical occasion: but I see him coming. You must not appear yet; go your way into the rest of the people there, and I'll inform him what a squabble he has worked himself into here.

[*Exeunt Camillo and Isabella.*]

LORENZO and LOPEZ enter.

Lop. Pray, sir, don't be so obstinate now, don't affront Heaven at this rate, I had a vision last night about this business, on purpose to forewarn you; I dreamt of goose eggs, a blunt knife, and the snuff of a candle; I'm sure there's mischief towards you.

Lor. You cowardly rascal, hold your tongue.

Don Fel. Lorenzo, come hither, my boy, I was just going to send for thee. The honour of our ancient family lies in thy hands : there is a combat preparing, thou must fight, my son.

Lop. Look you there now, did not I tell you ? O, dreams are wondrous things. I never knew that snuff of a candle fail yet.

Lor. Sir, I do not doubt but Carlos seeks my life ; I hope he 'll do it fairly.

Lop. Fairly, do you hear, fairly ! Give me leave to tell you, sir, folks are not fit to be trusted with lives that do n't know how to look better after them. Sir, you gave it him, I hope you 'll make him take a little more care on 't.

Don Fel. My care shall be to make him do as a man of honour ought to do.

Lop. What, will you let him fight then ? Let your own flesh and blood fight ?

Don Fel. In a good cause, as this is.

Lop. O *monstrum horrendum* ! Now I have that humanity about me, that if a man but talks to me of fighting, I shiver at the name on 't.

Lor. What you do on this occasion, sir, is worthy of you ; and had I been wanting to you in my due regards before, this noble action would have stamped that impression, which a grateful son ought to have for so generous a father.

Lop. Very generous, truly ! gives him leave to be run through the guts, for his posterity to brag on a hundred years hence.

[*Aside.*

Lor. I think, sir, as things now stand, it won't be right for me to wait for Carlo's call ! I 'll, if you please, prevent him.

Lop. Ay, pray, sir, do prevent him by all means ; 't is better made up, as you may say, a thousand times.

Don Fel. Hold your tongue, you impertinent jack-a-napes, I will have him fight, and fight like a fury, too; if he don't, he'll be worsted, I can tell him that. For know, son, your antagonist is not the person you name, it is an enemy of twice his force.

Lop. O dear, O dear, O dear! and will nobody keep them asunder?

Lor. Nobody shall keep us asunder, if once I know the man I have to deal with.

Don Fel. Thy man then is—Camillo.

Lor. Camillo!

Don Fel. 'Tis he; he'll suffer nobody to decide this quarrel but himself.

Lop. Then there are no seconds, sir.

Don Fel. None.

Lop. He's a brave man.

Don Fel. No, he says, nobody's blood shall be spilt on this occasion, but theirs who have a title to it.

Lop. I believe, he'll scarce have a law-suit upon the claim.

Don Fel. In short, he accuses thee of a shameful falsehood, in pretending his sister Leonora was thy wife; and has upon it prevailed with his father, as thou hast done with thine, to let the debate be ended by the sword 'twixt him and thee.

Lop. And pray, sir, with submission, one short question, if you please: What may the gentle Leonora say of this business?

Don Fel. She approves of the combat, and marries Carlos.

Lop. Why, God a-mercy.

Lor. Is it possible? Sure she's a devil, not a woman.

Lop. I'cod, sir, a devil and a woman both, I think.

Don Fel. Well, thou shalt have satisfaction of some of them. Here they all come.

ALVAREZ, LEONORA, CARLOS, SANCHE, and JACINTA
enter.

Alv. Well, Don Felix, have you prepared your son? for mine, he's ready to engage.

Lor. And so is his. My wrongs prepare me for a thousand combats. My hand has hitherto been held by the regard I've had to every thing of kin to Leonora; but since the monstrous part she acts has driven her from my heart, I call for reparation from her family.

Alv. You'll have it, sir; Camillo will attend you instantly.

Lop. O lack! O lack! will nobody do a little something to prevent bloodshed? Why, madam, have you no pity, no bowels? [*To Leonora.*] Stand and see one of your husbands slaughter'd before your face? 'T is an errant shame.

Leo. If widowhood be my fate, I must bear it as I can.

Lop. Why, did you ever hear the like?

Lor. Talk to her no more. Her monstrous impudence is no otherwise to be replied to, than by a dagger in her brother's heart.

Leo. Yonder he's coming to receive it. But have a care, brave sir, he does not place it in another's?

Lor. It is not in his power. He has a rotten cause upon his sword; I'm sorry he is engaged in it: but since he is, he must take his fate. For you, my bravo, expect me in your turn. [*To Carlos.*]

Car. You'll find Camillo, sir, will set your hand out.

Lor. A beardless boy. You might have match'd me better, sir: but prudence is a virtue.

Don Fel. Nay, son, I would not have thee despise thy adversary, neither; thou'lt find Camillo will put thee hardly to't.

Lor. I wish we were come to the trial. Why does he not appear?

Jacin. Now do I hate to hear people brag thus. Sir, with my lady's leave, I'll hold a ducat he disarms you.

[*They laugh.*]

Lor. Why, what!—I think I'm sported with. Take heed, I warn you all; I am not to be trifled with.

CAMILLO and ISABELLA enter.

Leo. You sha'n't, sir; here's one will be in earnest with you.

Lor. He's welcome: though I had rather have drawn my sword against another. I'm sorry, Camillo, we should meet on such bad terms as these; yet more sorry your sister should be the wicked cause on't: but since nothing will serve her but the blood either of a husband or brother, she shall be glutted with it—Draw!

Lop. Ah, Lard! ah, Lard! ah, Lard!

Lor. And yet, before I take this instrument of death into my fatal hand, hear me, Camillo; hear, Alvarez; all; I imprecate the utmost powers of Heaven to shower upon my head the deadliest of its wrath; "I ask, that all hell's torment may unite to round my soul with one eternal anguish," if wicked Leonora be not my wife.

Omnes. O, Lord! O, Lord! O, Lord!

Leo. Why then, may all those curses pass him by, "and wrap me in their everlasting pains," if ever once I had a fleeting thought of making him my husband.

Lop. O, Lord! O, Lord! O, Lord!

Leo. Nay, more; to strike him dumb at once, and shew what men with honest looks can practise, know, he's married to another.

Alv. and Fel. How?

Leo. The truth of this is known to some that are here.

Jacin. Nay, 'tis certainly so.

Isab. 'Tis to a friend of mine.

Car. I know the person.

Lor. 'Tis false, and thou art a villain for thy testimony.

Cam. Then let me speak: what they aver is true, and I myself was, in disguise, a witness of its doing.

Lor. Death and confusion! He a villain, too!—Have at thy heart. *[He draws.]*

Lop. Ha!—I can't bear the sight on't.

Cam. Put up that furious thing, there's no business for't.

Lor. There's business for a dagger, stripling; 'tis that should be thy recompense.

Cam. Why then, to shew thee naked to the world, and close thy mouth for ever—I am myself thy wife—

Lor. What does the dog mean?

Cam. To fall upon the earth, and sue for mercy.

[Kneels and lets her periwig fall off.]

Lor. A woman!—

Lop. I cod, and a pretty one too; you wags, you.

Lor. I'm all amazement. Rise, Camillo, (if I am still to call you by that name) and let me hear the wonders you have for me.

Isab. That part her modesty will ask from me:—I'm to inform you then, that this disguise hides other mysteries besides a woman; a large and fair estate was covered by it, which, with the lady, now will be resigned to you. 'Tis true, in justice it was yours before; but 'tis the god of love had done you right. To him you owe this strange discovery; through him you are to

know, the true Camillo's dead, and that this fair adventurer is daughter to Alvarez.

Lor. Incredible! but go on; let me hear more.

Don Fel. She'll tell thee the rest herself, the next dark night she meets thee in the garden.

Lor. Ha!—Was it Camillo then, that I——

Isab. It was Camillo, who there made you happy: and who has virtue, beauty, wit and love—enough to make you so, while life shall last you.

Lor. The proof she gives me of her love, deserves a large acknowledgment indeed. Forgive me, therefore, Leonora, if what I owe this goodness and these charms, I with my utmost care, my life, my soul, endeavour to repay.

Cam. Is it then possible you can forgive me?

Lor. Indeed I can; few crimes have such a claim to mercy; but join with me then, my dear Camillo, (for still I know you by no other name) join with me to obtain your father's pardon: yours, Leonora, too, I must implore: and yours, my friend, for now we may be such—[To Carlos.] Of all I ask forgiveness. And since there is so fair a cause of all my wild mistakes, I hope, I by her interest shall obtain it.

Alv. You have a claim to mine, Lorenzo, I wish I had so strong a one to yours; but if by future services (though I lay down my life amongst them) I may blot out of your remembrance a fault (I cannot name) I then shall leave the world in peace.

Lor. In peace then, sir, enjoy it; for, from this very hour, whate'er is past with me, is gone for ever. “Your daughter is too fair a mediatrix to be refused his pardon, to whom she owes the charms she pleads with for it.”

Carlos.

From this good day, then let all discord cease ;

Let those to come be harmony and peace ;

Henceforth let all our different interests join,

Let fathers, lovers, friends, let all combine,

To make each other's days as blest as she will mine.

7 JUL 52

[Exeunt omnes.]

EPILOGUE.

Written by Mr. MOTTEUX.

*I'M thinking, now good husbands are so few,
To get one like my friend, what I must do.
Camillo ventur'd hard: yet as the worst,
She stole love's honey-moon, and try'd her lover first.
Many poor damsels, if they dar'd to tell,
Have done as much, but have not 'scap'd so well.
'Tis well the scene's in Spain; thus in the dark
I should be loath to trust a London spark.
Some accident might, for a private reason,
Silence a female all this acting season,
Hard fate of woman! any one would vex,
To think what odds you men have of our sex.
Restraint and customs share our inclination,
You men can try, and run o'er half the nation.
We dare not, even to avoid reproach,
When ye're at White's, peep out of hackney-coach;
Nor with a friend at night our fame regarding,
With glass drawn up, drive about Covent-Garden.
If poor town ladies steal in here you rail,
Though, like chaste nuns, their modest looks they veil;
With this decorum they can hardly gain
To be thought virtuous ev'n in Drury-Lane.
Though this you'll not allow, yet sure you may
A plot to snap you in an honest way.
In love affairs, one scarce would spare a brother;*

*All cheat ; and married folks may keep a potter,
But look as if they cheated one another.*

*You may pretend our sex dissembles most ;
But of your truth none have much cause to boast.
You promise bravely ; but for all your storming,
We find you're not so valiant at performing.*

*Then sure Camillo's conduct you'll approve :
Would you not do as much for one you love ?
Wedlock's but a blind bargain at the best,
You venture more sometimes to be not half so bless'd ;
All soon or late that dangerous venture make,
And some of you may make a worse mistake.*

7 JUL 52

THE AMBITIOUS STEPMOTHER. Call.



Robt. W. Pinx.

Long.

MIDDLETON'S ANTAXERXES.

*And as his weapon
shall shield me from it*

London, Printed for G. Cawthorne, in the Strand, 1778.



In short etc.

Long 1845

London, Printed for G. Cawthorne, British Library, Strand Nov. 12-55.

7 JU 52

THE
AMBITIOUS STEP-MOTHER.

A
TRAGEDY,

BY NICHOLAS ROWE, ESQ.

ADAPTED FOR
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,
AS PERFORMED AT
THE THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,

By Permission of the Manager.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation; and those
printed in Italics are the Additions of the Theatre.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the Direction of
GEORGE CAWTHORN, British Library, STRAND,

M DCC XCV.

AMBITIOUS STEP-MOTHER

TO BE HUNG
IN THE
MUSEUM

BY THE
MUSEUM



THE
MUSEUM

ORDER OF THE
MUSEUM

THE
MUSEUM

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE EARL OF JERSEY,
LORD CHAMBERLAIN OF HIS MAJESTY'S HOUSHOLD, &c.

MY LORD,

IF any thing may atone for the liberty I take in offering this trifle to your Lordship, it is, that I will engage not to be guilty of the common vice of dedications, nor pretend to give the world an account of the many good qualities they ought to admire in your Lordship. I hope I may reckon on it as some little piece of merit, in an age where there are so many people write panegyrics, and so few deserve them. I am sure you ought not to sit for your picture, to so ill a hand as mine. Men of your Lordship's figure and station, though useful and ornamental to the age they live in, are yet reserved for the labours of the historian, and the entertainment of posterity; nor ought to be aspersed with such pieces of flattery while living, as may render the true history suspected to those that come after. That which should take up all my care at present, is most humbly to beg your Lordship's pardon for importuning you on this account; for imagining that your Lordship (whose hours are all dedicated to the best and most important uses) can have any leisure for this piece of poetry. I beg, my Lord, that you will receive it, as it was meant, a mark of my entire respect and veneration.

I hope it may be some advantage to me, that the town has not received this play ill. To have depended merely upon your Lordship's good-nature, and have offered something without any degree of merit, would have been an unpardonable fault, especially to so good a judge. The play itself, as I present it to your Lordship, is a much more perfect poem than it is in the representation on the stage. I was led into an error in the writing of it, by thinking that it would be easier to retrench than to add: but when I was at last necessitated, by reason of the extreme length, to cut off near six hundred lines, I found that it was maimed by it to a great disadvantage. The fable (which has no manner of relation to any part of

true history) was left dark and intricate, for want of a great part of the narration, which was left out in the first scene; and the chain and connexion, which ought to be in the dialogue, was interrupted in many of the other places. But since what was omitted in acting is now kept in, I hope it may indifferently entertain your Lordship, at an unbending hour. The faults which are most generally found (and which I could be very proud of submitting to your Lordship's judgment, if you can have leisure for so trivial a cause) are, that the catastrophe in the fifth act is barbarous, and shocks the audience. Some people, whose judgment I ought to have a deference for, have told me, that they wished I had given the latter part of the story quite another turn; that *Artaxerxes* and *Amestris* ought to have been preserved, and made happy in the conclusion of the play; that besides the satisfaction which the spectators would have had, to have seen two virtuous (or at least innocent) characters rewarded and successful, there might have been also a more noble and instructive moral drawn that way. I must confess, if this be an error (as perhaps it may) it is a voluntary one, and an error of my judgment: since in the writing, I actually made such a sort of an objection to myself, and chose to wind up the story this way. Tragedies have been allowed, I know, to be written both ways very beautifully: but since terror and pity are laid down for the ends of tragedy, by the great master and father of criticism, I was always inclined to fancy that the last and remaining impressions which ought to be left on the minds of an audience, should proceed from one of these two. They should be struck with terror in several parts of the play, but always conclude and go away with pity; a sort of regret proceeding from goodness, which, though an uneasiness, is not altogether disagreeable to the person who feels it. It was this passion that the famous Mr. Otway succeeded so well in touching, and must and will at all times affect people, who have any tenderness or humanity. If therefore I had saved *Artaxerxes* and *Amestris*, I believe (with submission to my judges) I had destroyed the greatest occasion for compassion in the whole play. Any body may perceive, that she is raised to some degrees of hap-

piness, by hearing that her father and husband are living (whom she had supposed dead) and by seeing the enemy and persecutor of her family dying at her feet, purposely, that the turn of her death may be more surprising and pitiful. As for that part of the objection, which says that innocent persons ought not to be shewn unfortunâte; the success and general approbation which many of the best tragedies that have been writ, and which were built on that foundation, have met with, will be a sufficient answer for me.

That which they call the poetical justice, is, I think, strictly observed; the two principal contrivers of evil, the Statesman and Priest, are punished with death; and the Queen is deposed from her authority by her own son; which, I suppose, will be allowed as the severest mortification that could happen to a woman of her imperious temper.

If there can be any excuse for my entertaining your Lordship with this detail of criticisms, it is, that I would have this first mark of the honour I have for your Lordship, appear with as few faults as possible. Did not the prevailing character of your Lordship's excellent humanity and good-nature encourage me, what ought I not to fear from the niceness of your taste and judgment? The delicacy of your reflexions may be very fatal to so rough a draught as this is; but if I will believe (as I am sure I ought to do) all men that I have heard speak of your Lordship, they bid me hope every thing from your goodness. This is that, I must sincerely own, which made me extremely ambitious of your Lordship's patronage for this piece. I am but too sensible that there are a multitude of faults in it; but since the good-nature of the town has covered, or not taken notice of them, I must have so much discretion, as not to look with an affected nicety into them myself. With all the faults and imperfections which it may have, I must own, I shall be yet very well satisfied with it, if it gives me an opportunity of reckoning myself from this time,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

And devoted humble servant,

Nov. 1702.

N. ROWE.

PROLOGUE.

*IF dying lovers yet deserve a tear,
If a sad story of a maid's despair,
Yet move compassion in the pitying fair;
This day the poet does his arts employ,
The soft accesses of your souls to try.
Nor let the Stoic boast his mind unmov'd;
The brute philosopher, who ne'er has prov'd
The joy of loving and of being lov'd;
Who scorns his human nature to confess,
And striving to be more than man, is less.
Nor let the men the weeping fair accuse,
Those kind protectors of the tragic muse,
Whose tears did moving Otway's labours crown,
And made the poor Monimia's grief their own:
Those tears their art, not weakness, has confess,
Their grief approv'd the niceness of their taste,
And they wept most, because they judg'd the best.
O could this age's writers hope to find
An audience to compassion thus inclin'd,
The stage would need no farce, nor song, nor dance,
Nor capering Monsieur brought from active France:
Clinch, and his organ-pipe, his dogs and bear,
To native Barnet might again repair,
Or breathe, with Captain Otter, Bankside air.
Majestic Tragedy should once again
In purple pomp adorn the swelling scene:
Her search should ransack all the ancients store,
The fortunes of their loves and arms explore,
Such as might grieve you, but should please you more.*

*What Shakspeare durst not, this bold age should do,
And famous Greek and Latin beauties shew :
Shakspeare, whose genius to itself a law,
Could men in every height of nature draw,
And copy'd all but women that he saw.
Those ancient heroines your concern should move,
Their grief and anger much, but most their love ;
For in the account of every age we find
The best and fairest of that sex were kind,
To pity always and to love inclin'd.
Assert, ye fair ones, who in judgment sit,
Your ancient empire over love and wit ;
Reform our sense, and teach the men t' obey :
They'll leave their tumbling, if you lead the way.
Be but what those before to Otway were :
O were you but as kind ; we know you are as fair.*

Dramatis Personæ.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

ARTAXERXES, Prince of Persia, elder son to King	
Arsaces, by a former queen, - - - -	Mr. Fleetwood.
ARTABAN, son to Arsaces, by Artemisa, - -	Mr. Holland.
MEMNON, formerly general to Arsaces, now disgraced, a friend to Artaxerxes, - - -	Mr. Mossop.
MIRZA, first minister of state, in the interest of Artemisa and Artaban, - - - -	Mr. Bransby.
MAGAS, priest of the Sun, friend to Mirza and the Queen, - - - - -	Mr. Burton.
CLEANTHES, friend to Artaban, - - -	Mr. Scrase.
ORCHANES, captain of the guards to the Queen, -	Mr. Austin.

Women.

ARTEMISA, formerly the wife of Tiribasus, a Persian Lord, now married to the King, and Queen of Persia, - - - - -	Miss Younge.
AMESTRIS, daughter to Memnon, in love with, and beloved by, Artaxerxes, - - - -	Mrs. Cibber.
CLEONE, daughter to Mirza, in love with Artaxerxes, and beloved by Artaban, - - -	Miss Macklin.
Beliza, confidante to Cleone, - - - -	Mrs. Simpson.



THE
AMBITIOUS STEP-MOTHER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Royal Palace. MIRZA and MAGAS enter, at several Doors.

Mirza.

WHAT bring'st thou, Magas? Say, how fares the King?

Mag. As one, whom when we number with the living,

We say the most we can; though sure it must

Be happier far to quit a wretched being,

Than keep it on such terms: "for as I enter'd

"The royal lodging, an universal horror

"Struck through my eyes, and chill'd my very heart;

"The cheerful day was every where shut out

"With care, and left a more than midnight darkness,

"Such as might even be felt: a few dim lamps,

"That feebly lifted up their sickly heads,

"Look'd faintly through the shade, and made it seem

"More dismal by such light; while those that waited

"In solemn sorrow, mix'd with wild amazement,

"Observ'd a dreadful silence.

"*Mir.* Didst thou see him?

"*Mag.* My lord, I did: treading with gentle steps,

"I reach'd the bed, which held the poor remains

“ Of great Arsaces : just as I approach’d,
“ His drooping lids, that seem’d for ever clos’d,
“ Were faintly rear’d, to tell me that he liv’d :
“ The balls of sight, dim and depriv’d of motion,
“ Sparkled no more with that majestic fire,
“ At which ev’n kings have trembled : but had lost
“ Their common useful office, and were shaded
“ With an eternal night. Struck with the sight,
“ That shew’d me human nature fall’n so low,
“ I hastily retir’d.

“ *Mir.* He dies too soon ;

“ And fate, if possible, must be delay’d.
“ The thought that labours in my forming brain,
“ Yet crude and immature, demands more time.
“ Have the physicians given up all their hopes ?
“ Cannot they add a few days to a monarch,
“ In recompence of thousand vulgar fates,
“ Which their drugs daily hasten ?

“ *Mag.* As I past

“ The outward rooms, I found them in consult ;
“ I ask’d them if their art was at a stand,
“ And could not help the king. They shook their heads,
“ And in most grave and solemn wise unfolded
“ Matter, which little purported, but words
“ Rank’d in right learned phrase ; all I could learn, was,
“ That nature’s kindly warmth was quite extinct,
“ Nor could the breath of art kindle again
“ Th’ ethereal fire.”

Mir. My royal mistress Artemisa’s fate,
And all her son young Artaban’s high hopes,
Hang on this lucky crisis ; since this day
The haughty Artaxerxes and old Memnon
Enter Persepolis : the yearly feast

Devoted to our glorious god the Sun
Hides their designs under a holy veil ;
And thus religion is a mask for faction.
But let their guardian Genii still be watchful,
For if they chance to nod, my waking vengeance
Shall surely catch that moment to destroy them.

Mag. 'Tis said the fair Amestris, Memnon's daughter,
Comes in their company.

Mir. That fatal beauty,
With most malignant influence, hath crost
My first and great ambition. When my brother,
The great Cleander, fell by Memnon's hand,
(You know the story of our houses' quarrel)
I sought the king for justice on the murderer ;
And to confirm my interest in the court,
" In confidence of mighty wealth and power,
" A long descent from noble ancestors,
" And somewhat of the beauty of the maid,"
I offer'd my Cleone to the prince,
Fierce Artaxerxes ; he, with rude disdain,
Refus'd the proffer ; and to grate me more,
Publicly own'd his passion for Amestris :
And, in despite ev'n of his father's justice,
Espous'd the cause of Memnon.

Mag. Ev'n from that noted æra, I remember,
You dated all your service to the Queen,
Our common mistress.

Mir. 'Tis true, I did so : nor was it in vain ;
She did me right, and satisfy'd my vengeance :
Memnon was banish'd, and the Prince, disgrac'd,
Went into exile with him. Since that time,
Since I have been admitted to her council,
And seen her, with unerring judgment, guide

The reins of empire ; I have been amaz'd,
To see her more than manly strength of soul,
" Cautious in good success, in bad unshaken ;
" Still arm'd against th' uncertain turns of chance,
" Untouch'd by any weakness of her sex,
" Their superstition, pity, or their fear ;
" And is a woman only in her cunning."
What story tells of great Semiramis,
Or rolling time that gathers as it goes,
Has added more, such Artemisa is.

Mag. Sure 'twas a mark of an uncommon genius,
To bend a soul like that of great Arsaces,
And charm him to her sway.

Mir. Certainly fate,
Or somewhat like the force of fate, was in it ;
And still whene'er remembrance sets that scene
Before my eyes, I view it with amazement.

Mag. I then was young, a stranger to the court,
And only took the story as reported
By different fame ; you must have known it better.

Mir. Indeed I did ; then favour'd by the King,
And by that means a sharer in the secret.
'T was on a day of public festival,
When beauteous Artemisa stood to view
(Behind the covert of a golden lattice)
The King and court returning from the temple :
When just as by her stand Arsaces past,
The window by design or chance fell down,
And to his view expos'd her blushing beauties.
She seem'd surpris'd, and presently withdrew ;
But ev'n that moment was an age in love :
So was the monarch's heart for passion moulded,
So apt to take at first the soft impression.

Soon as we were alone, I found the evil
Already past a remedy, and vainly
Urg'd the resentment of her injur'd lord :
His love was deaf to all.

Mag. Was Tiribasus absent?

Mir. He was then general of the horse,
Under old Memnon in the Median war.
But if that distant view so much had charm'd him,
Imagine how he burnt, when, by my means,
He view'd her beauties nearer ; when each action,
And every graceful sound conspir'd to charm him :
" Joy of her conquest, and the hopes of greatness,
" Gave lustre to her charms, and made her seem
" Of more than mortal excellence." In short,
After some faint resistance, like a bride
That strives a while, though eager for the bliss,
The furious King enjoy'd her :
And to secure their joys, a snare was laid
For her unthinking lord, in which he fell,
Before the fame of this could reach his ears.
Since that, she still has by successful arts
Maintain'd that power, which first her beauty gain'd.

Mag. With deepest foresight, wisely has she laid
A sure foundation for the future greatness
Of Artaban, her only darling son.
Each busy thought, that rolls within her breast,
Labours for him : the King, when first he sicken'd,
Declar'd he should succeed him in the throne.

Mir. That was a point well gain'd ; nor were the eldership
Of Artaxerxes worth our least of fears,
If Memnon's interest did not prop his cause.
Since then they stand secur'd, by being join'd,
From reach of open force, it were a master-piece,

Worthy a thinking head, to sow division
And seeds of jealousy, to loose those bonds
Which knit and hold them up; that so divided,
With ease they might be ruin'd.

Mag. That's a difficulty next to impossible.

Mir. Cease to think so.

"The wise and active conquer difficulties,
"By daring to attempt them: Sloth and Folly,
"Shiver and shrink at sight of Toil and Hazard,
"And make th' impossibility they fear."

Ev'n Memnon's temper seems to give th' occasion;
Of wrong impatient, headlong to revenge;
Though bold, yet wants that faculty of thinking,
That should direct his anger. Valiant fools
Were made by Nature for the wise to work with;
They are their tools, and 'tis the sport of statesmen,
When heroes knock their knotty heads together,
And fall by one another.

Mag. What you've said,
Has wak'd a thought in me which may be lucky:
Ere he was banish'd for your brother's murder,
There was a friendship 'twixt us; and though then
I left his barren soil, to root myself
More safely under your auspicious shade,
Yet still pretending ties of ancient love,
At his arrival here I'll visit him:
Whence this advantage may at least be made,
To ford his shallow soul.

Mir. Oh! much, much more;
'Twas happily remember'd: "nothing gulls
"These open unsuspecting fools, like friendship:
"Dull heavy things! whom Nature has left honest
"In mere frugality, to save the charge

“ She’s at in setting out a thinking soul :
 “ Who, since their own short understandings reach
 “ No further than the present, think even the wise,
 “ Like them, disclose the secrets of their breasts,
 “ Speak what they think, and tell tales of themselves.”
 Thy function too will varnish o’er our arts,
 And sanctify dissembling.

Mag. Yet still I doubt,
 His caution may draw back, and fear a snare.

Mir. Tell him, the better to assist the fraud,
 That even I wish his friendship, and would gladly
 Forget that cause of hate, which long has held us
 At mortal distance, give up my revenge,
 A grateful off’ring to the public peace.

Mag. Could you afford him such a bribe as that,
 A brother’s blood yet unaton’d ?

Mir. No, Magas,
 It is not in the power of Fate to raze
 That thought from out my memory :
 “ Eternal night, ’t is true, may cast a shade
 “ On all my faculties, extinguish knowledge,
 “ And great revenge may with my being cease ;
 “ But whilst I am, that ever will remain,
 “ And in my latest spirits still survive.”

Yet I would have thee promise that, and more ;
 The friendship of the Queen, the restitution
 Of his command, and honours, that his daughter
 Shall be the bride of Artaban ; say any thing :
 Thou know’st the faith of courtiers, and their oaths,
 Like those of lovers, the gods laugh at ’em.

Mag. Doubt not my zeal to serve our royal mistress,
 And in her interest yours, my friend and patron.

Mir. My worthy priest ! still be my friend, and share

The utmost of my power: By greatness rais'd, [*Embracing.*
Thou, like the God thou serv'st, shalt shine aloft,
And with thy influence rule the under world.
But see! the Queen appears; "she seems to muse;
" Her thoughtful soul labours with some event
" Of high import, which bustles like an embryo
" In its dark room, and longs to be disclos'd.
Retire, lest we disturb her.

[*They retire to the side of the Stage.*

The Queen enters, attended.

Queen. Be fix'd, my soul, fix'd on thy own firm basis!
Be constant to thyself; nor know the weakness,
The poor irresolution of my sex:
" Disdain those shews of danger, that would bar
" My way to glory. Ye diviner Powers!
" By whom 'tis said we are; from whose bright beings
" Those active parts were struck which move our clay;
" I feel and I confess th' ethereal energy,
" That busy restless principle, whose appetite
" Is only pleas'd with greatness like your own:
" Why have you clogg'd it then with this dull mass,
" And shut it up in woman? Why debas'd it
" To an inferior part of the creation?
" Since your own heavenly hands mistook my lot,
" 'Tis you have err'd not I." Could fate e'er mean
Me for a wife, a slave, to Tiribasis!
" To such a thing as he! A wretch! A husband!"
Therefore in just assertion of myself,
I shook him off, and pass'd those narrow limits,
Which laws contrive in vain for souls born great.
There is not, must not be, a bond for greatness!
Power gives a sanction, and makes all things just.

Ha! Mirza!—Worthy lord, I saw thee not, [*Seeing Mirza.*
So busy were my faculties in thought.

Mir. The thoughts of princes dwell in sacred privacy,

[*Bowing.*

Unknown and venerable to the vulgar;
And, like a temple's innermost recesses,
None enter to behold the hallow'd mysteries,
Unbidden of the god that dwells within.

Queen. Wise Mirza. Were my soul a temple, fit
For gods and godlike councils to inhabit,
Thee only would I choose of all mankind
To be the priest, still favour'd with access;
Whose piercing wit, sway'd by unerring judgment,
Might mingle even with assembled gods,
When they devise unchangeable decrees,
And call 'em fate.

Mir. Whate'er I am, each faculty,
The utmost power of my exerted soul,
Preserves a being for your service;
And, when I am not yours—I am no more.

Queen. Time shall not know an end of my acknowledgements:

But every day of our continu'd lives
Be witness of my gratitude, to draw
The knot, which holds our common interest closer:
Within six days, my son, my Artaban,
Equally dear to me as life and glory,
In public shall espouse the fair Cleone,
And be my pledge of everlasting amity.

Mir. O, royal lady! you outbid my service:
And all returns are vile, but words the poorest.

Queen. Enough! be, as thou hast been, still my friend,
I ask no more. But I observe of late,

Your daughter grows a stranger to the court;
Know you the cause?

Mir. A melancholy girl;
Such in her infancy her temper was,
Soft, even beyond her sex's tenderness;
"By nature pitiful, and apt to grieve
"For the mishaps of others, and so make
"The sorrows of the wretched world her own:"
Her closet and the Gods share all her time,
Except when only (by some maid attended)
She seeks some shady, solitary grove;
Or, by the gentle murmurs of some brook,
Sits sadly list'ning to a tale of sorrow,
Till with her tears she swell the narrow stream.

Queen. It is not well; these thoughts must be remov'd;
That eating canker, grief, with wasteful spite,
Preys on the rosy bloom of youth and beauty:
But love shall chase away these clouds of sadness;
My son shall breathe so warm a gale of sighs,
As shall dissolve those isicles that hang
Like death about her heart.
Attend us, holy Magas, to the King,
Nor cease to importune the mighty gods
To grant him health, though much I fear in vain.

[*Exeunt Queen, Magas, and Attendants.*]

Mir. This meddling priest longs to be found a fool:
"Think he that Memnon, soldier as he is,
"Thoughtless and dull, will listen to his soothing?"
Howe'er I gave his wise proposal way,
Nay, urg'd him to go on; the shallow fraud
Will ruin him for ever with my enemies,
And make him firmly mine, spite of his fears,
And natural inconstancy.

While choice remains, he will be still unsteady,
And nothing but necessity can fix him. *[Exit.*

ARTAXERXES, MEMNON, and Attendants *enter.*

Artax. Methinks, my noble father and my friend,
We enter here like strangers, and unlook'd for:
Each busy face we meet, with wonder starts,
And seems amaz'd to see us.

Mem. Well may th' ignoble herd
Start, if with heedless steps they unawares
Tread on the lion's walk: a prince's genius
Awes with superior greatness all beneath him;
With wonder they behold the great Arsaces
Reviv'd again in godlike Artaxerxes.
In you they see him, such as oft they did
Returning from his wars, and crown'd with conquest,
When all our virgins met him on the way,
And with their songs and dances blest his triumph:
Now basely aw'd by factious priests and women,
They start at majesty, and seem surpris'd,
As if a god had met 'em. In honour's name,
Why have we let this be? Why have we languish'd,
And suffer'd such a government as this
To waste our strength, and wear our empire low?

Artax. Curs'd be the means by which these ills arose,
Fatal alike to me as to my country;
Which my great soul, unable to revenge,
Has yet with indignation only seen,
Cut off, by arts of coward priests and statesmen,
(Whom I disdain'd with servile smiles to court)
From the great right which God and Nature gave,
My birthright to a throne.

Mem. Nor priests, nor statesmen,

Could have completed such an ill as that,
If women had not mingled in the mischief;
If Artemisa had not by her charms,
And all her sex's cunning, wrought the King,
Old, obvious to her arts, decay'd in greatness,
Dead to the memory of what once he was,
" Just crawling on the verge of wretched life,
" A burden to himself, and his friends' pity,"
Among his other failings, to forget
All that a father and a king could owe
To such a son as you ; to cut you off
From your succession, from your hopes of empire,
And graft her upstart offspring on to royalty.

Artax. But if I bear it,

Oh, may I live to be my brother's slave,
The scorn of those brave friends that own my cause ;
May you, my father, spurn me for a coward,
Leave me to vile despair. By Heaven, my heart
Sits lighter in my bosom, when I think
That I this day shall meet the boy, my brother,
Whose young ambition with aspiring wings
Dares ev'n to mate my greatness.

Mem. Fame, that speaks

Minutely every circumstance of princes,
Describes him bold, and fiercely fond of power,
" Which, ev'n in spite of Nature he affects ;"
Impatient of command, and hardly deigning
To be controul'd by his imperious mother.
'T is said too " as no means were left untry'd,
" Which might prepare and fit him to contend
" With a superior right and merit,"
That books and the politer arts " (which those
" Who know admire)" have been his care ; already

He mingles in their councils, and they trust
His youth with secrets of important villany.
The crowd, taught by his creatures to admire him,
Stile him a god in wisdom.

Artax. Be that his glory :

Let him with pedants hunt for praise in books,
Pour out his life amongst the lazy gown-men,
Grow old and vainly proud in fancy'd knowledge,
Unequal to the task of vast ambition ;
Ambition ! the desire of active souls,
That pushes 'em beyond the bounds of nature,
And elevates the hero to the god.
But see ! my love, your beauteous daughter comes,
And even ambition sickens at her sight.

AMESTRIS enters, attended.

Revenge and fierce desires of glory cease
To urge my passions, master'd by her eyes ;
And only gentle fires now warm my breast.

Ame. I come, my father, to attend your order.

[*To Memnon.*

Mem. 'T is well ; and I would have thee still be near me.
The malice of the faction which I hate,
Would vent itself even on thy innocence,
Wert thou not safe under a father's care.

Artax. Oh ! say a lover's too : nor can you have
An interest in her safety more than mine.
Love gives a right superior even to nature ;
Or love is nature in the noblest meaning,
The cause and the preserver of the world.
These arms, that long to press thee to my bosom,
For ever shall defend thee.

Mem. Therefore, my son,
Unto your care I leave our common charge;
Tigranes, with our friends, expect my orders;
Those when I have dispatch'd, upon the instant
I will return, and meet at your apartment. [Exit.]

Artax. Come to my arms, and let me hide you there
From all those fears that vex thy beating heart;
Be safe and free from all those fancy'd dangers,
That haunt thy apprehension.

Ame. Can you blame me,
If from retirement drawn, and pleasing solitude,
I fear to tempt this stormy sea, the world,
Whose every beach is strew'd with wrecks of wretches
That daily perish in it? Curs'd ambition!
Why dost thou come to trouble my repose,
"Who have even from my infancy disclaim'd thee?"

Artax. Cease to complain, my love, and let no thought,
But what brings peace and joy, approach thy breast.
Let me impart my manly fires to thee,
To warm thy fancy to a taste of glory;
Imperial power, and purple greatness wait thee,
And sue for thy acceptance; by the Sun,
And by Arsaces' head, I will not mount
The throne of Cyrus, but to share it with thee.

Ame. Vain shews of happiness!—Deceitful pageantry!
Ah, Prince! hadst thou but known the joys that dwell
With humbler fortunes, thou wouldst curse thy royalty.
Had fate allotted us some obscure village,
Where, only blest with life's necessities,
We might have pass'd in peace our happy days,
Free from the cares which crowns and empires bring;
There no step-mother, no ambitious brother,
No wicked statesman, would with impious arts

Have strove to wrest from us our small inheritance,
Or stir the simple hinds to noisy faction :
Our nights had all been blest with balmy slumbers,
And all our waking hours been crown'd with love.

Artax. Exquisite charmer ! Now by Orosmades,
I swear, thy each soft accent melts my soul :
The joy of conquest, and immortal triumph,
Honour and greatness, all that fires the hero
To high exploits and everlasting fame,
Grows vile in sight of thee. My haughty soul,
By Nature fierce, and panting after glory,
Could be content to live obscure with thee,
Forgotten and unknown of all but my Amestris.

Ame. No, son of great Arsaces, though my soul
Shares in my sex's weakness, and would fly
From noise and faction, and from fatal greatness ;
Yet for thy sake, thou idol of my heart,
“ (Nor will I blush to own the sacred flame
“ Thy sighs and vows have kindled in my breast)”
For thy lov'd sake, spite of my boding fears,
I'll meet the danger which ambition brings,
And tread one path with thee : “ Nor shalt thou lose
“ The glorious portion which thy fate designs thee,
“ For thy Amestris' fears.

“ *Artax.* Give me those fears ;
“ For all things will be well.

“ *Ame.* Grant it, ye Powers !”
This day before your altars will I kneel,
Where all my vows shall for my prince be offer'd ;
Still let success attend him, let mankind
Adore in him your visible divinity ;
Nor will I importune you for myself,
But sum up all I ask in Artaxerxes.

Artax. And doubt not but the gods will kindly hear
 Their virgin votary, and grant her prayer ;
 Our glorious sun, the source of light and heat,
 Whose influence cheers the world he did create,
 Shall smile on thee from his meridian skies,
 And own the kindred beauties of thine eyes ;
 Thy eyes which, should his own fair beams decay,
 Might shine for him, and bless the world with day.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Apartment of the Palace. MEMNON and MAGAS enter.

Memnon.

THOSE who are wise in courts, my holy sir,
 Make friendships with the ministers of state,
 Nor seek the ruins of a wretched exile,
 Lest there should be contagion in misfortunes,
 And make th' alliance fatal.

Mag. Friends, like Memnon,
 Are worth being sought in danger ; “ since this age,
 “ Of most flagitious note, degenerates
 “ From the fam'd virtue of our ancestors,
 “ And leaves but few examples of their excellence.”
 Whom should we seek for friendship but those few,
 Those happy few, within whose breasts alone
 The footsteps of lost virtue yet remain.

Mem. I pr'ythee peace : for nothing misbecomes
 The man that would be thought a friend, like flattery ;
 Flattery, the meanest kind of base dissembling !
 And only us'd to catch the grossest fools :

Besides, it stains the honour of thy function,
Which, like the gods thou serv'st, should be sincere.

Mag. By that sincerity, by all the service
My friendship can express, I would approve it:
And though I went not from Persepolis
Companion of your exile, yet my heart
Was with you still; and what I could I did,
Beseeching every god for your return.

"Nor were those vows in vain, since once again
"Tis given me to behold my friend; nay more,
"Would you agree, to keep you here for ever."

Mem. The gods, 'tis true, are just, and have, I hope,
At length decreed an end to my misfortunes;
At least they give me this, to die with honour,
When life grows vile or burdensome.

Mag. By me they offer all that you can ask,
And point an easy way to happiness.
Spare them the wounds our wretched country fears,
The thousand ills which civil discord brings.
Oh! still that noise of war, whose dread alarms
Frighten repose from country villages,
And stir rude tumult up, and wild distraction
In all our peaceful cities.

Mem. Witness for me,
Ye awful gods, who view our inmost thoughts;
I took not arms till urg'd by self-defence,
The eldest law of nature.

Impute not then those ills that may ensue
To me: but those who with incessant hate
Pursue my life, whose malice spreads the flame
To every part, that my devoted fabric
May in the universal ruin burn.

Mag. And yet, ev'n there, perhaps, you judge too rashly,

Impetuous passion hurries you so fast,
You cannot mark th' advantage of your fortune.

Mem. Has not the law been urg'd to set a brand
Of foul dishonour on my hoary head?
Ha! Am I not proscrib'd?

Mag. Forget that thought,
That jarring grates your soul, and turns the harmony
Of blessed peace to curst infernal discord.
Hate and its fatal causes all shall cease,
And Memnon's name be honour'd as of old;
The bravest and the most successful warrior,
The fortunate defender of his country.

Mem. 'T is true (nor will it seem a boast to own)
I have fought well for Persia, "and repay'd
"The benefit of birth with honest service."
Full fifty years harness'd in rugged steel,
I have endur'd the biting winter's blast,
And the severer heats of parching summer:
While they who loll'd at home on lazy couches
Amidst a crew of harlots and soft eunuchs,
Were at my cost secure in luxury:
This is a justice Mirza's self must do me.

Mag. Even he, though fatal accidents have set
A most unhappy bar between your friendship,
Lamenting that there had been cause of enmity,
And owning all the merit of your virtues,
Will often wish fate had ordain'd you friends.

Mem. Our god, the sun, shall sooner change his course,
And all th' impossibilities which poets
Count to extravagance of loose description,
Shall sooner be.

Mag. Yet hear me, noble Memnon:
When by the duty of my priesthood mov'd,

“ And in just detestation of the mischiefs
 “ Intestine jars produce,” I urg’d wise Mirza,
 By his concurrence, help, and healing counsel,
 To stop those wounds at which his country bleeds ;
 Griev’d at the thought, he vow’d his whole endeavour
 Should be to close those breaches :
 That ev’n Cleander’s death, and all those quarrels
 That long have nourish’d hatred in your houses,
 Should be in joy of public peace forgotten.

Mem. Oh, couldst thou charm the malice of a statesman,
 And make him quit his purpose of revenge,
 Thy preaching might reform the guilty world,
 And vice would be no more.

Mag. Nay, ev’n the Queen
 Will bind the confirmation by her son,
 And asks the fair Amestris for Prince Artaban.

Mem. Were that the only terms it were impossible.

Mag. You would not shun the alliance of a prince ?

Mem. No, for it is the glory of my fate,
 That Artaxerxes is design’d my son,
 “ With every grace and royal virtue crown’d ;
 “ Great, just, and merciful, such as mankind
 “ (When in the infant world first governments
 “ Began by choice) would have design’d a king.”

Mag. “ Unbounded power, and height of greatness give
 “ To kings that lustre, which we think divine ;
 “ The wise who know ’em, know they are but men,
 “ Nay, sometimes weak ones too : the crowd indeed,
 “ Who kneel before the image, not the God,
 “ Worship the deity their hands have made.”

The name of Artaban will be as great
 As that of Cyrus, when he shall possess
 (As sure he shall) his throne.

Mem. Ha! What means he?

This villain priest! But hold my rage a little,
And learn dissimulation; I'll try him further.

[*Aside.*

You talk in riddles when you name a throne
And Artaban; the gods "who portion out
"The lots of princes as of private men,"
Have put a bar between his hopes and empire.

Mag. What bar?

Mem. The best, an elder brother's claim.

Mag. That's easily remov'd; the King, their father,
On just and weighty reasons, has decreed
His sceptre to the younger: add to this,
The joint concurrence of our Persian lords,
Who only want your voice to make it firm.

Mem. Can I, can they, can any honest hand
Join in an act like this? Is not the elder
By nature pointed out for preference?
"Is not his right enroll'd among those laws
"Which keeps the world's vast frame in beauteous order?
Ask those thou nam'dst but now what made them lords?
What titles had they had, if merit only
Could have conferr'd aright, if Nature had not
Strove hard to thrust the worst deserving first,
And stamp'd the noble mark of eldership
Upon their baser metal.

Mag. Sure there may be
Reasons of so much power and cogent force,
As may ev'n set aside this right of birth;
If sons have rights, yet fathers have 'em too.
'T were an invidious task to enter into
The insolence and other faults which mov'd
Royal Arsaces to a just displeasure
Against his eldest son, Prince Artaxerxes.

Mem. Ha! Dare not for thy life, I charge thee, dare not
To brand the spotless virtue of my Prince
With falsehood of most base and damn'd contrivance.
I tell thee, envious priest, should the just gods
Require severe account of thy past life,
And charge remembrance to dispose thy crimes
In rank and hideous order to thy view,
Horror and guilt of soul would make thee mad.

Mag. You take the matter further than I meant it:
My friendship only aims at your advantage;
"Would point you out a way to peace and honour;
"And, in return of this, your rage unkindly
"Loads me with injuries."

Mem. Away! I cannot bear thy base dissembling,
My honest soul disdains thee and thy friendship.
How hast thou dared to think so vilely of me,
That I would condescend to thy mean arts,
And traffic with thee for a prince's ruin?
"A prince the joy and honour of mankind,
"As much superior to the rest of kings,
"As they themselves are above common men;
"And is the very image of the gods."
Wert thou not privileged like age and women,
My sword should reach thee, and revenge the wrong
Thy tongue has done his fame.

Mag. Ungrateful lord!
Wouldst thou invade my life, as a return
For proffer'd love? But let th' event declare
How great a good, by me sincerely offer'd,
Thy dull romantic honour has refus'd.
And since I have discharg'd the debt I ow'd
To former friendship, if the gods hereafter
Send ruin down, and plague thee with confusion,
Remember me in vain, and curse thy folly.

[Exit.]

Mem. No, my remembrance treasures honest thoughts,
 And holds not things like thee; I scorn thy friendship,
 And would not owe my life to such a villain:
 But thou art hardly saint enough to prophesy.
 Were all thy tribe like thee, it might well startle
 Our lay unlearned faith, when through such hands
 The knowledge of the gods is reach'd to man.
 But thus those gods instruct us, that not all
 (Who like intruders thrust into their service,
 And turn the holy office to a trade)
 Participate their sacred influence.
 This then is your own cause; ye awful powers,
 Revenge yourselves, your violated altars,
 That those who with unhallow'd hands approach,
 May tremble at your justice. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

*The Palace. The QUEEN, ARTABAN, MIRZA, MAGAS,
 and Attendants, enter.*

Art. My brother then is come?

Mir. My lord, I saw him;

With him old haughty Memnon: as they pass'd,
 With fierce disdain they view'd the gazing crowd,
 And with dumb pride seem'd to neglect that worship
 Which yet they wish'd to find: this way they move,
 'Tis said, to ask an audience of the king.

Queen. Mirza, 'tis well, I thank thy timely care;
 Here will we face this storm of insolence,
 Nor fear the noisy thunder: let it roll,
 Then burst, and spend at once its idle rage.

Art. Why meet we thus like wrangling advocates,
 To urge the justice of our cause with words?

I hate this parley, 'tis tame : if we must meet,
Give me my arms, and let us stake at once
Our rights of merit and of eldership,
And prove like men our title.

Mir. 'T were unsafe.

They come surrounded by a crowd of friends ;
To strike through these were dangerous and rash.
Fate waits for them elsewhere with certain ruin :
From Mirza's hand expect it.

Queen. Be it so :

Auspicious sage, I trust thee with my fortune,
My hopes of greatness, do thou guide 'em all,
For me and for thyself. My son, give way,
Nor let thy hasty youth disturb with outrage
The present necessary face of peace ;
Occasions great and glorious will remain
Worthy thy arms and courage.

Art. I obey,

And willingly resign th' unmanly task.
" Words are indeed your province."

Mir. My royal mistress,

Prepare to meet with more than brutal fury
From the fierce Prince and Memnon.

Queen. Well I know

The insolence and native pride of each,
With scurril taunts and blackest infamy
They load my name : but let them rail,
A woman's vengeance waits them.

Mir. They are here.

ARTAXERXES, MEMNON, and Attendants, *enter.*

Artax. Ye tutelar gods, who guard this royal fabric,
And thou, O, Orosmales, the protector

Of the great Persian race, e'er yet my father,
Royal Arsaces, mingle with your godheads,
Grant me once more to lay before his feet
His eldest born, his once-lov'd Artaxerxes,
To offer my obedience to his age ;
All that a son can owe to such a father.
You, who with haggard eyes stare wildly on me,
If (as by your attendance here you seem)
You serve the king my father, lead me to him.

Queen. And dost thou wonder that mankind should stare,
When parricides and rebels, in despite
Of nature, majesty, and reverend age,
With impious force and ruffian violence,
Would rob a king and father of his life ?
Cut off his short remains——

Artax. Ha ! say'st thou, 'woman ?
I pry thee peace, and urge not a reply ;
I would not hold acquaintance with thy infamy.

Queen. Ye righteous Powers, whose justice awes the world,
Let not your thunders sleep, when crimes like these
Stalk in the open air.

Artax. Thy priest instructs thee,
Else sure thou hadst not dar'd to tempt the gods,
And trifle with their justice. Canst thou name it,
And look on me ? On me, whom thy curst arts
Have strove to bar from native right to empire ;
Made me a stranger to a father's love,
And broke the bands of nature, which once held me
The nearest to his heart.

Queen. Had he not reason,
When thou, with rebel insolence, didst dare
To own and to protect that hoary ruffian :

[*Pointing to Memnon.*]

And in despite ev'n of thy father's justice,
To stir the factious rabble up to arms
For him ; and make a murd'rer's cause thy own ?

Mem. I had another name ; nor shouldst thou move me,
Insulting Queen, to words, did not remembrance
With horror sting my soul for Tiribasus,
'Thy murder'd lord, when by my fatal orders,
And by his own high courage urg'd, he fell,
To make thy way to guilty greatness easy.
I thought him then a traitor (for thy arts
Had taught the royal mandate so to call him)
Too big for public justice ; and on that pretence
Consented to the snare that catch'd his life ;
So my obedient honesty was made
The pander to thy lust and black ambition.
Except the guilt of that accursed day,
In all my iron years of wars and danger,
From blooming youth down to decaying age,
My fame ne'er knew a stain of foul dishonour ;
And if that made me guilty, think what thou art,
The cause and the contriver of that mischief.

Queen. What, nam'st thou Tiribasus ! Be his guilt
Forgotten with his memory. Think on Cleander,
And let the furies that enquire for blood,
Stir horror up, and bitterest remorse,
To gnaw thy anxious soul. Oh, great Cleander !
Unworthy was thy fate, thou first of warriors,
To fall beneath a base assassin's stab,
Whom all the thirsty instruments of death
Had in the field of battle sought in vain.

Mem. In sight of Heaven and of the equal gods,
I will avow that my revenge was just,
My injur'd honour could not ask for less :

Since he refus'd to do a soldier's justice,
I us'd him as I ought.

Queen. Amazing boldness!
And dar'st thou call that act a soldier's justice?
Didst thou not meet him with dissembled friendship,
Hiding the rancour of thy heart in smiles?
When he (whose open unsuspecting nature
Thought thee a soldier honest as himself)
Came to the banquet as secure of peace,
" By mutual vows renew'd ; and in the revel
" Of that luxurious day, forgetting hate,
" And every cause of ancient animosity,
" Devoted all his thoughts to mirth and friendship :"
Then, Memnon, (at an hour when few are villains,
The sprightly juice infusing gentler thoughts,
" And kindling love ev'n in the coldest breasts)"
Unequal to him in the face of war,
Stole on Cleander with a coward's malice,
And struck him to the heart.

Mem. By the stern god,
By Mars, the patron of my honour'd wars,
'Tis basely false. In his own drunken brawl
The boaster fell. I bore his lavish tongue,
Nor thought him worth my sword, 'till his cold temper
Warm'd with the wine) he dar'd me to the combat ;
Then pleas'd to meet him in that fit of valour,
I took him at his word, and " (with my sword
" Drawn against his in equal opposition)"
I kill'd him while it lasted.

Artax. Cease we, my friend,
This women's war of railing ; when they talk,
Men should be still, and let noise tire itself.
I came to find a father, though my fears

Suggest the worst of evils to my thoughts,
And make me dread to hear Arsaces' fate.
Lead, Memnon, to the presence.

Queen. Prince, you pass not.

Guards, keep the door. The king your father lives—

Artax. Ha! if he lives, why lives he not to me?
Why am I thus shut out and banish'd from him?
Why are my veins rich with his royal blood?
Why did he give me life, if not to serve him?
Forbid me not to wait upon his bed,
And watch his sickly slumbers, that my youth
May with its service glad his drooping age,
And his cold hand may bless me ere he die.
Nay, be a queen, and rob me of his crown,
But let me keep my right to filial piety.

Queen. Well hast thou urg'd the specious name of duty
To hide deform'd rebellion: hast thou not
With thy false arts poison'd his people's loyalty?
What meant thy pompous progress through the empire?
Thy vast profusion to the factious nobles,
Whose interest sways the crowd, and stirs up mutiny?
Why did thy haughty, fierce, disdainful soul,
Stoop to the meanest arts which catch the vulgar;
Herd with them, fawn upon them, and caress them?
Appeal to them, to them relate thy wrongs,
And make them judges of thy father's justice?
Thy cruel and unnatural lust of power
Has sunk thy father more than all his years,
And made him wither in a green old age.

Artax. False all as hell: nor had I arm'd my friends
But to defend that right—

Queen. Dost thou not come,
Impatient of delay, to hasten fate?

To bring that death, the lingering disease
Would only for a day or two defer?

Artax. I hear thee, and disdain thy little malice,
That dares to stain my virtue with a crime
It views with most abhorrence; but reproach
Is lost on thee, since modesty, with all
The virtues that adorn thy sex, is fled.

Queen. Audacious rebel!

Artax. Infamous adultress!
Stain of my father's bed, and of his throne!

Art. Villain, thou ly'st. O, Madam, give me way,
[*To the Queen, who holds him, drawing his sword.*
Whatever bars my fury, calls me base,
Unworthy of the honour of your son.

Queen. Hold, Artaban: my honour suffers not
From his lewd breath, "nor shall thy sword profane
"With brawls of blood the reverence of this place,
"To peace and sacred majesty devoted."

Artax. Ha! who art thou?

Art. The son of great Arsaces.

Artax. No, 'tis false; thy forging mother's damn'd contrivance.

Seek for thy father in that plotting fellow,

[*Pointing to Mirza.*

The hero's race disclaims thee. Why dost thou frown,
And knit thy boyish brow? Dost thou dare ought
Worthy the rank of the divine Arsaces?
If so, come forth; break from that woman's arms,
And meet me with thy good sword like a man.

Art. Yes, Artaxerxes, yes; thou shalt be met:
Thy mighty gods have held us in the balance,
And one of us is doom'd to sink for ever;
Nor can I bear a long delay of fate,

But wish the great decision were even now :
 Proud and ambitious prince, I dare like thee
 All that is great and glorious. Like thine,
 Immortal thirst of empire fires my soul :
 My soul, which of superior power impatient,
 Disdains thy eldership ; therefore in arms
 (Which give the noblest right to kings) I will
 To death dispute with thee the throne of Cyrus.

Artax. Do this, and thou art worthy of my anger.
 Oh, energy divine of great ambition,
 That can inform the souls of beardless boys,
 And ripen them to men, in spite of nature !
 I tell thee, boy, that empire is a cause,
 For which the gods might wage immortal war.
 Then let my soul exert her utmost virtue,
 And think at least thou art Arsaces' son,
 That the idea of thy fancy'd father
 May raise and animate thy lesser genius,
 And make thee fit to meet my arm in battle.

Art. Oh ! doubt not but my soul is charm'd with greatness,
 " So much it rivals ev'n the joy of knowledge
 " And sacred wisdom. What makes gods divine,
 " But power and science infinite ?"
 Hear only this ; our father, press'd by age,
 And a long train of evils which that brings,
 Languishes in the last extremes of life :
 Since thou wouldst blot my birth with base dishonour,
 Be this my proof of filial piety ?
 While yet he lives, cease we our enmity,
 Nor let the hideous noise of war disturb
 His parting soul.

Artax. I take thee at thy word :
 Let his remains of life be peace betwixt us,

And after that let all our time be war.
Remember when we meet, since one must fall,
Who conquers and survives, survives to empire.

[*Excunt severally Queen and Artaban, Artaxerxes and
Memnon, cum suis.*]

Mir. Most fortunate event! which gives us more
Than ev'n our wishes could have ask'd. This truce
Gives lucky opportunity for thinking;
'T will lull these thoughtless heroes to security.

Mag. Th' approaching festival will more confirm it:
"Of all those sacred times which heretofore
"Religion has distinguish'd from the rest,
"And to the service of the gods devoted,
"This has been still most venerably held.
"Amongst the vulgar toil and labour ceases,
"With chaplets crown'd they dance to the shrill pipe,
"And in their songs invoke those milder deities,
"That soften anxious life with peace and pleasure;
"Slaves are enfranchis'd, and inveterate foes
"Forget, or at the least suspend their hate,
"And meet like friends. Pernicious discord seems
"Out-rooted from our more than iron age:
"The gods are worshipp'd with unusual reverence,"
Since none, not ev'n our kings, approach their temples,
With any mark of war's destructive rage,
But sacrifice unarm'd.

Mir. A lucky thought
Is in my mind at once compleatly form'd,
Like Grecian Pallas in the head of Jove.
When Memnon, Artaxerxes, and their friends,
Shall, in obedience to the holy rites,
'To-morrow at the altars bow unarm'd,
Orchanes with a party of the guards,

Who in my palace shall this night be plac'd,
May at that private door which opens into
The temple, rush at once, and seize them all.
The heads once safe, the mean and heartless crowd
With ease may be dispers'd.

Mag. What you propose
Wears a successful face, were it as innocent:
An act of such outrageous profanation
May shock the thoughts ev'n of our closest friends,
And make them start from an abhorr'd alliance,
That draws the vengeance of the gods upon them.

"*Mir.* Art thou the first to start a doubt like that?
" Art thou (who dost inspire their oracles,
" And teach them to deceive the easy crowd
" In doubtful phrase) afraid of thy own gods?
" In every change they were on thy side still,
" And sure they will not leave thee now for trifles.
" The gods shall certainly befriend our cause,
" At least not to be our foes; nor will they leave
" Their happy seats (where free from care and pain,
" Bless'd in themselves alone, of man regardless,
" They loll serene in everlasting ease)
" To mind the trivial business of our world.

"*Mag.*" But more I fear the superstitious vulgar,
Who, though unknowing what religion means,
Yet nothing moves them more than zealous rage
For its defence, when they believe it violated.

Mir. " I was to blame to tax the priest with scruples,
" Or think his care of interest was his conscience. [*Aside.*"]
My caution shall obviate all thy fears;
We will give out that they themselves design'd
To fire the temple, and then kill the King.
No matter, though it seems not very probable;
More monstrous tales have oft amus'd the vulgar.

Mag. I yield to your direction; and to strengthen
The enterprise, will secretly dispose
A party of my own within the temple,
To join with yours.

Mir. It joys my heart to think
That I shall glut my vengeance on this Memnon;
That I shall see him strive in vain, and curse
The happy fraud that caught him. "Like a lion,
"Who long has reign'd the terror of the woods,
"And dar'd the boldest huntsman to the combat;
"Till catch'd at length within some hidden snare,
"With foaming jaws he bites the toils that hold him,
"And roars, and rolls his fiery eyes in vain,
"While the surrounding swains at pleasure wound him,
"And make his death their sport:
"Thus wit still gets the mastery over courage.
"Long time unmatch'd in war the hero shone,
"And mighty fame in fields of battle won;
"Till one fine project of the statesman's brain,
"Bereaves him of the spoils his arms did gain,
"And renders all his boasted prowess vain." [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Garden belonging to Mirza's Palace. CLEONE is discovered
lying on a Bank of Flowers. BELIZA attending.*

SONG, by B. STOTE, Esq.

UPON a shady bank repos'd,
Philantbe, amorous, young, and fair,
Sighing, to the groves disclos'd
The story of her care,

*The vocal groves give some relief,
While they her notes return ;
The water's murmur o'er her grief,
And Echo seems to mourn.*

*A swain, that heard the nymph complain,
In pity of the fair,
Thus kindly strove to cure her pain,
And ease her mind of care.*

*'Tis just that love should give you rest,
From love your torments came ;
Take that warm cordial to your breast,
And meet a kinder flame.*

*How wretched must the woman prove,
(Beware, fair nymph, beware)
Whose folly scorns another's love,
And courts her own despair ?*

Cle. Oh, love ! thou bane of an unhappy maid !
Still art thou busy at my panting heart !
Still dost thou melt my soul with thy soft images,
And make my ruin pleasing ! Fondly I try,
By gales of sighs and floods of streaming tears,
To vent my sorrows and assuage my passions :
Still fresh supplies renew th' exhausted stores.
Love reigns my tyrant, to himself alone
He vindicates the empire of my breast,
And banishes all thoughts of joy for ever.

Bel. Why are you still thus cruel to yourself ?
Why do you feed and cherish the disease,
That preys on your dear life ? How can you hope

To find a cure for love in solitude ?
Why rather choose you not to shine at court ;
And in a thousand gay diversions there,
To lose the memory of this wretched passion ?

Cle. Alas ! Beliza, thou hast never known
The fatal power of a resistless love :
Like that avenging guilt that haunts the impious,
In vain we hope by flying to avoid it ;
In courts and temples it pursues us still,
And in the loudest clamours will be heard :
It grows a part of us, lives in our blood,
And every beating pulse proclaims its force.
Oh ! think not then that I can shun myself ;
The grave can only hide me from my sorrows.

Bel. Allow me then at least to share your griefs ;
Companions in misfortunes make them less :
And I could suffer much to make you easy.

Cle. Sit by me, gentle maid, and while I tell
A wretched tale of unregarded love,
If thou, in kind compassion of my woes,
Shalt sigh, or shed a tear for my mishap,
My grateful eyes shall pay it back with interest.
Help me to rail at my too easy heart,
That rashly entertain'd this fatal guest :
And you, my eyes, why were you still impatient
Of any other sight but Artaxerxes ?
Why did you make my woman's heart acquainted
With all the thousand graces and perfections,
That dress the lovely hero up for conquest ?

Bel. Had you oppos'd this passion in its infancy,
Ere time had given it strength, it might have dy'd.

Cle. That was the fatal error that undid me :
My virgin thoughts, and unexperienc'd innocence,

Found not the danger till it was too late.
 And though when first I saw the charming prince,
 I felt a pleasing motion at my heart,
 Short breathing sighs heav'd in my panting breast,
 "The mounting blood flush'd in my glowing face,
 "And dy'd my cheeks with more than usual blushes,"
 I thought him, sure, the wonder of his kind,
 And wish'd my fate had given me such a brother:
 Yet knew not that I lov'd, but thought that all,
 Like me, beheld and bless'd him for his excellence.

Bel. Sure never hopeless maid was curst before
 With such a wretched passion; all the gods
 Join to oppose your happiness; 't is said
 This day the Prince shall wed the fair Amestris.

Bel. No, my Beliza, I have never known
 The pleasing thoughts of hope: certain despair
 Was born at once, and with my love increas'd.

"*Bel.* Think you the Prince has e'er perceiv'd your
 thoughts?"

"*Cle.* Forbid it, all ye chaster powers, that favour
 "The modesty and innocence of maids:
 "No, till my death, no other breast but thine
 "Shall e'er participate the fatal secret.
 "Oh! could I think that he had ever known
 "My hidden flame, shame and confusion
 "Would force my virgin soul to leave her mansion,
 "And certain death ensue."

Thou nam'd'st the fair Amestris, didst thou not?

Bel. Madam, I did.

Cle. I envy not her happiness,
 Though sure few of our sex are blessed like her
 In such a godlike lord.
 Would I had been a man!

With honour then I might have sought his friendship ;
Perhaps from long experience of my faith,
He might have lov'd me better than the rest.
Amidst the dangers of the horrid war,
Still had I been the nearest to his side ;
In courts and triumphs still had shar'd his joys.
Or, when the sportful chase had call'd us forth,
Together had we cheer'd our foaming steeds,
Together press'd the savage o'er the plain :
And, when o'er-labour'd with the pleasing toil,
Stretch'd on the verdant soil had slept together.
But whither does my roving fancy wander ?
These are the sick dreams of fantastic love.

“ So in the calenture the seaman fancies
“ Green fields and flowery meadows on the ocean,
“ Till leaping in, the wretch is lost for ever.

“ *Bel.* Try but the common remedies of love,
“ And let a second flame expel the first.

“ *Cle.* Impossible : as well thou mayst imagine,
“ When thou complain'st of heat at scorching noon,
“ Another sun shall rise to shine more kindly.
“ Believe me, my Beliza, I am grown
“ So fond of the delusion that has charm'd me,
“ I hate the officious hand that offers cure.”

Bel. Madam, Prince Artaban.

Cle. My cruel stars !

Do you then envy me my very solitude ?
But death, the wretch's only remedy,
Shall hide me from your hated light for ever.

ARTABAN enters.

Art. Ah, lovely mourner ! still, still wilt thou blast
My eager love with inauspicious tears ?

When at thy feet I kneel, and sue for pity;
Or justly of thy cold regards complain,
Still wilt thou only answer me with sighs?

Cle. Alas! my lord, what answer can I give?
If still I entertain you with my grief,
Pity the temper of a wretched maid,
By nature sad, and born the child of sorrow:
In vain you ask for happiness from me,
Who want it for myself.

Art. Can blooming youth,
And virgin innocence, that knows not guilt,
Know any cause for grief?

Cle. Do but survey
"The miserable state of human kind,
"Where wretches are the general increase,
"And tell me if there be not cause for grief.

Art. Such thoughts as these, my fair philosopher,
"Inhabit wrinkled cheeks and hollow eyes;
"The marks which years set on the wither'd sage:
"The gentle goddess, Nature, wisely has
"Allotted other cares for youth and beauty."
The God of Love stands ready with his torch
To light it at thy eyes, but still in vain;
For ere the flame can catch, 't is drown'd in tears.

Cle. Oh, name not love! the worst of all misfortunes,
"The common ruin of my easy sex,
"Which I have sworn for ever to avoid,
"In memory of all those hapless maids,
"That love has plung'd in unexampled woes."

Art. Forbear to argue with that angel face,
Against the passion thou wert form'd to raise.

"Alas! thy frozen heart has only known
"Love in reverse, not tasted of its joys;

"The wishes, soft desires, and pleasing pains,
"That centre all in most extatic bliss.
"Oh, lovely maid, mispend no more that treasure
"Of youth and charms, which lavish nature gives;"
The Paphian goddess frowns at thy delay;
By her fair self, and by her son she swears,
Thy beauties are devoted to her service.
Lo! now she shoots her fires into my breast,
She urges my desires, and bids me seize thee,

[Taking her hand and kissing it.]

And bear thee as a victim to her altar:
Then offer up ten thousand thousand joys,
As an amends for all thy former coldness.

Cle. Forbear, my lord; or I must swear to fly
For ever from your sight.

"*Art.* Why dost thou frown,
"And damp the rising joy within my breast?
"Art thou resolv'd to force thy gentle nature,
"Compassionate to all the world beside,
"And only to me cruel? Shall my vows,
"Thy father's intercession, all be vain?

"*Cle.* Why do you urge my father's fatal power,
"To curse you with a sad unlucky bride?"
Cast round your eyes on our gay Eastern courts,
Where smiling beauties, born to better fate,
Give joy to the beholders;

There bless some happy princess with your vows,
And leave the poor Cleone to her sorrows.

Art. What queens are those of most celestial form,
Whose charms can drive thy image from my heart?
Oh! were they cast in nature's fairest mould,
Brighter than Cynthia's shining train of stars,
"Kind as the softest she that ever clasp'd

" Her lover, when the bridal night was past:"
I swear I would prefer thee, O Cleone,
" With all thy scorn and cold indifference,"
Would choose to languish and to die for thee,
Much rather than be bless'd, and live for them.

Cle. Oh, prince! It is too much, nor am I worthy
The honour of your passion, since 't is fix'd
By certain and unalterable fate,
That I can never yield to a return:
My thoughts are all to chaste Diana vow'd,
And I have sworn to die a virgin votary.

Art. Impossible! thou canst not give away
Mine and thy father's right, ev'n to the gods:
Diana will disown th' unjust donation,
Nor favour such an injury to love.
To every power divine I will appeal,
Nor shall thy beauty bribe 'em to be partial.
Their altars now expect us; come, fair saint,
And if thou wilt abide their righteous doom,
Their justice must decree my happiness,
Reward my sufferings, and my flame approve,
For they themselves have felt the power of love. [Exit.

SCENE II.

The Temple of the Sun. ARTAXERXES, AMESTRIS, and
Attendants enter.

Artax. 'T is done! 'tis done! Oh, let me find some way
To tell the mighty joy that fills my breast,
Lest I grow mad with height of furious bliss.
The holy priest has ty'd the sacred knot,
And my Amestris now is all my own.

Oh, thou soft charmer! thou excelling sweetness!
Why art thou not transported all like me?
I swear thou dost not love thy Artaxerxes,
If thou art calm in this excess of happiness.

Ame. Alas! my lord, my panting heart yet trembles,
“ In vast suspense between unruly joys
“ And chilling fears.” Somewhat, methinks, there is
That checks my soul, and says I was too bold
To quit the pleasures of my virgin state,
To barter ’em for cares and anxious love.

Artax. These are the fears which wait on every bride,
And only serve for preludes to her joys;
Short sighs, and all those motions of thy heart
Are nature’s call, and kindle warm desires.
Soon as the friendly goddess of the night
Shall draw her veil of darkness o’er thy blushes,
These little cold unnecessary doubts
Shall fly the circle of my folding arms:
“ And when I press thee trembling to my bosom,
“ Thou shalt confess (if there be room for words,
“ Or ev’n for thoughts) that all those thoughts are bliss.

“ *Ame.* Yet surely mine are more than common fears,
“ For, Oh, my Prince! when my foreboding heart
“ Surveys th’ uncertain state of human joys,
“ How secretly the malice of our fate
“ Unseen pursues, and often blasts our happiness
“ In full security; I justly dread,
“ Lest death or parting, or some unseen accident,
“ Much worse, if possible, than each of these,
“ Should curse us more than ever we were bless’d.

“ *Artax.* Doubt not the gods, my fair, whose righteous
power
“ Shall favour and protect our virtuous loves.

" If still thou apprehend'st approaching danger,
 " Let us make haste and snatch th' uncertain joy,
 " While fate is in our power.
 " Now let us start, and give a loose to love,
 " Feast ev'ry sense, with each luxurious pleasure,
 " Improve our minutes, make 'em more than years,
 " Than ages, and ev'n live the life of gods.
 " If after this, death or ill-fortune comes,
 " It cannot injure us, since we already
 " Have liv'd and been before-hand with our fate.

" *Ame.* Oh! let me ease at once my tender heart,
 " And tell my dearest lord my worst of fears.
 " There is an ill which more than death I dread :
 " Should you by time and long fruition sated,
 " Grow faithless, and forget the lost Amestris ;
 " Forget that everlasting truth you vow'd,
 " Though sure I should not publicly complain,
 " Nor to the gods accuse my perjur'd prince,
 " Yet my soft soul would sink beneath the weight,
 " I should grow mad, and curse my very being,
 " And wish I ne'er had been, or not been lov'd.

" *Artax.* Dost thou—when every happier star shines for us,
 " And with propitious influence gilds our fortune—
 " Dost thou invent fantastic forms of danger,
 " And fright thy soul with things that are impossible ?
 " Now by the potent god of love I swear,
 " I will have ample vengeance for thy doubts.
 " My soft complaining fair, shalt thou not pay me
 " In joys too fierce for thought, for these suspicions ?
 " The bands which hold our love are knit by fate,
 " Nor shall decaying Time or Nature loose 'em.
 " Beyond the limits of the silent grave,
 " Love shall survive, immortal as our beings :

" And when at once we climb yon azure skies,
" We will be shown to all the bless'd above
" For the most constant pair that e'er deserv'd
" To mingle with their stars.

" *Ame.* 'Tis true! 'Tis true!

" Nor ought I to suspect thee. Oh, my hero!
" The gods have form'd thee for the nearest pattern
" Of their own excellence and perfect truth.
" Oh, let me sink upon thy gentle bosom,
" And, blushing, tell how greatly I am bless'd.
" Forgive me, Modesty, if here I vow
" That all the pleasures of my virgin state
" Were poor and trifling to the present rapture:
" A gentle warmth invades my glowing breast,
" And while I fondly gaze upon thy face,
" Ev'n thought is lost in exquisite delight.

" *Artax.* Oh, thou delicious, perfect, angel woman!
" Thou art too much for mortal sense to bear:
" The vernal bloom and fragrancy of spices,
" Wafted by gentle winds, are not like thee.
" From thee, as from the Cyprian Queen of Love,
" Ambrosial odours flow; my every faculty
" Is charm'd by thee, and drinks immortal pleasure.
" Oh, glorious god of day, fly swiftly forward,
" And to thy sister's rule resign the world:
" Nor haste to rise again, but let the night
" Long bless me with her stay, that thy return
" At morn may find me happiest of my kind."

MEMNON enters.

My father! Is there an increase of joy?
What can ye give, ye gods, to make it more?

Mem. Ye blessings of my age! Whom when I view,
The memory of former woes is lost.

Oh, Prince! Well has this glorious day repay'd
My youth and blood spent in Arsaces' service.
Nor, had the gods indulg'd my vainest wishes,
Durst I have ask'd for such a son as you are.
But I am roughly bred, in words unknowing,
Nor can I phrase my speech in apt expression,
To tell how much I love and honour you:
Might I but live to fight one battle for you,
Though with my life I bought the victory,
Though my old batter'd trunk were hew'd to pieces,
And scatter'd o'er the field, yet should I bless
My fate, and think my years wound up with honour.

Artax. Doubt not, my noble father, but ev'n yet
A large remain of glory is behind,
When civil discord shall be reconcil'd,
And all the noise of faction hush'd to peace:
Rough Greece, alike in arts and arms severe,
No more shall brand the Persian name with softness,
Athens and Sparta wond'ring, shall behold us,
Strict in our discipline, undaunted, patient
Of war's stern toil, and dread our hostile virtue.
Those stubborn commonwealths, that proudly dare
Disdain the glorious monarch of the East,
Shall pay their homage to the throne of Cyrus.
And when with laurels cover'd we return,
My love shall meet, and smiling bless our triumph,
While at her feet I lay the scepters of the world.

Mem. Oh, glorious theme! By Heaven, it fires my age,
And kindles youth again in my cold veins.

Artax. Ha! Mirza and the Queen! retire, my fair;
Ungentle hate and brawling rage shall not
Disturb the peace, to which this happy day
Is doubly sacred. Forward to the altar.

[*Exeunt Artax. Amestris, Memnon, and Attendants.*]

QUEEN, MIRZA, and Attendants, *enter at the other door.*

Mir. All are dispos'd, and fate but waits our orders
For a deciding blow.

Queen. Your caution was
Both wise and faithful, not to trust my son
Too rashly with a secret of this nature :
The youth, though great of soul, and fond of glory,
Yet leans to the fantastic rules of honour,
Would hesitate at such an act as this,
Though future empire should depend upon it.

Mir. When time shall add experience to that knowledge,
With which his early youth is richly fraught,
He'll be convinc'd that only fools would lose
A crown for notionary principles.
Honour is the unthinking soldier's boast,
Whose dull head cannot reach those finer arts,
By which mankind is govern'd.

Queen. And yet it gives a lustre to the great,
And makes the crowd adore 'em.

Mir. Your son shall reap
The whole advantage, while we bear the guilt :
You, madam, when the sacred hymns are finish'd,
Must with the Prince retire ; our foes when seiz'd,
Within the temple may be best secur'd
'Till you dispose their fate.

Queen. The rites attend us ; [*Solemn music is heard.*]
This day my son is monarch of the East.

Mir. Lend us, ye gods, your temples but this day,
You shall be paid with ages of devotion,
And after this, for ever undisturb'd,
Brood o'er your smoaking altars.

[*Exeunt Queen, Mirza, and Attendants.*]

SCENE III.

Opening, shews the Altar of the Sun, MAGAS, and several other Priests attending. Solemn Music is heard: MEMNON, ARTAXERXES, AMESTRIS, and Attendants, enter on one Side; QUEEN, MIRZA, ARTABAN, CLEONE, CLEANTHES, and Attendants, on the other. They all bow towards the Altar, and then range themselves on each Side of the Stage, while the following Hymn is performed in Parts, and Chorus by the Priests.

HYMN TO THE SUN—By W. SHIPPEN, Esq.

*Hail, Light, that doubly glads our sphere,
Glory and triumph of the year!
Hail, festival, for ever blest,
By the adoring ravish'd East!*

*“ Hail, Mithras, mighty deity!
“ For fire and air, and earth and sea,
“ From thee their origin derive,
“ Motion and form from thee receive.*

*“ When matter yet unacted lay,
“ No sooner thou infus'd'st thy ray,
“ But the dull mass its power obey'd.
“ But an harmonious world was made.*

*“ Which still, when thou withdraw'st thy beams,
“ An undistinguish'd Chaos seems,
“ For what are objects without sight?
“ Or vision, when involv'd in night?*

"Night is an universal grave,
 "Where things but doubtful being have;
 "Till them thy beams illuminate,
 "And, as it were, again create."

Chorus, &c,

"Hail, source of immaterial fire,
 "That ne'er began, can ne'er expire;
 "Whose orb, with streaming glories fraught,
 "Dazzles the ken of human thought."

All the dependent spheres above,
 By thy direction shine and move:
 All purer beings here below,
 From thy immediate essence flow.

What is the soul of man, but light,
 Drawn down from thy transcendent height?
 What but an intellectual beam;
 A spark of thy immortal flame?

"For as thou rul'st with gladsome rays
 "The greater world, so this the less:
 "And like thy own diffusive soul,
 "Shoots life and vigour through the whole.

"Since then from thee at first it came,
 "To thee, though clogg'd, it points its flame:
 "And conscious of superior birth,
 "Despises this unkindred earth."

Chorus, &c.

Hail, Orosmades, power divine!
 Permit us to approach thy shrine;

Permit thy votaries to raise
Their grateful voices to thy praise.

Thou art the father of our kings,
The stem whence their high lineage springs ;
“ The sovereign lord, that does maintain
“ Their uncontrol’d and boundless reign.”

Ob, then assist thy drooping son,
Who long has grac’d our Persian throne !
Ob, may he yet extend his sway !
We yet Arsaces’ rule obey !

“ Let thy vitality impart
“ New spirits to his fainting heart :
“ Let him, like thee (from whom he sprung)
“ Be ever active, ever young.”

Chorus, &c.

[When the Music is ended, Memnon, Artaxerxes, &c.
Queen, Artaban, &c. go off as they entered, severally ;
only Mirza comes forward, and the Scene shuts ; he looks
after Amestris going out, and then speaks.]

Mir. What means this foreign warmth within my breast ?
Is this a time for any thought but vengeance ?
That fatal beauty dazzles my weak sense,
And blasts the resolution of my soul :
“ My eyes in contradiction to my purpose,
“ Still bent to her, and drunk the poison in ;
“ While I stood stupid in suspence of thought,
“ And now like oil my flaming spirits blaze ;
“ My arteries, my heart, my brain is scorch’d,
“ And I am all one fury.” Feeble Mirza !

Canst thou give way to dotage, and become
The jest of fools? No! 'tis impossible:
Revenge shall rouse, "and with her iron whips
"Lash forth this lazy ague from my blood,
"This malady of girls. Remember, statesman,
"Thy fate and future fortunes now are forming,
"And summon all thy counsels to their aid,"
Ev'n thy whole soul—It wo'not be: Amestris
Still rises uppermost in all my thoughts,
The master-piece of nature. The boy god
Laughs at my rage, and triumphs o'er my folly.

[A tumultuous noise is heard.

Ha! by the gods, 'tis doing! Now, my stars,
Be kind, and make me master of my wish at once.

MAGAS enters.

But see, the priest—Why dost thou stare and tremble?
Have we succeeded? say; and ease my fears.

Mag. My soul is pierc'd with horror! Every god
Seems from his shrine to threaten us with vengeance,
The temple reels, and all its pond'rous roof
Nods at the profanation.

Mir. Base and fearful!

"How can thy wretched soul conceive such monsters?"
Canst thou, who wouldst be great, be superstitious?
But 'tis the coward's vice. Say, are our enemies secur'd?

Mag. They are; the Prince, old Memnon, and his
daughter,
Are in Orchanes' hands; only Tigranes
With some of lesser note are fled.

Mir. No matter:
These are the soul, the rest a lifeless mass,
Not worth our apprehension.

Mag. Will you stay
To meet the furious thunder of their rage?

Mir. I will : thou may'st retire, and summon back
Thy scatter'd spirits : let not the crowd see
Thy fears ; 'twill make thee vile and cheap among 'em.

[*Exit Mag.*

ARTAXERXES, MEMNON, and AMESTRIS, *enter, prisoners,*
with ORCHANES and Guards.

Artax. Slave ! villain ! Answer—say—how hast thou dar'd
To do this insolence ?

Orch. I know my orders,
Which from the queen, my mistress, I receiv'd,
Who will avow her own authority.

Artax. Ha ! from the Queen ! She durst not, 'tis im-
possible !

'Tis sacrilege ! 'tis treason ! 'tis damnation !
Am I not Artaxerxes ? Born to empire,
The next degree to gods ? O, thou bright Sun,
That roll'st above, the object of our worship,
Canst thou behold, and not avenge thy race ?
Thy injur'd race ? If I could ought admit
Unworthy of thy great original,
Let me be doom'd to fall this villain's slave.
If not, why am I made the scorn of wretches
" So much below me, that they hardly share
" The common privilege of kind : but are
" As beasts to men——"

Mem. See, where the master-villain stands ! Unmov'd
And harden'd in impiety ; he laughs
At the fictitious justice of the gods,
And thinks their thunder has not wings to reach him.
But know, the joy thy triumph brings is short :

My fate (if the gods govern) or at least
My mind's beyond thy reach, and scorns thy malice.

Mir. Dull, valiant fool, thy ruin is the least,
The most ignoble triumph of my wit.
Cleander's blood asks for substantial vengeance,
"And when the thought that labours in my breast
Appears in action, thou shalt know the cause
Why I remain to view thy hated face,
That blasts me with its presence. Thou shalt know it,"
And curse thyself; curse the ill-omen'd day
That gave thee birth; renouncing all the gods,
Thyself of them renounc'd, shalt sink to hell
In bitterest pangs, and mingle with the furies.

Mem. Unhallow'd dog, thou ly'st! The utmost force
Of all thy study'd malice cannot move me
"To any act that misbecomes my courage;"
And if the gods in trial of my virtue,
Can yield my life up to the hangman's mercy,
I'll shew thee with what ease the brave and honest
Can put off life, till thou shalt damn thy arts,
Thy wretched arts, and impotence of malice.

Mir. Rest well assur'd, thou shalt have cause to try
The philosophic force of passive virtue.

Artax. Oh, death to greatness! Can we fall so low,
To be the slavish object of his mirth?
"Shall my just rage and violated honour
Play the buffoon, and minister to laughter?
Down, down, my swelling heart, hide thy resentment,
Nor prostitute the ruffled majesty
Of injur'd princes to the gazing crowd;
My face shall learn to cover the emotion
"My wounded soul endures." Ha! my Amestris!
My love! my royal bride! The spoiler, Grief,

Defaces every feature : like the deluge
That raz'd the beauties of the first creation—
I cannot bear it—Villains, give me way—

[*He breaks from the Guards that hold him, and catches hold of Amestris.*

Oh ! let me hold thee in my throbbing bosom,
And strive to hide thy sorrows from my sight :
I cannot see thy griefs ; and yet I want
The power to bring relief.

Ame. Ah ! no, my prince ;

There are no remedies for ills like ours ;
My helpless sex by nature stands expos'd
To all the wrongs and injuries of fortune :
Defenceless in myself, you were my refuge,
“ You are my lord ; to whom should I complain,
“ Since you cannot redress me ? Were you not”
The honour, joy, and safety of Amestris ?
“ For you alone I liv'd, with you alone
“ I could be happy.” Oh, my Artaxerxes ?
One influence guides our consenting stars,
And still together we are bless'd or curs'd.

“ *Mir.* With a malignant joy my ears drink in
“ Her each harmonious accent ; every glance
“ Goes to my heart, and stirs alternate motions
“ Of heat and cold ; a lazy pleasure now,
“ Thrills all my veins, anon desire grows hot,
“ And my own sinews shrink before the flame. [*Aside.*

“ *Artax.* Go on, and charm me with thy angel's voice,
“ Sooth and assuage the fury in my breast,
“ That urges me to unbecoming passion :
“ My rage grows cool amidst thy soft complainings ;
“ And though thou talk'st of woes, of death, and ruin,
“ 'Tis Heaven to hear thee.

“ *Ame.* Since this is all our wretched consolation,

" Let us indulge our grief, till by long use
 " It grows habitual, and we lose the pain.
 " Here on the marble pavement will we sit,
 " Thy head upon my breast ; and if remembrance
 " Of cruel wrongs shall vex thy noble heart,
 " The murmur of my sighs shall charm the tumult,
 " And Fate shall find us calm : nor will the gods,
 " Who here inhabit and behold our sufferings,
 " Delay to end our woes in immortality.
 " *Artax.* Ha ! say'st thou ? Gods ! Yes, certain there are
 gods,
 " To whom my youth with reverence still has bow'd,
 " Whose care and providence are virtue's guard :
 " Think then, my fair, they have not made us great,
 " And, like themselves, for miserable ends."

Mir. Gods might behold her, and forget their wisdom.

[*Aside.*

But I delay too long. Orchanes, lend thy ear.

[*Mirza whispers Orchanes, and exit.*

Mem. My children, you are still my joy and happiness ;
 Why am I made your curse ? This hated head,
 To death devoted, has involv'd your innocence
 In my destruction.

[*Guards lay hold on Artaxerxes and Amestris.*

Ame. Alas ! my father !

Artax. Barbarous dogs ! What mean you ?

Orchb. Convey the lady to lord Mirza's palace,

'T is the queen's will she shall be there confin'd.

Artax. Thou can'st not mean so damn'd a villany !

Thou dar't not, shalt not part us : Fate can't do it.

Mem. Cursed old age ! Why have I liv'd to see this ?
 Oh, my children !

Orchb. Force them asunder.

Artax. Hew off my limbs, ye dogs, I will not loose 'em—

"Oh, devil! Death and furies!" My wife! my lov'd

Amestris——

Ame. My lord, my husband!——

[*Orchanes and one party of the Guards force Artaxerxes and Memnon off one way, and the other party bears Amestris another.*]

Re-enter MIRZA.

Mir. This was most noble mischief! it stung home—

'T was luxury of vengeance—" 'T was not ill

"To keep aloof: these boisterous beasts have paws,

"And might have scratch'd: the wise should not allow

"A possibility to Fortune's malice."

Now to the rest; this Prince, this husband, dies:

To-morrow's dawn brings his and Memnon's fate.

This night let them despair, and ban, and rage,

And to the wooden deities within

Tell frantic tales; my hours shall pass more pleasingly,

If love (which yet I know not) can give pleasure.

"Love! What is Love? The passion of a boy,

"That spends his time in laziness and sonnets:

"Lust is the appetite of man; and shall

"Be sated, till it loath the cloying banquet.

"The wise are privileg'd by human frailty

"To taste these pleasures, but not dwell upon them:

"They mar and dull the faculty of thinking."

One night I safely may indulge in riot,

"'T is politic lewdness, and assists my vengeance:"

I will grow young, and surfeit on her charms,

Her luscious sweets; then rising from her arms,

The nauseous, momentary joy forget,

And be myself again; again be wise and great. [Exit.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Palace. ARTABAN and CLEANTHES enter.

Artaban.

'Tis base and impious! Where are the ties
Shall keep mankind in order, if religion
And public faith be violated? 'Tis an injury
That beards both gods and men, and dares their justice.

Clean. The fearful croud already take th' alarm,
Break off their solemn sports, their songs and dances,
And wildly in tumultuous concert join:
Mischief and danger sit in every face,
And while they dread the anger of the gods,
The wise, who know the effects of popular fury,
From them expect that vengeance which they fear.

Art. The sacred power of majesty, which should
Forbid, owns and protects the violence.
It must not, shall not be: who steals a crown
By arts like these, wears it unworthily.

Clea. The queen, your mother, sir, she will expect
You should approve that act her power has done.

Art. I'll meet her as I ought, and shew myself
Worthy the noble rivalry of empire.

The QUEEN, MIRZA, and Attendants, enter.

Queen. My son, I come to joy you of a crown
And glory, certain now. Your fate at length
Has master'd that malignant influence
With which it struggled long: you are a king,
The greatest that our eastern world beholds;
And though my widow'd bed be cause for grief,

Yet for thy sake, my son, I joy to say
Arsaces is no more.

Art. " 'Twere vain and foolish
" To mourn his death with ceremonious sorrow ;
" For though he died the greatest of our race,
" Yet since decaying age had sunk him low,
" And all the native majesty was lost,
" 'Twas time the soul should seek for immortality,
" And leave the weary body to enjoy
" An honourable rest from care and sickness :"
Peace to his ashes, and eternal fame
Dwell with his memory ; while we who live
Look back with emulation on his greatness,
And with laborious steps strive to ascend
That height where once he sat.

Queen. Thou hast already
Attain'd the lofty summit of his glory ;
His throne expects thee but to sit and fill it.

Art. No, madam ; when the gods choose worthy subjects
On whom to place such greatness, they surround
The glorious prize with toil and thorny danger,
And bid the man who would be great, dare greatly.
Be it for dull elder brothers to possess
Without deserving ; mine 's a nobler claim,
Nor will I taste the god-like joys of power,
'Till men and gods with justice shall confess
'Tis barely the reward of what I merit.

Queen. What means my son ?

Art. To wrestle for a crown.

Queen. With what fantastic shadow wouldst thou strive ?
The haughty rival of thy hopes is fall'n ;
He lives indeed, but 'tis to grace thy triumph,
And bow before thee ; then be swept away

Like the remembrance of an idle dream,
Which though of yesternight, is now forgotten.

Art. It grieves me much to say, my royal mother,
I cannot take a crown upon these terms,
Though even from your hands: the conscious virtue
That witnesses within my breast for glory,
Points me to greatness by the paths of honour;
And urges me to do as a king ought,
That would not wear his purple as the gift
Of impious treachery and base deceit:

Queen. Amazement turns my senses! Or, I dream!
For sure thou canst not mean so poor a folly.
“Hast thou been bred in the wise arts of empire?
“Been early taught to know the worth of power?
“And wouldst thou lose the golden opportunity,
“With which thy fortune courts thee, for a notion?
“An empty sound of virtue? A dry maxim,
“Which pedants have devis’d for boys to canvas?”
Can my son think so meanly? Go, set free
(Since honour bids) this lordly elder brother,
Bow like a slave before him, wait his pleasures,
And live dependent on his scanty pension;
He may reward thy servile loyalty,
And make thee ruler of some petty province,
In recompence of royalty given up.

Art. No; (though I must confess I would not hold him
Caught in a villain’s snare, “nor do a murder
“Unworthy of a hangman”) yet to death
I still defy him as my mortal foe.
And since my father’s fate dissolves that truce
To which I stood engag’d, ’tis war again.
Amidst the steely squadrons will I seek
This haughty brother, by his friends surrounded,

And back'd with all th' advantage of his birth;
Then bravely prove upon him with my sword,
He falsely brands me for a bookish coward,
That Nature's error only gave him preference,
Since Fate meant me the king.

Queen. A mother's care is watchful for thy safety,
Else wert thou lost, thou honourable fool:
Long might'st thou vainly hunt in bloody fields
For that advantage which thy willing fortune
Now reaches to thy hands: "in battles with
" Uncertain wings the wavering goddess flies,
" And oft with partial hand bestows her favour
" On fools and thick-scall'd heroes;" seize her now,
While she is thine, or she is lost for ever.

Art. No matter, let her fly; the eagle Virtue
Shall soar beyond her, and command her flight:
Fortune is not my mistress, but my slave.
Posterity, that reads the name of Artaban
In the records of empire, shall not blush
To think I plotted with a knavish priest,
The scandal of his venerable function,
" And mark of the gods vengeance," to betray
A prince my enemy; " as if being conscious
" Of lesser worth, and of unequal courage,
" I durst not fairly strive with him for greatness:"
Let the abhorr'd and impious treachery
Obscurely die unknown to future ages;
Or if our shame must be deliver'd down,
By all the kingly hopes that fire my soul,
It shall not pass without a brand of punishment.

Queen. 'Tis wondrous well! Young man, you king it
rarely!

" You mean to be renown'd for early justice,

" And mark your ostentatious love of virtue,
" Ev'n in their bloods who lift you up to power :
" Perhaps we too ourselves must be arraign'd
" Before your puny bar, and feel your axe ;
" 'T will be a noble subject for your praise,
" And yield much matter to declaiming flatterers.

" *Art.*" You, madam, are my mother : Nature blinds me,
And bids me see no faults in her that bore me ;
Those other slaves that dare——

Queen. May be immortal,
For ought that thou canst do to cause their fate.
" Is not thy power the creature of my favour ?
" Which in precarious wise on me depending,
" Exists by my concurrence to its being ?"
Mistaken youth ! " whose giddy brain ambition
" Has, like the fume of drunken vapours, turn'd ;"
Think'st thou that I, whose soul was form'd for sway,
Would lay the golden reins of empire down ?
Or trust them to the guidance of a boy,
Who shall dispose of me, or those that serve me,
According to the dictates of old morals,
His bearded tutor gleans from musty authors ?

Art. Nay then, 'tis time I should exert myself ;
And though you gave me birth, yet from the gods
(Who made my father be as he was, royal,
And stamp the mark of greatness on my soul)
I claim my right to empire : may I fall
Vile and forgotten, if I ever own
Any superior being but those gods.

Queen. Thou rav'st, and hast forgotten me.

Art. No, you are
My mother, and a woman, form'd to obey ;
On that condition all the sex's privileges

Are founded: the creating hand has mix'd
Softness and beauty in your composition,
To charm and bend the mind of man, impatient
Of the ignoble pleasure; you were made for
The weakness and necessities of Nature:
Ill are your feeble souls for greatness suited:
Desire of government is monstrous in you.

Queen. Thou mighty goddess, Nature! dost thou hear
This rebel son? This insolent upbraider,
Still fondly nurs'd in my indulgent bosom?
To build whose future greatness to the skies,
My anxious soul has labour'd more than when
I felt a mother's sorrow for his birth:
Ungrateful boy!—

“ Know, fool, that vaunt'st thyself upon thy manhood,
“ The greatest he thy rougher kind e'er had,
“ Must have confess'd woman's superior wit,
“ And own'd our sex's just prerogative.”
Did not a mother's fondness plead hard for thee,
Thy head should pay the forfeit of thy insolence;
For know, young king, that I am fate in Persia,
And life and death depend upon my pleasure.

Art. The world would be well govern'd, should the gods
Depute their providence to women's care,
And trust them with the fate of kings and empires.

Queen. “ Yet thou art safe”—Away, nor tempt me further.
The patience ev'n of gods themselves has limits,
“ Though they with long forbearance view man's folly;”
Yet if thou still persist to dare my power,
Like them, I may be urg'd to loose my vengeance,
And though thou wert my creature, strike thee dead.

Mir. Beseech you, sir, retire; the queen, your mother,
Labours with wisest foresight for your good,
And is incens'd to see you thwart that purpose.

Art. What is the good of greatness, but the power?
 Madam, I leave you ; my own innate virtue
 Arms me against your rage, unjust and impotent :
 Wait but the great success my soul divines,
 And you will own your little juggling arts
 Have only serv'd to obstruct awhile my glory,
 And screen this elder brother from my conquest.

[*Exeunt Artaban and Cleanthes.*

Queen. Some envious power above, some hostile demon,
 “ Works underhand against my stronger genius,
 “ And countermines me with domestic jars
 “ Malicious chance ! When all abroad was safe,
 “ To start an unseen danger from myself !
 “ Mirza, didst not thou mark the angry boy,
 “ With what assuming pride he own'd his daring,
 “ And claim'd superiority of power ?
 “ Oh, can I live and bear to be controul'd ?
 “ To share the pleasures of extreme command
 “ With him or any one ? Oh, Artemisa !
 “ Didst thou disdain subjection to a husband,
 “ The proudest title of that tyrant man,
 “ And canst thou yield t' a boy, a son, by nature
 “ And grateful duty to obedience bound ?”

Mir. Madam, let me intreat you, by the gods,
 To calm your just resentments. “ Meddling Fortune,
 “ (Whose malice labours to perplex the wise)
 “ If not prevented will unravel all
 “ Those finer arts, which we with care have wove.”
 The Prince led on by this pernicious honour,
 May set the pris'ners free ; think, if that happen,
 To what a shock of fate we stand expos'd.

Queen. 'Tis true ; this foolish honour ruins all.
 “ Ridiculous notion ! as if self-interest
 “ Were not the first and noblest law of nature.”

Say then, wise lord, and let thy ready wit,
Still present to itself, avert this blow.

Mir. One method, though ungentle, yet remains
To remedy the fears this ill produces;
This instant let a guard confine the prince,
Ere he can gain the means t' affect that mischief
He meditates against himself and us :
To-morrow, early as the morning dawns,
The prisoners all shall die ; that once dispatch'd,
This raging fit of honour will relax,
And give him leisure to consider coolly
Th' advantage of his fortune.

Queen. You have reason ?
And though I fear his haughty temper will
But badly brook confinement, he must learn
To bear it as he can ; perhaps 't will bend him,
And make his youth more pliant to my will.

Mir. Your orders cannot be dispatch'd too soon,
Each minute of the flying hours is precious.

Queen. The eunuch Bagoas, let him attend us,
He shall receive instructions on the instant.

[*Exeunt the Queen and Mirza, severally.*]

SCENE II.

CLEONE enters in a Man's Habit, with a Dark-Lantern,
BELIZA following.

Cle. Ye gentle Powers, who view our cares with pity,
Lend your compassion to the poor Amestris.
Oh, my Beliza ! was not thy soul wounded,
To hear (when now we past by her apartment)

The piercing accents of her loud complainings?
By Heaven, my aching heart bleeds for her sufferings.

Bel. 'T is sure she feels the bitterest pangs of woe;
And were not all my thoughts to you devoted,
Her grief would deeply sink into my soul.
Why will you tempt alone ten thousand dangers?
Your father's and the furious Queen's resentment;
The cruel guards, and all those fatal accidents,
Which in the horror of this dreadful night,
Might shake the resolution of a man.

Cle. Pr'ythee no more, thou know'st I am resolv'd,
And all thy kind advice is urg'd in vain;
Thy fond mistaking fears present the danger
More dreadful than it is: this master-key
Admits me through that passage to the temple,
By which the guards, who seized the unhappy prince
This morning, enter'd; that of all the rest
Is only left unguarded, and from thence,
Assisted by the friendly veil of night,
We may conduct him through my father's palace
In safety to the street: There undistinguish'd
Amongst the busy discontented crowd,
That swarm in murmuring heaps, he may retire:
Nor shall my father or the Queen e'er know
The pious fraud my love was guilty of.

Bel. Yet still I fear——

Cle. No more; retire and leave me;
My drooping heart sits lighter than it's wont,
And cheerfully presages good success.

Bel. Where shall I wait you?

Cle. At my own apartment.

Bel. The mighty gods protect you.

Cle. Softly: retire.

[Exit Beliza.]

What noise was that?—The creature of my fears.
 In vain, fond maid, wouldst thou belie thy sex,
 Thy coward soul confesses thee a woman.
 A foolish, rash, fond woman, where am I going?
 To save my godlike hero. “Oh, my heart!
 “It pants and trembles, sure ’tis joy not fear;
 “The thought has given me courage: I shall save him,
 “That darling of my eyes.” What if I fail?
 Then death is n my reach, and ends my sorrows.

[*Shewing a dagger.*

Why dost thou shake, my hand, and fear to grasp
 This instrument of fate? If I succeed,
 Yet Artaxerxes will not live for me;
 And my despair will want thy friendly aid.
 Death ev’ry way shuts up my gloomy prospect.
 “If then there be that Lethe and Elysium,
 “Which priests and poets tell, to that dark stream
 “My soul, of life impatient, shall make haste,
 “One healing draught my quiet shall restore,
 “And love forgotten, ne’er disturb me more.”

[*Exit Cleone.*

SCENE III.

Temple of the Sun at Night. MEMNON and ARTAXERXES
enter.

Artax. Still ’t is in vain! this idle rage is vain;
 And yet my swelling passions will have way;
 “And rend my labouring breast ’till they find vent.
 “Was it for this, ye cruel gods, you made me
 “Great like yourselves, and as a king, to be
 “Your sacred image? Was it but for this?

“ To be cut down, and mangled by vile hands,
“ Like the false object of mistaken worship ?”

Why rather was I not a peasant slave,
Bred from my birth a drudge to your creation,
And to my destin'd load inur'd betimes ?

Mem. The malice of our fate were not complete,
Had we not been by just degrees to happiness
Rais'd, only to be plung'd deeper down
In an abyss of woes. Early success
Met and attended all my youthful wars;
“ And when I rush'd amidst the dreadful battle,
“ The weaker Genii of our Asian monarchs
“ Shrank from the force of our superior fate ;
“ O'er-match'd they fell, and by my sword were swept
“ Like common beings from the glorious field.”
Then was the day of joyous triumph; then,
My soul was lifted high, even to the stars.
But now—what am I now ?—O, damn'd reverse of fortune!
Now, when my age would be indulg'd in ease,
And joy in pleasure of my former fame,
Now I am curs'd ; held at a villain's mercy,
My foes' derision, and the scorn of cowards.

Artax. O, torture of my soul ! damn'd racking thought !
Am not I too reserv'd for servile vassalage ?
To be the subject of a boy's command ?
“ A boy, by nature set beneath my sway,
“ And born to be my slave ! Shall he triumph,
“ And bid me live or die ? Shall he dispose
“ His beardless visage to a scornful smile,
“ And tell me that his pleasure is my fate ?”
No ; my disdainful soul shall struggle out,
And start at once from its dishonour'd mansion.

Mem. Oh, royal thought ! nor shall they keep back death,

Although its common means be not in reach.
 Shall my old soldier's outside, rough and hardy,
 Scarr'd o'er with many an honourable mark,
 Be cag'd for public scorn? Shall Mirza tell me,
 Thus didst thou once, and now thou art my slave;
 My foot shall spurn thee, tread upon thy neck,
 And trample in the dust thy silver hairs?
 Shall I not rather choak, hold in my breath,
 Or smear some wall or pillar with my brains?

Artax. Rage, or some god, shall save us from dishonour.
 But O, my father! Can we take our flight,
 Though to the stars, and leave my love behind;
 Where is she now? Where is my queen, my bride,
 My charmer, my Amestris?

Mem. Speak not of her?

Artax. Not speak?

Mem. Nor think of her, if possible.

Artax. Was she not snatch'd, "torn from my helpless arms,
 "Whilst every god look'd on, and saw the wrong,
 "Heard her loud cries, which vainly strove to rouse
 "Their slow unready vengeance!" Was she not
 Torn from my panting bosom (yet I live)
 Ev'n on our bridal-day? "Then when our flames
 "Were kindly join'd, and made but one desire!
 "Then, when she sigh'd and gaz'd, and blush'd and sigh'd!
 "When every touch, when every joy grew fiercer,
 "And those that were behind were more than mortal."
 To lose her then! Oh!—

And yet you bid me think of her no more.

Mem. I do; for the bare mention turns my brain,
 And even now I border upon madness;
 So dreadful is the very apprehension
 Of what may be.

Artax. Can we make thought go back ?

“ Will it not turn again, cleave to our breasts,

“ And urge remembrance till it sting us home ?

“ Ha ! now the ghastly scene is set before me ;

“ And, as thou saidst, it runs me to distraction ;

“ Behold her beauties, form’d for kings to serve,

“ Held vile, and treated like an abject slave !

“ Helpless amidst her cruel foes she stands,

“ Insulting Artemisa mocks her tears,

“ And bids her call the gods and me in vain.

Mem. Would that were all !”

Artax. Ha ! whither wouldst thou drive me ?

Mem. Did you, like me, consider that dog Mirza,

Early to hell devoted, and the furies,

Born, nurs’d, and bred a villain, you would fear

The worst effects his malice could express

On virtue which he hates, when in his power.

Artax. What is the worst ?

Mem. What my old falt’ring tongue

Trembles to utter ; goatish lust and rape !

Artax. Ha ! rape ! if there are gods, it is impossible !

Mem. Oh, dreadful image for a father’s thought !

To have his only child, her sex’s boast,

The joy of sight, and comfort of his age,

Dragg’d by a villain, slave, his ruthless hand

“ Wound in her hair,” to some remote dark cell,

A scene for horror fit, there to be blotted

By his foul lust, “ till appetite be gorg’d.”

Let me grow savage first, let this old hand

That oft has bless’d her, in her blood be drench’d ;

Let me behold her dead, dead at my feet,

To spare a father’s greater shame and sorrow.

Artax. A father ! What’s a father’s plague to mine ?

A husband and a lover! If it can be,
 If there is such a hoarded curse in store,
 Transfix me now, ye gods, now let your thunder
 Fall on my head, and strike me to the centre,
 "Lest, if I should survive my ruin'd honour
 "And injur'd love, I should even curse your godheads,
 "Run banning and blaspheming through the world,
 "And with my execrations fright your worshippers
 "From kneeling at your altars."

CLEONE enters, with a Dark-Lantern and Key.

Cle. This way the echoing accents seem to come;
 Sure 'tis the wretched prince! "Oh, can you hear him,
 "And yet refuse to lend your aid, ye gods?
 "*Artax.* This gloom of horrid night suits well my soul,
 "Love, sorrow, conscious worth, and indignation,
 "Stir mad confusion in my lab'ring breast,
 "And I am all o'er chaos."

Cle. Is this, alas!

The state of Artaxerxes, Persia's heir?
 Not one poor lamp to cheer the dismal shade
 Of this huge holy dungeon! "Slaves, murderers,
 "Villains that crosses wait for, are not us'd thus."
 I'll show myself.

[She turns the light, and comes towards Artaxerxes and Memnon.]

Mem. Ha! whence this gleam of light?

Artax. Fate is at hand, let's haste to bid it welcome,
 It brings an end of wretchedness.

Cle. Speak lower;

I am a friend: long live Prince Artaxerxes.

Artax. What wretch art thou, that hail'st me with a curse?
 Come from that cloud that muffles up thy face;

And if thou hast a dagger, shew it boldly:
We wish to die.

Cle. Think better on my errand;
I bring you blessings, liberty and life,
And come the minister of happier fate.

[*Turns the light on herself.*

Now down, my blood, down to my trembling heart,
Nor sparkle in my visage to betray me. [*Aside.*

Artax. Ha! as I live, a boy! a blushing boy!
Thou wert not form'd sure for a murderer's office;
Speak then, and tell me what and whence thou art.

Cle. Oh, seek not to unveil a trivial secret,
Which known imports you not. I am a youth
Abandon'd to misfortunes from my birth,
And never knew one cause to joy in life,
But this that puts it in my power to save
A prince like Artaxerxes. Ask no more,
But follow through the mazes that I tread,
Until I find your safety.

Artax. Thus forbidding,
Thou giv'st me cause to enquire: Are then the guards,
That when the day went down, with strictest watch
Observ'd the temple gates, remov'd or fled?

Cle. They are not, but with numbers reforc'd,
Keep every passage; only one remains
Through Mirza's palace, open to our flight.

Mem. Ha! Mirza! there's damnation in his name;
Ruin, deceit, and treachery attend it;
Can life, can liberty or safety, come
From him, or ought that has an interest in him?
Rather suspect this feigning boy his instrument,
To plunge us deeper yet, if possible,
In misery; "perhaps some happy accident,

" As yet to us unknown, preserves us from
 " The utmost malice of his hate while here,
 " This sets his wicked wit at work to draw us
 " Forth from this holy place ; much better be
 " The pris'ners of the gods, than wear his fetters."

Cle. Unfortunate suspicion ! What shall I say
 To urge 'em to be safe, and yet preserve
 My wretched self unknown ?

[*Aside.*

" *Artax.* Surely that face
 " Was not design'd to hide dissembled malice.
 " Say, youth, art thou of Mirza's house (as sure thou must,
 " If thou pretend'st to lead us this way forth)
 " And canst thou be a friend to Artaxerxes,
 " Whom that fell dog, that minister of devils,
 " With most opprobrious injuries has loaded ?

" *Cle.* Though I am his, yet sure I never shar'd
 " His hate——Shall I confess and own my shame ?
 " Oh, Heavens !——

[*Aside.*

" *Mem.* Mark, th' unready traitor stammers ;
 " Half-bred, and of the mungrel strain of mischief,
 " He has not art enough to hide the cheat,
 " His deep-designing lord had better plotted.
 " Away ! Thinks he so poorly of our wit,
 " To gull us with a novice ?——If our fate
 " Has giv'n us up, and mark'd us for destruction,
 " Tell him, we are resolv'd to meet it here.

" *Cle.*" Yet hear me, Prince, since you suspect me sent
 By Mirza, to ensnare you, know I serve
 (Oh, gods ! to what am I reduc'd !) [*Aside.*] his daughter !
 Some god, compassionate of your woes, has stirred
 A woman's pity in her softer breast ;
 And 't is from her I come to give you liberty.
 I beg you to believe me.

[*She weeps.*

Artax. See, he weeps !

“ *Mem.* The waiting tears stood ready for command,
“ And now they flow to varnish the false tale.”

Artax. His daughter, say'st thou ? I have seen the maid.
Dost thou serve her ; and could she send thee to me ?
'Tis an unlikely riddle.

Mem. Perhaps 'tis meant,
That she who shares his poisonous blood, shall share
The pleasure of his vengeance, “ and inure
“ The woman's hands and eyes to death and mischief.”
But thou, her instrument, begone, and say,
The fate of princes is not sport for girls.

Cle. “ Some envious power blasts my pious purpose,
“ And nought but death remains : O that by that
“ I might persuade him to believe and trust me ;
“ And fly that fate which with the morning waits him !

“ [*Aside.*”

I grieve, my lord, to find your hard suspicion
Debars me from preserving your dear life,
(Which not your own Amestris wishes more.)
To-morrow's dawn (Oh ! let me yet prevail)
The cruel Queen resolves shall be your last.
Oh, fly ! let me conjure you, save yourself.
May that most awful god that here is worshipp'd
Deprive me of his cheerful beams for ever,
Make me the wretched'st thing he sees while living,
“ And after death the lowest of the damn'd,”
If I have any thought but for your safety.

Artax. No, I have found the malice of thy mistress :
Since I refus'd her love when she was proffer'd
By her ambitious father for my bride,
And on a worthier choice bestow'd my heart,
She vows revenge on me for slighted beauty.

Cle. My lord, you do her most unmanly wrong ;
 She owns the merit of the fair Amestris,
 Nor ever durst imagine she deserv'd you.
 Oh ! spare that thought, nor blot her virgin fame.
 In silence still she wonder'd at your virtues,
 Bless'd you, nor at her own ill fate repin'd ;
 This wounds her most, that you suspect unkindly
 Th' officious piety that would have sav'd you.
 Careless of an offended father's rage,
 For you alone concern'd, she charg'd me guide you,
 When midnight sleep had clos'd observing eyes,
 Safe through her father's palace with this key——
 And if I met with any that durst bar
 Your passage forth, she bid me greet him thus——

[Stabs herself—Artaxerxes catches her as she falls.]

Artax. What hast thou done, rash boy ?

Cle. Given you the last,
 And only proof remain'd, that could convince you
 I held your life much dearer than my own.

Mem. Horrid amazement chills my freezing veins !

Cle. Let me conjure you with my latest breath,
 Make haste to seize the means that may preserve you ;
 This key, amidst the tumult of this night, *[Giving the key.]*
 Will open you a way through Mirza's palace.
 May every god assist and guard your flight :
 And Oh ! when all your hopes of love and glory
 Are crown'd with just success, will you be good,
 And think with pity on the lost Cleone ?

Artax. Ten thousand dismal fancies crowd my thoughts.
 Oh ! is it possible thou canst be she,
 Thou most unhappy fair one ?

Cle. Spare my shame,
 Nor call the blood that flows to give me peace,

Back to my dying cheeks. Can you forget
Who was my father; and remember only
How much I wish'd I had deserv'd your friendship?
Nay, let my tongue grow bold, and say, your love?
But 'twas not in my fate.

Artax. What shall I say,
To witness how my grateful heart is touch'd?
"But, Oh! why would'st thou give this fatal instance?"
Why hast thou stain'd me with thy virgin blood?
I swear, sweet saint, for thee I could forgive
The malice of thy father, "though he seeks
"My life and crown; thy goodness might atone
"Ev'n for a nation's sins." Look up, and live,
And thou shalt still be near me as my heart.

Cle. Oh, charming sounds, that gently lull my soul
To everlasting rest! I swear 'tis more,
More joy to die thus bless'd, than to have liv'd
A monarch's bride: may every blessing wait you;
In war and peace, still may you be the greatest,
The favourite of the gods, and joy of men——
I faint—Oh, let me lean upon your arm—— [*She dies.*]

Artax. "Hold up the light, my father." Ha! she swoons!
The iron hand of death is on her beauties.
And see, like lilies nipp'd with frost, they languish.

Mem. My tough old soldier's heart melts at the sight,
And an unwonted pity moves my breast;
Ill-fated maid! too good for that damn'd race,
From which thou drew'st thy being! sure the gods,
Angry, ere while will be at length pleas'd
With this egregious victim: let us tempt 'em
Now while they seem to smile.

Artax. A beam of hope
Strikes through my soul, like the first infant light

That glanc'd upon the chaos ; if we reach
 The open city, fate may be ours again :
 But Oh ! whate'er success or happiness
 Attend my life, still fair unhappy maid,
 Still shall thy memory be my grief and honour,
 On one fix'd day in each returning year,
 Cypress and myrtle for thy sake I'll wear ;
 Ev'n my Amestris thy hard fate shall mourn,
 And with fresh roses crown thy virgin urn,
 Till in Elysium bless'd, thy gentle shade
 Shall own my vows of sorrow justly paid. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Mirza's Palace. MIRZA, MAGAS, and Attendants enter,
 with Lights.

" Mirza.

" PHO ! You o'er-rate the danger.

" Mag. If I do,

" We err in the extreme, since you esteem it

" As much too lightly. Think you then 'tis nothing,

" This horrid jar of tumult and confusion ?

" Heads white with years, and vers'd in long experience,

" Who yet remember all the different changes

" A rolling age produces, cannot call

" To mind one instance dreadful as this night.

" Infernal discord, hideous to behold

" Hangs, like its evil genius, o'er the city,

" And sends a snake to every vulgar breast.

" From several quarters the mad rabble swarm,

" Arm'd with the instruments of hasty rage,

“ And in confus’d disorderly array
“ Most formidable march: their different clamours,
“ Together join’d, compose one deaf’ning sound;
“ Arm! Arm! they cry, religion is no more,
“ Our gods are slighted, whom if we revenge not,
“ War, pestilence, and famine, will ensue,
“ And universal ruin swallow all.

“ *Mir.* A crew of mean, unthinking, heartless slaves,
“ With ease stirr’d up to mutiny, and quell’d
“ With the same ease, with like expressions shew,
“ Their joy or anger: both are noise and tumult,
“ And still, when holidays make labour cease,
“ They meet and shout: do these deserve our fears?

“ *Mag.* Most certainly they may; if we consider
“ Each circumstance of peril that concurs;
“ Tigranes, with the rest that ’scap’d the temple,
“ Are mix’d amongst this herd, and urge the wrongs
“ Which with the gods their Prince and Memnon suffer.

“ *Mir.* Nor need we fear e’en that, safe in the aid
“ And number of our friends, who treble theirs:
“ For this mad rout, that hum and swarm together,
“ For want of somewhat to employ their folly,
“ Indulge ’em in their fancy for religion.
“ Thou and thy holy brotherhood of priests
“ Shall in procession bear the sacred fire,
“ And all our golden gods; let their friends judge
“ If still they look not kindly as of old;
“ ’Tis a most apt amusement for a crowd,
“ They’ll gaze and gather round the gaudy shew,
“ And quite forget the thoughts of mutiny.
“ A guard shall wait you.

“ *Mag.* Why go not you too with us;
“ They hold your wisdom in most high regard,

" And will be greatly sway'd by your persuasion ;
 " Th' occasion is well worth your care and presence.

" *Mir.* Oh! you'll not need my aid: besides, my friend,
 " My hours this night are destin'd to a task
 " Of more import than are the fates of millions
 " Such groveling souls as theirs. As yet the secret
 " Is immature, not worth your present knowledge:
 " To-morrow that and all my breast is yours.
 " I must not, dare not trust him with my weakness,
 " 'T will mark me for his scorn; 'tis yet some wisdom,
 " If we must needs be fools, to hide our folly. [*Aside.*]

" *Mag.* He means the prisoner's death; let him engross
 " The people's hate, monopolize damnation,
 " I will be safely ignorant of mischief. [*Aside.*]
 " Hereafter when your wisdom shall think fit
 " To share those thoughts, and trust 'em with your friend,
 " I shall be pleas'd to know; this instant hour
 " My cares are all employ'd on my own province,
 " Which hastes me hence.

" *Mir.* May all your gods assist you." [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

An Apartment in Mirza's Palace. AMESTRIS enters.

Ame. Will ye not hear, ye ever gracious gods?
 (Since sure you do not joy in our misfortunes,
 But only try the strength of our frail virtue)
 Are not my sorrows full? can ought be added?
 My royal lord, and father! yet dear names
 In which my all of happiness was summ'd,
 What have the ministers of fate done with you
 Are you not dead? Too sure! that's past a doubt:
 Oh, Memnon! Oh, my prince! my father! Oh, my husband!

MIRZA enters.

Mir. Such Juno was (except alone those tears)
When, upon Ida's top she charm'd the god,
That long had been a stranger to her bed ;
Made him forget the business of the world,
And lay aside his providence, t'employ
The whole divinity upon her beauty.
And sure 'twas worth the while ; had I been Jove,
So had I too been pleas'd to be deceiv'd
Into immortal joys. O, cease thy tears !——

Ame. Give 'em me back, or if the grave and thou
Restore to none, Oh, join my fare to theirs !
Shut us together in some silent vault,
“ Where I may sit and weep till death's kind hand
“ Shall lay me gently by my lord's dear side,”
And hush my sorrows in eternal slumber.

Mir. In pity to your form assuage those tears,
Sorrow is beauty's bane ; nor let your breast
Harbour a fear : I wage not war with fair ones ;
“ But wish you would efface those ugly thoughts,
“ That live in your remembrance to perplex you ;”
Let joy, the native of your soul, return,
And love's gay god sit smiling in your eyes,
As erst he did ; I bring you joy and glory,
And would so fully recompence the loss
You fondly mourn, that when you count the gains,
Yourself should own your fortunes are well chang'd.

Ame. Oh, impious comforter ! talk'st thou of joy,
When nature dictates only death and horror ?
Is there a god can break the laws of fate,
And give me back the precious lives I've lost ?

What nam'st thou recompence ? Can ought atone
For blood ? A father's and a husband's blood !
Such comfort brings the hungry midnight wolf,
When having slain the shepherd, smear'd with gore,
He leaps amidst the helpless bleating flock.

Mir. Away with this perverseness of thy sex,
" These foolish tears, these peevish sighs and sobbings,"
Look up, be gay, and chear me with thy beauties,
And to thy wish I will indulge thy fancy.
Not all th' imagin'd splendor of the gods
Shall match thy pomp, sublimely shalt thou shine,
The boast and glory of our Asian world ;
Nor shall one she of all thy tow'ring sex
Out-rival thee (thou lovely fair) in power.
Oh, think on power, on power, and place supreme.

" *Ame.* There is but one, one only thing to think on,
" My murder'd lord, and his dark gaping grave,
" That waits unclos'd impatient of my coming.

" *Mir.* Oh, listen, gentle maid, while I impart
" A story of such softness to thy ear,
" As (like the halcyon brooding o'er the waves)
" May with its influence hush thy stormy griefs."

Ame. Begone ! and if thou bear'st one thought of pity
In that hard breast, Oh, leave me to myself,
" Nor by thy presence, hideous to my soul,
" And horrid consolations, strive to add
" To my full woes, that swell'd without thy help,
" Already rise and bubble o'er the margin.

Mir. What if I talk'd of love ?

Ame. Of love ! Oh, monster !

Mir. If love be monstrous, so is this fair frame,
This beauteous world, this canopy, the sky,
" That sparkling shines with gems of light innumerable :
" And so art thou and I, since love made all ;

“ Who kindly reconcil’d the jarring atoms
“ In friendly league, and bid ’em be a world.
“ Frame not thy lovely mouth then to blaspheme
“ Thy great Creator ; thou art his, and made for
“ His more peculiar service ; thy bright eyes,
“ Thy moist red lip, thy rising snowy bosom,
“ Thy every part was made to furnish joy,
“ Ev’n to a riotous excess of happiness.
Oh, give me but to taste thy blissful charms,
And take my wealth, my honour, power, take all,
All, all for recompence.

Ame. Execrable wretch !

Thus, is it thus thou wouldst assuage my sorrows !
When thy inhuman bloody cruelty,
Now with redoubling pangs cleave my poor heart,
Com’st thou bespotted with the recent slaughter
To proffer impious love ; accursed fiend !
Horror and grief shall turn me to a fury ;
Still with my echoing cries I will pursue thee,
And halloo vengeance in thy guilty ears ;
“ Vengeance for murder ! for my prince’s murder !
“ And for my poor old father !” Think not, villain
Who art the plague and scourge of human-kind,
That there is peace for thee, whilst I run mad
With raging sorrow. Vengeance, vengeance waits thee,
Great as my woes ! “ my dear, dear Artaxerxes !”

Mir. I am not lucky at the glosing art
Of catching girls with words ; but ’t is no matter ;
Force is a sure resort : and when at last
Fierce as a tow’ring falcon from her height,
I stoop to strike the prey, it is my own.
Obstinate fool, how dar’st thou cross my wishes ?
“ Since the same hand that has aveng’d me well
“ Upon my other foes, commands thy fate ?”

[*Aside.*

Though mercy, in compassion of thy beauty
Reach out her hand to save thee, yet, if I urg'd,
Revenge may still take place—think well on that.

Ame. That, that is all the mercy which I ask;
Indulge thy thirsty malice in my blood,
And hasten me to peace, “ my woman’s heart
“ Shall gather all its little stock of courage
“ To arm me for the blow. Though death be terrible,
“ Ghastly and pale, yet I will joy to meet him.
“ My better life already is destroy’d,
“ Imperfect now and wanting half myself,
“ I wander here in vain, and want thy hand
“ To guide and re-unite me to my lord.

Mir. Alas! thou hast not read aright thy destiny,
Matter of much import requires thy life,
And still detains thee here. Come, I’ll instruct thee,
And put thee in the way of fate’s design. [*Laying hold on her.*

Ame. Unhand me, villain!

Mir. Nay, you must not struggle,
Nor frown, and look askew: fantastic sex!
That put men on the drudgery to force you
To your own satisfaction.

Ame. Let me go,
Abhorr’d, detested monster! Shall he brave you,
You awful gods? shall not your lightning blast him?

Mir. Oh, no! your gods have pleasures of their own;
Some mortal beauty charms the wanton Jove,
Within whose arms he revels, nor has leisure
To mind thy foolish raving.

Ame. Hear me now, sweet Heaven!
Save me, ye gods! Oh save me! save me! save me!

Mir. Come, come along! you see you strive in vain,
[*Striving with her.*

Ame. Is there no hope of aid from gods or men?

Oh, let me turn to thee then, kneel to thee,
And with my prayers and tears implore thy pity.

Mir. Speak, for enchantment dwells upon thy tongue,
“And all the fluttering spirits in my blood
“Dance nimbly on to the celestial sound.”

Ame. What shall I say to move him to compassion?
Thus groveling, prostrate thus upon the earth,
Let me conjure you, spare my virgin honour;
“Spare to commit a wrong to you unprofitable,
“Yet worse to me than torments, racks, and death;”
Kill me, the last of my unhappy race,
And let old Memnon’s name with me be lost.
“If death be not enough, let me live wretched:
“Pull off these robes, and clothe me like a slave,
“Then send me out to labour at some village,
“Where I may groan beneath a cruel master,
“Be hardly us’d, and want e’en food and raiment,
“Till cold, and dirt, and poverty shall change
“And make me loathsome as my fellow-wretches.
“Oh! let my rags claim only this one privilege,
“To wrap me in the grave a spotless maid.”

Mir. That tongue which pleads, makes all entreating vain,
“Thy every motion, each complaining accent,
“Warms me afresh, and urges new desire;
“Thou art, thou must be mine, nor Heaven nor Earth,
“Nor the conspiring Power of Hell shall save thee;
I long to lose my age in thy embraces,
To bask and wanton in thy warmer sun
Till a new youth shoot through me.

Ame. Chaste Diana,

And thou, the guardian of the marriage bed,

[*Getting loose from him.*]

Thou, royal Juno, Oh, protect thy votary!

Mir. “My jaded age and weak enervate limbs

"Falter and shrink unequal to their office."

I pr'y thee yield; come, yield and be a queen;

[Laying hold on her again.]

Yield, and be any thing. I cannot bear

These fierce convulsive starts, this raging flame

That drinks my blood.

Ame. Oh, never, never, never.

"A cause like this will turn me to a fighter,"

To my last gasp, to death I will resist.

Mir. My coward strength, "dost thou go back from beauty?"

Rouse, and deserve the pleasure thou wouldst taste.

Ame. Unmanly traitor!—seize him, all ye fiends.

[In the struggle she draws his own poniard, and stabs him.]

Mir. *[Falling.]* Damnation! Oh, my heart! the cursed steel

Has struck me to the earth.

Ame. There sink for ever;

Nor rise again to plague the wretched world.

Mir. My heated blood ebbs out, and now too late

My cooler reason bids me curse my folly.

Oh, idiot, idiot! to be caught so poorly!

"Where are thy fine arts now? Unravel'd all,

"Mangled and cut to pieces by a girl!

"Oh, shame of wisdom! when revenge was sure,

"And fate was in my grasp, to lose it all,

"Neglect the noble game, run out my years

"On the pursuit of joys I could not taste!"——

My memory must be the jest of boys.

Ame. My boasted courage sinks at sight of blood.

"[Letting fall the poniard.]

"Though justly shed, and I grow stiff with horror."

[Mirza attempting to rise, falls again.]

Mir. It wo' not be ! Life gushes out amain,
And I shall die without revenge or aid. [*Trampling without.*
What noise is that without there ? Help !

Ame. Oh, Heavens !
What will become of me ?

ORCHANES enters hastily.

Orch. My lord ! Where are you ?
Bleeding ! and on the ground ! What wretched accident ?
Then Fate resolves to make this night compleat,
Such as succeeding horrors ne'er shall match.

Mir. Oh, my Orchanes ! I am fallen vilely,
“ And this last part of life will sully all
“ The wisdom and renown of what is past.”
Methought thou talk'st of horrors, speak 'em boldly,
And try if ought can add to this confusion.

Orch. Prepare, my lord, and summon all your wisdom,
Your utmost constancy of soul, to hear——

Mir. No more ! I cannot wait thy preparation,
Let the ill fortune take me as it finds me.

Orch. Then hear it thus ; your daughter's dead——

Mir. My daughter ?
Thy words have met with an unguarded side,
And pierce ev'n through my soul. Say, how ? Where ?
Tell me !——

Orch. As with a guard I kept the temple-gates,
I heard old Memnon and the pris'ner prince
Loud as the roaring ocean in a storm,
“ Echoing their rage through the vast sounding dome ;”
When on a sudden, ere the night had gain'd
Four hours at most, the noise was hush'd in silence.
Wond'ring, and curious of the cause, I enter'd,
And found (Oh, grief to sight !) your lovely daughter
Dress'd like a boy, then warm, and newly dead.

One wound was on her breast. Why she was there,
Or how, we know not ; to compleat the ill,
The pris'ners both are fled.

Mir. Fled ! 'tis impossible.

Ha ! Which way ? Whither ? How ? They could not fly.

Ame. Oh, wondrous turn of joy ! Are they not dead then ?

[*Aside.*

Orch. They could not 'scape the guards ; no other passage
Remain'd but yours, and even that was fast.

Upon the instant I beset each avenue
Which to your palace leads ; happily as yet
They are not pass'd from thence.

Ame. Guard 'em, ye gods !

[*Aside.*

Mir. Find 'em again, Orchanes, ere I die,
Or I am more than doubly damn'd ; this loss
Is worse than mine, worse than my daughter's death,
'Tis death of my revenge. " Malicious fortune !
" She took the moment when my wisdom nodded,
" And ruin'd me at once. O, doating fool !
" Thou fool of love, and of pernicious woman !"
I sicken ; nature fails me ; Oh, revenge !
Will not thy cordial keep back flying life ;
It shall ; Orchanes, drag that traitress to me.

Ame. Oh, if thou art a man, I charge thee loose me,
" And scorn his bidding, scorn to be his slave,
" A devil's drudge in mischief." Save me from death,
Have pity on my youth : Oh, spare my youth !

[*Orchanes pulls Amestris down to Mirza.*

Mir. Harken not to her, drag her, pull her down :
Shall Memnon boast of thee, while I die childless ?
No, to Cleone's ghost thou art a victim.
" O could I but have seen thee with those eyes
" I view thee now, I had been wise and safe ;

"That face shall make no more fools in this world,

"Down, bear thy fatal beauties down to hell,

"And try if thou canst charm among the dead."

Die, witch; enchantress, die.

[*He stabs her.*]

Ame. Ah! mercy, Heavens!

Mir. I thank thee, hand, at least for this last service.

Now fly, Orchanes, haste and tell the Queen,

My latest breath stays for her—Something I would

[*Exit Orchanes.*]

Important to her service—I breathe short,

Life stays in pain, and struggles to be gone,

I strive in vain to hold it—Ha! what mean

These fleeting shades that dance before my sight?

'Tis death, I feel it plain; the dreadful change

That nature starts at, death!—Death!—What is death!

'Tis a vast disquisition: priests and scholars

Enquire whole ages, and are yet in doubt.

My head turns round—I cannot form one thought

That pleases me about it.—Dying—must resolve me.

[*Mirza dies.*]

Ame. Oh, my hard fortune! must I die? die now,

When Artaxerxes calls and bids me live?

His dear lov'd image stays my parting soul,

And makes it linger in its ruin'd house.

"Ha! sure he's dead——'tis so, and now he stands

[*Looking on Mirza.*]

"Arraign'd before the dread impartial judges,

"To answer to a long account of crimes."

Had I but strength, perhaps my fate may yet

[*Rising.*]

Find out a way to save me.

My love and father make life worth my care,

Alas! my blood flows fast: this way, I think.

[*Goes off faintly.*]

ARTAXERXES and MEMNON enter at the other Side, with a
Sword and Dark-Lantern.

Mem. Ha! here are lights, "hold up thy weapon, son."

Artax. And see, blood and a body on the floor!

What means this scene of death! what wretch art thou?

Oh, all ye juster powers! 'tis Mirza, see,

He seems now dead.

Mem. "Damnation" thy punishment then is new to him.

And if there be one deeper pit of sulphur,

One plague above the rest in those dark regions,

He, as the most abandon'd dog, may claim it,

And vie for preference with devils themselves.

This way, my Prince, let us attempt. [Exeunt and return.

AMESTRIS re-enters.

Mem. We must return, we cannot pass that way.

Ame. The doors are guarded, fate has clos'd me round.

Artax. Ha! art thou my Amestris?

Mem. Oh, my daughter! [They run to her.

Ame. Are ye then come at last to bless my eyes,

Which could not close without one parting view?

Oh, hold me, or I sink——

Mem. Alas! my child——

Artax. My cruel fears! why art thou pale and faint?

Ha! whence this blood? Oh! killing spectacle!

Ame. Forth from my heart the crimson river flows,

My lavish heart, that hastily consumes

Its small remain of life. Oh, lay me gently

On my last bed the earth, whose cold hard bosom

Must shortly be the place of my long rest.

Mem. What have we done?—Or, O! if we have sinn'd,

What has thy innocence done to merit this?

Ame. That villain, Mirza——

Mem. Ha! “say, what of him?”

Ame. Offer'd most brutal outrage to my honour.

Artax. Oh, ye eternal rulers of the world,
Could you look on unmov'd? But say, instruct me,
That I may bow before the god that sav'd thee.

Ame. Sure 'twas some chaster Power that made me bold,
And taught my trembling hand to find the way
With his own poniard to the villain's heart.

Mem. Thou art my daughter still! Oh, noble action!
That gives in death an interval of joy.

Ame. Just in that hour of fate a villain enter'd,
By whose assistance the revengeful Mirza
Forc'd me to share death with him.

Artax. “'Tis past, 'tis past, [Lying down.
“And all those fires that lighted up my soul,
“Glory and bright ambition, languish now,
“And leave me dark and gloomy as the grave.”
Oh, thou soft dying sweetness! shall I rage
And curse myself? curse ev'n the gods?——Oh, no;
I am the slave of fate, and bow beneath
The load that presses me; am sunk to earth,
And ne'er shall rise again: here will I sit
And gaze till I am nothing.

Ame. Alas, my lord,
“Fain would I strive to bid you not be sad,”
Fain would I cheer your grief, but 'tis in vain:
I know by my own heart it is impossible;
For we have lov'd too well. “Oh, mournful nuptials!
“Are these the joys of brides?”——Indeed 'tis hard,
'Tis very hard to part; I cannot leave you;
The agonizing thought distracts me; hold me,
Oh, hold me fast, death shall not tear me from you.

Artax. O, could my arms fence thee from destiny,
The gods might launch their thunder on my head,
Plague me with woes treble to what I feel:
With joy I would endure it all to save thee.
What shall I say? What shall I do to save thee?
Grief shakes my frame, it melts my very temper,
My manly constancy and royal courage
Run gushing through my eyes;—Oh, my Amestris!

Ame. And see my father! his white beard is wet
With the sad dew.

Mem. I try'd to man my heart,
But could not stand the buffet of this tempest.
It tears me up—My child!—Ha! art thou dying?

Ame. Indeed I'm very sick. Oh, hold me up!
My pain increases, and a cold damp dew
Hangs on my face. Is there no help?—no ease?
Have I your arm, my love?

Artax. Thou hast; my heart,
Dost thou yet hold?

Ame. Say, will you not forget me,
When I am laid to moulder in my tomb?
'Tis sure you will not, still there will be room
For my remembrance in your noble heart;
“I know you lov'd me truly.” Now I faint.
Oh, shield me, shield me from that ugly phantom,
The cave of death! how dark and deep it is!
I tremble at the sight—'t is hideous horror!
The gloom grows o'er me—let me not lie there. [Dies.

Artax. There life gave way, and the last rosy breath
Went in that sigh. “Death, like a brutal victor,
“Already enter'd, with rude haste defaces
“The lovely frame he has master'd; see, how soon
“These starry eyes have lost their light and lustre!

“ Stay, let me close their lids.” Now for rest ;
Old Memnon ! ha ! grief has transfix’d his brain,
And he perceives me not.—Now what of thee ?
Think’st thou to live, thou wretch ? think not of any thing ;
Thought is damnation ; ’t is the plague of devils
To think on what they are. And see, this weapon
Shall shield me from it, plunge me in forgetfulness,
Ere the dire scorpion, thought, can rouse to sting me.
Lend me thy bosom, my cold bride : ill-fortune

[Lays down by her.

Has done its worst, and we shall part no more.
Wait for me, gentle spirit, since the stars
Together must receive us. [Stabs himself.] Oh, well aim’d !
How foolish is the coward’s fear of death !
Of death, the greatest—surest way for peace. [Dies.

[Memnon stands looking on the bodies some time, and then speaks.

Mem. Yet will I gaze ! yet, though my eyes grow stiff,
And turn to steel or marble. Here’s a sight
To bless a father ! these, these were your gifts,
Ye bounteous gods ! “ You’ll spare my thanks for them.”
You gave me being too, and spun me out
To hoary wretchedness. Away, ’t was cruelty :
Oh, cursed, cursed, cursed fourscore years,
Ye heap of ills, ye monstrous pile of plagues !
Sure they lov’d well, the very streams of blood,
That flow from their pale bosoms, meet and mingle.
Stay, let me view ’em better—“ nay, ’t is thus——”
If thou art like thy mother—she dy’d too——
Where is she ?—Ha ! that dog, that villain Mirza,
He bears her from me : Shall we not pursue ?——
The whirl of battle comes across me—fly ;
Begone ; they shall not, dare not brave me thus.

"Hey, 'tis a glorious sound!" rush on, my Prince,
We'll start and reach the goal of fate at once. [Runs off.]

*The QUEEN enters on the other side, with Attendants and
Lights.*

Queen. Why am I summon'd with this call of death?
This is no common ruin; Artaxerxes!
And Memnon's daughter! "Mirza, thou art fallen
"In pompous slaughter: could not all thy arts,
"That dol'd about destruction to our enemies,
"Guard thy own life from fate? Vain boast of wisdom,
"That with fantastic pride, like busy children,
"Builds paper towns and houses, which at once
"The hand of chance o'erturns, and loosely scatters."

1st Att. Oh, dismal sight! [Looking.]

Queen. What is it frights thy eyes?

1st Att. Old Memnon's body.

Queen. 'T is a grateful horror."

1st Att. Upon the floor the batter'd carcass lies
Welt'ring in gore, "whilst on the marble-wall
"A dreadful mass of brains, grey-hair, and blood,
"Is smear'd in hideous mixture."

Queen. Fierce despair
Has forc'd a way for the impetuous soul.
'T is well, he is in peace.—What means this tumult?

[Shout, and clashing of swords.]

Enter an Officer, his Sword drawn.

Offi. Fly, madam, lest your person be not safe;
The traitor Bagoas, to whose charge you trusted
The Prince, your son, has drawn the guards to join him;
And now, assisted by the furious rabble,
On every side they charge those few who keep

This palace and the temple, with loud outcries,
 Proclaiming that they mean to free the pris'ners.
 Orchanes, ere I fled to give you notice,
 Fell by the Prince's hand; the raging torrent
 Bore down our weak resistance, and pursuing
 With furious haste, ev'n trod upon my flight:
 This instant brings them here.

Queen. Let them come on,
 I cannot fear; this storm is rais'd too late,
 I stand secure of all I wish already.

[Shout and clashing of swords again.]

ARTABAN, CLEANTHES, and Attendants, enter, with their
 swords drawn.

Art. Then virtue is in vain, since base deceit
 And treachery have triumph'd o'er the mighty.
 Oh, nature! let me turn my eyes away,
 Lest I am blasted by a mother's sight.

Queen. Ungrateful rebel! do thy impious arms
 Pursue me for my too indulgent fondness
 And care for thee?

Art. Well has that care been shewn;
 Have you not foully stain'd my sacred fame?
 Look on that scene of blood? the dire effects
 Of cruel female arts. But, oh, what recompense?
 What can you give me for my murder'd love?
 Has not the labyrinth of your fatal counsels
 Involv'd my fair, my lovely, lost Cleone?
 By our bright gods I swear, I will assert
 The majesty of manly government,
 Nor wear again your chains. "Still as our mother
 "Be honour'd; rule amongst your maids and eunuchs,
 "Nor mingle in our state, where mad confusion
 "Shakes the whole frame, to boast a woman's cunning."

Queen. Thou talk'st as if thy infant hand could grasp,
Guide, and command the fortune of the world ;
But thou art young in power. Remember, boy,
Thy father, once the hero of his age,
Was proud to be the subject of my sway ;
The warrior to the woman's wit gave way,
And found it was his interest to obey.
And dost thou hope to shake off my command ?
Dost thou, the creature of my forming hand ?
When I assert the power thou dar'st invade,
Like Heaven, I will resolve to be obey'd,
And rule or ruin that which once I made.

[*Exeunt Queen and Attendants.*]

Art. Let a guard wait the Queen : though Nature plead
For reverence to her person, jealous power
Must watch her subtle and ambitious wit.
Hast thou secur'd the impious priest, Cleanthes ?
Magas, that wretch that prostitutes our gods.

Clean. Already he has met the fate he merited :
“ This night the hypocrite in grand procession
“ March'd through the city to appease the people,
“ And bore the gods along to aid his purpose :
“ When on a sudden, like a hurricane,
“ That starts at once, and ruffles all the ocean.”
Some fury more than mortal seiz'd the crowd :
At once they rush'd, at once they cry'd, Revenge ;
Then snatch'd and tore the trembling priest to pieces.
What was most strange, no injury was offer'd
To any of the brotherhood beside,
But all their rage was ended in his death :
Like formal justice that severely strikes,
And in an instant is serene and calm.

Artax. Oh, my Cleanthes ? do but cast thy thoughts

Back on the recent story of this night ;
And thou with me wilt wonder, and confess
The gods are great and just. Well have you mark'd,
“ Celestial Powers, your righteous detestation
“ Of sacrilege, of base and bloody treachery.”
May this example guide my future sway :
Let honour, truth, and justice, crown my reign,
Ne'er let my kingly word be given in vain,
But ever sacred with my foes remain.
On these foundations shall my empire stand,
The gods shall vindicate my just command,
And guard that power they trusted to my hand. [Exeunt.



EPILOGUE.

*THE spleen and vapours, and this doleful play,
Have mortify'd me to that height to-day,
That I am almost in the mortal mind,
To die indeed, and leave you all behind.
Know then, since I resolve in peace to part,
I mean to leave to one alone my heart :
(Last favours will admit of no partage,
I bar all sharing, but upon the stage)
To one who can with one alone be blest,
The peaceful monarch of a single breast :
To one——But, Oh ! how hard 't will be to find
That phoenix in your fickle changing kind !
New loves, new interests, and religions new,
Still your fantastic appetites pursue.
Your sickly fancies loath what you possess,
And every restless fool would change his place.
Some weary of their peace and quiet grown,
Want to be hoisted up aloft; and shewn ;
Whilst from the envy'd height, the wise get safely down.
We find your wavering temper to our cost,
Since all our pains and care to please is lost.
Music in vain supports with friendly aid
Her sister poetry's declining head :
Shew but a mimic ape, or French buffoon,
You to the other house in shoals are gone,
And leave us here to tune our crowds alone.
Must Shakspeare, Fletcher, and laborious Ben
Be left for Scaramouch and Harlequin ?
Allow you are inconstant, yet 'tis strange,
For sense is still the same, and ne'er can change.*

*Yet ev'n in that you vary as the rest,
And every day new notions are profest.
Nay, there's a wit* has found, as I am told,
New ways to Heaven, despairing of the old:
He swears he'll spoil the clerk and sexton's trade,
Bells shall no more be rung, nor graves be made:
The hearse and six no longer be in fashion,
Since all the faithful may expect translation.
What think you of the project? I'm for trying,
I'll lay aside these foolish thoughts of dying;
Preserve my youth and vigour for the stage,
And be translated in a good old age.*

• Asgill.

7 JU 52

THE END.

11 7

7 JU 52

Act V.

IRENE.

Sc. 1.



Robert del.

Robert sc.

MISS WALLIS as ASPASIA.

Asp. This calm these joys, dear Innocence!
are mine.

London Printed for O. Cawthorn, British Library Strand June 18. 1798.



London, Printed for J. Cawthorn, British Library Strand, June 10, 1778.

7 JUL 52

IRENE.

A

TRAGEDY,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT

THE THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,

By Permission of the Manager.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation; and those printed in Italics are the Additions of the Theatre.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the Direction of,
GEORGE CAWTHORN, British Library, STRAND.

M DCC XCVI.



IRENE.

By SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

THIS is the only dramatic piece among all the writings of this excellent author. It is founded on the celebrated story of the Sultan Mahomet, who being reproved by his Grandees for giving too indulgent a loose to his passion for a beautiful Greek named *Irene*, who was his favourite mistress, to the neglect of his state affairs, and the prejudice of his empire, took off her head with his own hand in their presence, as an atonement for his fault. Dr. Johnson, however, has taken some trifling liberties with the history—*Irene* being here made to be strangled by order of the emperor, instead of dying by his own hand. The unities of time, place, and action, are most rigidly kept up, the whole coming within the time of performance, and the scene which is a garden of the Scraglio, remaining unmoved through the whole play. The language of it is, like all the rest of Dr. Johnson's writings, nervous, sentimental, and poetical. Yet, notwithstanding these perfections, though assisted by the united powers of Mr. Garrick, Mr. Barry, Mrs. Pritchard, and Mrs. Cibber, all together in one play, it did not meet with the success it merited, and might therefore justly have expected.

*Acted at Drury-Lane,
Sept. 1749.*

PROLOGUE.

*YE glitt'ring train! whom lace and velvet bless,
Suspend the soft solitudes of dress;
From grow'ling business and superfluous care,
Ye sons of Avarice! a moment spare:
Vot'ries of fame, and worshippers of power!
Dismiss the pleasing phantoms for an hour.
Our daring Bard, with spirit unconfin'd,
Spreads wide the mighty moral for mankind.
Learn here how Heaven supports the virtuous mind,
Daring, though calm; and vigorous though resign'd.
Learn here, what anguish racks the guilty breast,
In power dependent, in success deprest.
Learn here that peace from innocence must flow;
All else is empty sound, and idle show.*

*If truths like these with pleasing language join;
Ennobled, yet unchang'd, if Nature shine:
If no wild draught depart from reason's rules,
Nor gods his heroes, nor his lovers fools:
Intriguing wits! his artless plot forgive;
And spare him, beauties! though his lovers live.*

*Be this at least his praise; be this his pride;
To force applause no modern arts are try'd.
Should partial Cat-calls all his hopes confound,
He bids no trumpet quell the fatal sound.
Should welcome sleep relieve the weary wit,
He rolls no thunders o'er the drowsy Pit.*

*No snares to captivate the judgment spreads ;
Nor bribes your eyes to prejudice your heads.
Unmov'd though wittlings sneer and rivals rail ;
Studious to please, yet not asham'd to fail.
He scorns the meek address, the suppliant strain,
With merit needless, and without it vain.
In reason, nature, truth he dares to trust ;
Ye fops be silent ! and ye wits be just !*

Dramatis Personae.

MEN,

MAHOMET, Emperor of the Turks.

CALI BASSA, First Visier.

MUSTAPHA, a Turkish Aga.

ABDALLA, an Officer.

HASAN and CARAZA, Turkish Captains.

DEMETRIUS and LEONTIUS, Greek Noblemen.

MURZA, an Eunuch.

WOMEN.

ASPASIA and IRENE, Greek Ladies.

Attendants on Irene.



I R E N E.

ACT I. SCENE I.

DEMETRIUS and LEONTIUS in Turkish Habits.

Leontius.

AND is it thus Demetrius meets his friend,
Hid in the mean disguise of Turkish robes,
With servile secrecy to lurk in shades
And vent our suff'rings in clandestine groans?

Dem. Till breathless fury rested from destruction
These groans were fatal, these disguises vain:
But now our Turkish conquerors have quench'd
Their rage, and pall'd their appetite of murder;
No more the glutt'd sabre thirsts for blood,
And weary cruelty remits her tortures.

Leo. Yet Greece enjoys no gleam of transient hope,
No soothing interval of peaceful sorrow;
The lust of gold succeeds the rage of conquest,
The lust of gold, unfeeling and remorseless!
The last corruption of degenerate man!
Urg'd by th' imperious soldier's fierce command,
The groaning Greeks break up their golden caverns
Pregnant with stores, that India's mines might envy
Th' accumulated wealth of toiling ages.

Dem. That wealth, too sacred for their country's use !
That wealth, too pleasing to be lost for freedom !
That wealth, which granted to their weeping prince,
Had rang'd embattled nations at our gates :
But thus reserv'd to lure the wolves of Turkey,
Adds shame to grief, and infamy to ruin.
Lamenting av'rice now too late discovers
Her own neglected, in the public safety.

Leo. Reproach not misery.—The sons of Greece,
Ill-fated race ! so oft besieg'd in vain,
With false security beheld invasion.
Why should they fear ?—That Power that kindly spreads
The clouds, a signal of impending showers,
To warn the wand'ring linnet to the shade,
Beheld, without concern, expiring Greece,
And not one prodigy foretold our fate.

Dem. A thousand horrid prodigies foretold it.
A feeble government, eluded laws,
A factious populace, luxurious nobles,
And all the maladies of sinking states.
When public villany, too strong for justice,
Shows his bold front, the harbinger of ruin,
Can brave Leontius call for airy wonders,
Which cheats interpret, and which fools regard ?
When some neglected fabric nods beneath
The weight of years, and totter to the tempest,
Must Heaven dispatch the messengers of light,
Or wake the dead to warn us of its fall ?

Leo. Well might the weakness of our empire sink
Before such foes of more than human force ;
Some power invisible, from heaven or hell,
Conducts their armies and asserts their cause.

Dem. And yet, my friend, what miracles were wrought,

Beyond the power of constancy and courage ?
 Did unresisted lightning aid their cannon ?
 Did roaring whirlwinds sweep us from the ramparts ?
 'T was vice that shook our nerves, 't was vice, Leontius,
 That froze our veins, and wither'd all our powers.

Leo. Whate'er our crimes, our woes demand compassion.
 Each night protected by the friendly darkness,
 Quitting my close retreat, I range the city,
 And weeping, kiss the venerable ruins :
 With silent pangs I view the tow'ring domes,
 Sacred to prayer, and wander through the streets ;
 Where commerce lavish'd unexhausted plenty,
 And jollity maintain'd eternal revels.—

Dem. How chang'd, alas !—Now ghastly desolation
 In triumph sits upon our shatter'd spires,
 Now, superstition, ignorance and error,
 Usurp our temples, and profane our altars.

Leo. From ev'ry palace burst a mingled clamour,
 The dreadful dissonance of barb'rous triumph,
 Shrieks of affright, and wailings of distress.
 Oft when the cries of violated beauty
 Arose to heaven, and pierc'd my bleeding breast,
 I felt thy pains, and trembled for Aspasia.

Dem. Aspasia ! spare that lov'd, that mournful name :
 Dear hapless maid—tempestuous grief o'erbears
 My reasoning powers—Dear, hapless, lost Aspasia !

Leo. Suspend the thought.

Dem. All thought on her is madness :
 Yet let me think—I see the helpless maid,
 Behold the monsters gaze with savage rapture,
 Behold how lust and rapine struggle round her.

Leo. Awake, Demetrius, from this dismal dream,
 Sink not beneath imaginary sorrows :
 Call to your aid your courage, and your wisdom ;

Think on the sudden change of human scenes ;
Think on the various accidents of war ;
Think on the mighty power of awful virtue ;
Think on that Providence that guards the good.

Dem. O, Providence ! extend thy care to me,
For courage droops, unequal to the combat,
And weak philosophy denies her succours.
Sure some kind sabre in the heat of battle,
Ere yet the foe found leisure to be cruel,
Dismissed her to the sky.

Leo. Some virgin martyr,
Perhaps, enamour'd of resembling virtue,
With gentle hand restrain'd the streams of life,
And snatch'd her timely from her country's fate.

Dem. From those bright regions of eternal day,
Where now thou shin'st among thy fellow-saints.
Array'd in purer light, look down on me :
In pleasing visions, and assuasive dreams,
O ! sooth my soul, and teach me how to lose thee.

Leo. Enough of unavailing tears, Demetrius ;
I came obedient to thy friendly summons,
And hop'd to share thy counsels, not thy sorrows ;
While thus we mourn the fortune of Aspasia,
To what are we reserv'd ?

Dem. To what I know not :
But hope, yet hope, to happiness and honour ;
If happiness can be without Aspasia.

Leo. But whence this new-sprung hope ?

Dem. From Cali Bassa :
The chief, whose wisdom guides the Turkish counsels,
He, tir'd of slavery, though the highest slave,
Projects at once our freedom and his own ;
And bids us thus disguis'd await him here.

Leo. Can he restore the state he could not save ?

In vain, when Turkey's troops assail'd our walls,
His kind intelligence betray'd their measures;
Their arms prevail'd, though Cali was our friend.

Dem. When the tenth sun had set upon our sorrow
At midnight's private hour a voice unknown
Sounds in my sleeping ear, 'Awake, Demetrius,
'Awake, and follow me to better fortunes;'
Surpriz'd I start, and bless the happy dream;
Then rousing know the fiery chief Abdallah,
Whose quick impatience seiz'd my doubtful hand,
And led me to the shore where Cali stood,
Pensive and list'ning to the beating surge.
There in soft hints and in ambiguous phrase,
With all the diffidence of long experience,
That oft had practis'd fraud, and oft detected,
The vet'ran courtier half reveal'd his project.
By his command, equipp'd for speedy flight,
Deep in a winding creek a galley lies,
Mann'd with the bravest of our fellow captives,
Selected by my care, a hardy band,
That long to hail thee chief.

Leo. But what avails
So small a force? or why should Cali fly?
Or how can Cali's flight restore our country?

Dem. Reserve these questions for a safer hour,
Or hear himself, for see the Bassa comes.

CALI BASSA enters.

Cali. Now summon all thy soul, illustrious Christian!
Awake each faculty that sleeps within thee,
The courtier's policy, the sage's firmness,
The warrior's ardour, and the patriot's zeal;
If chasing past events with vain pursuit,

Or wand'ring in the wilds of future being,
A single thought now rove, recall it home.
But can thy friend sustain the glorious cause,
The cause of liberty, the cause of nations ?

Dem. Observe him closely with a statesman's eye,
Thou that hast long perus'd the draughts of nature,
And know'st the characters of vice and virtue,
Left by the hand of Heaven on human clay.

Cali. His mien is lofty, his demeanour great,
Nor sprightly folly wantons in his air,
Nor dull serenity becalms his eyes.
Such had I trusted once as soon as seen,
But cautious age suspects the flatt'ring form,
And only credits what experience tells.
Has silence press'd her seal upon his lips ?
Does adamantine faith invest his heart ?
Will he not bend beneath a tyrant's frown ?
Will he not melt before ambition's fire ?
Will he not soften in a friend's embrace ?
Or flow dissolving in a woman's tears ?

Dem. Sooner these trembling leaves shall find a voice,
And tell the secrets of their conscious walks ;
Sooner the breeze shall catch the flying sounds,
And shock the tyrant with the tale of treason.
Your slaughter'd multitudes that swell the shore,
With monuments of death proclaim his courage ;
Virtue and liberty engross his soul,
And leave no place for perfidy or fear.

Leo. I scorn a trust unwillingly repos'd ;
Demetrius will not lead me to dishonour ;
Consult in private, call me when your scheme
Is ripe for action, and demands the sword.

[*Going.*

Dem. Leontius, stay.

Cali. Forgive an old man's weakness,
 And share the deepest secrets of my soul,
 My wrongs, my fears, my motives, my designs.—
 When unsuccessful wars, and civil factions,
 Embroil'd the Turkish state—our Sultan's father,
 Great Amurath, at my request, forsook
 The cloister's ease, resum'd the tott'ring throne,
 And snatch'd the reins of abdicated power
 From giddy Mahomet's unskilful hand.
 This fir'd the youthful king's ambitious breast,
 He murmurs vengeance at the name of Cali,
 And dooms my rash fidelity to ruin.

Dem. Unhappy lot of all that shine in courts ;—
 For forc'd compliance, or for zealous virtue,
 Still odious to the monarch, or the people.

Cali. Such are the woes when arbitrary power,
 And lawless passion, hold the sword of justice.
 If there be any land, as fame reports,
 Where common laws restrain the prince and subject;
 A happy land, where circulating power
 Flows through each member of th' embodied state,
 Sure, not unconscious of the mighty blessing,
 Her grateful sons shine bright with ev'ry virtue ;
 Untainted with the lust of innovation,
 Sure all unite to hold her league of rule
 Unbroken as the sacred chain of nature,
 That links the jarring elements in peace.

Leo. But say, great Bassa, why the Sultan's anger,
 Burning in vain, delays the stroke of death ?

Cali. Young, and unsettled in his father's kingdoms,
 Fierce as he was, he dreaded to destroy
 The empire's darling, and the soldier's boast ;
 But now confirm'd, and swelling with his conquests,

Secure he tramples my declining fame,
Frowns unrestrain'd, and dooms me with his eyes.

Dem. What can reverse thy doom?

Cali. The tyrant's death.

Dem. But Greece is still forgot.

Cali. On Asia's coast,

Which lately bless'd my gentle government,
Soon as the Sultan's unexpected fate
Fills all th' astonish'd empire with confusion,
My policy shall raise an easy throne;
The Turkish powers from Europe shall retreat,
And harrass Greece no more with wasteful war.
A galley mann'd with Greeks, thy charge, Leontius,
Attends to waft us to repose and safety.

Dem. That vessel, if observ'd, alarms the court,
And gives a thousand fatal questions birth;—
Why stor'd for flight? and why prepar'd by Cali?

Cali. This hour I'll beg, with unsuspecting face,
Leave to perform my pilgrimage to Mecca;
Which, granted, hides my purpose from the world,
And, though refus'd, conceals it from the Sultan.

Leo. How can a single hand attempt a life
Which armies guard, and citadels inclose?

Cali. Forgetful of command, with captive beauties,
Far from his troops, he toys his hours away.
A roving soldier seiz'd in Sophia's temple
A virgin shining with distinguish'd charms,
And brought his beauteous plunder to the Sultan.

Dem. In Sophia's temple!—What alarm!—Proceed.

Cali. The Sultan gaz'd, he wonder'd, and he lov'd;
In passion lost, he bad the conqu'ring fair
Renounce her faith, and be the queen of Turkey;
The pious maid, with modest indignation,
Threw back the glitt'ring bribe.

Dem. Celestial Goodness!

It must, it must be She; her name?

Cali. Aspasia.

Dem. What hopes, what terrors rush upon my soul!
O, lead me quickly to the scene of fate;
Break through the politicians tedious forms,
Aspasia calls me, let me fly to save her.

Leo. Did Mahomet reproach or praise her virtue?

Cali. His offers oft repeated, still refus'd,
At length rekindled his accustom'd fury,
And chang'd th' endearing smile and am'rous whisper
To threats of torture, death, and violation.

Dem. These tedious narratives of frozen age
Distract my soul: dispatch thy ling'ring tale;
Say, did a voice from heaven restrain the tyrant?
Did interposing angels guard her from him?

Cali. Just in the moment of impending fate,
Another plund'rer brought the bright Irene;
Of equal beauty, but of softer mien,
Fear in her eye, submission on her tongue,
Her mournful charms attracted his regards,
Disarm'd his rage, and in repeated visits
Gain'd all his heart; at length his eager love
To her transferr'd the offer of a crown.

Leo. Nor found again the bright temptation fail?

Cali. Trembling to grant, nor daring to refuse,
While Heaven and Mahomet divide her fears,
With coy caresses and with pleasing wiles
She feeds his hopes, and soothes him to delay.
For her, repose is banish'd from the night,
And bus'ness from the day. In her apartments
He lives——

Leo. And there must fall.

But yet th' attempt
Is hazardous.

Leo. Forbear to speak of hazards,
What has the wretch that has surviv'd his country,
His friends, his liberty, to hazard?

Cali. Life.

Dem. Th' inestimable privilege of breathing!
Important hazard! What's that airy bubble
When weigh'd with Greece, with virtue, with Aspasia?
A floating atom, dust that falls unheeded
Into the adverse scale, nor shakes the balance.

Cali. At least this day be calm——If we succeed,
Aspasia's thine, and all thy life is rapture——
See! Mustapha, the tyrant's minion, comes;
Invest Leontius with his new command;
And wait Abdalla's unsuspected visits:
Remember freedom, glory, Greece, and love.

[*Exeunt Demetrius and Leontius.*]

MUSTAPHA enters.

Mus. By what enchantment does this lovely Greek
Hold in her chains the captivated sultan?
He tires his fav'rites with Irene's praise,
And seeks the shades to muse upon Irene;
Irene steals unheeded from his tongue,
And mingles unperceiv'd with ev'ry thought.

Cali. Why should the sultan shun the joys of beauty,
Or arm his breast against the force of love?
Love, that with sweet vicissitude relieves
The warrior's labours, and the monarch's cares.
But will she yet receive the faith of Mecca?

Mus. Those powerful tyrants of the female breast,
Fear and ambition, urge her to compliance;

Dress'd in each charm of gay magnificence,
Alluring grandeur courts her to his arms,
Religion calls her from the wish'd embrace,
Paints future joys, and points to distant glories.

Cali. Soon will the unequal contest be decided.
Prospects obscur'd by distance faintly strike ;
Each pleasure brightens, at its near approach,
And ev'ry danger shocks with double horror.

Mus. How shall I scorn the beautiful apostate !
How will the bright Aspasia shine above her !

Cali. Should she, for proselytes are always zealous,
With pious warmth receive our prophet's law——

Mus. Heaven will condemn the mercenary fervour,
Which love of greatness, not of truth inflames.

Cali. Cease, cease thy censures : for the sultan comes
Alone, with am'rous haste to seek his love.

MAHOMET enters.

Cali. Hail, Terror of the Monarchs of the World !
Unshaken be thy throne as earth's firm base ;
Live till the sun forgets to dart his beams,
And weary planets loiter in their courses !

Mab. But, Cali, let Irene share thy prayers ;
For what is length of days without Irene ?
I come from empty noise, and tasteless pomp,
From crowds that hide a monarch from himself,
To prove the sweets of privacy and friendship,
And dwell upon the beauties of Irene.

Cali. O, may her beauties last unchang'd by time,
As those that bless the mansions of the good.

Mab. Each realm where beauty turns the graceful shape,
Swells the fair breast, or animates the glance,
Adorns my palace with its brightest virgins ;

Yet unacquainted with these soft emotions
 I walk'd superior, through the blaze of charms,
 Prais'd without rapture, left without regret.
 Why rove I now, when absent from my fair,
 From solitude to crouds, from crouds to solitude,
 Still restless, till I clasp the lovely maid,
 And ease my loaded soul upon her bosom ?

Mus. Forgive, great sultan, that intrusive duty
 Enquires the final doom of Menodorus,
 The Grecian counsellor.

Mab. Go see him die ;
 His martial rhet'ric taught the Greeks resistance ;
 Had they prevail'd, I ne'er had known Irene.

[*Exit Mustapha.*

Mab. Remote from tumult, in the adjoining palace,
 Thy care shall guard this treasure of my soul ;
 There let Aspasia, since my fair entreats it,
 With converse chase the melancholy moments
 Sure, chill'd with sixty winter camps, thy blood
 At sight of female charms will glow no more.

Cali. These years, unconquer'd Mahomet, demand
 Desires more pure, and other cares than love.
 Long have I wish'd, before our prophet's tomb,
 To pour my prayers for thy successful reign,
 To quit the tumults of the noisy camp.
 And sink into the silent grave in peace.

Mab. What! think of peace while haughty Scanderbeg,
 Elate with conquest, in his native mountains,
 Prowls o'er the wealthy spoils of bleeding Turkey ?
 While fair Hungaria's unexhausted vallies
 Pour forth their legions, and the roaring Danube
 Rolls half his floods unheard through shouting camps ?
 Nor couldst thou more support a life of sloth
 Than Amurath —

Cali. Still full of Amurath!

[*Aside.*

Mab. Than Amurath, accustom'd to command,
Could bear his son upon the Turkish throne.

Cali. This pilgrimage our lawgiver ordain'd—

Mab. For those who could not please by nobler service.—
Our warlike prophet loves an active faith,
The only flame of enterprizing virtue,
Mocks the dull vows of solitude and penance,
And scorns the lazy hermit's cheap devotion;
Shine thou distinguish'd by superior merit,
With wonted zeal pursue the task of war,
Till every nation reverence the Koran,
And every suppliant lift his eyes to Mecca.

Cali. This regal confidence, this pious ardour,
Let prudence moderate, though not suppress.
Is not each realm that smiles with kinder suns,
Or boasts a happier soil, already thine?
Extended empire, like expanded gold,
Exchanges solid strength for feeble splendor.

Mab. Preach thy dull politics to vulgar kings,
Thou know'st not yet thy master's future greatness,
His vast designs, his plans of boundless power.
When ev'ry storm in my domain shall roar,
When ev'ry wave shall beat a Turkish shore,
Then, Cali, shall the toils of battle cease,
Then dream of prayer, and pilgrimage, and peace.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

ASPASIA and IRENE enter.

Irene.

ASPASIA, yet pursue the sacred theme ;
Exhaust the stores of pious eloquence,
And teach me to repel the sultan's passion.
Still at Aspasia's voice a sudden rapture
Exalts my soul, and fortifies my heart.
The glitt'ring vanities of empty greatness,
The hopes and fears, the joys and pains of life,
Dissolve in air, and vanish into nothing.

Aspa. Let nobler hopes and juster fears succeed,
And bar the passes of Irene's mind
Against returning guilt.

Irene. When thou art absent,
Death rises to my view, with all his terrors ;
Then visions, horrid as a murd'rer's dreams,
Chill my resolves, and blast my blooming virtue :
Stern torture shakes his bloody scourge before me,
And anguish gnashes on the fatal wheel.

Asp. Since fear predominates in every thought,
And sways thy breast with absolute dominion,
Think on th' insulting scorn, the conscious pangs,
The future miseries that wait th' apostate ;
So shall timidity assist thy reason,
And wisdom into virtue turn thy frailty.

Irene. Will not that power that form'd the heart of woman,
And wove the feeble texture of her nerves,
Forgive those fears that shake the tender frame ?

Asp. The weakness we lament, ourselves create ;
Instructed from our infant years to court

With counterfeited fears the aid of man,
 We learn to shudder at the rustling breeze,
 Start at the light, and tremble in the dark;
 Till affectation, rip'ning to belief,
 And folly, frightened at her own chimeras,
 Habitual cowardice usurps the soul.

Irene. Not all like thee can brave the shocks of fate,
 Thy soul by nature great, enlarg'd by knowledge,
 Soars unencumber'd with our idle cares,
 And all Aspasia, but her beauty's man.

Asp. Each gen'rous sentiment is thine, Demetrius,
 Whose soul, perhaps, yet mindful of Aspasia,
 Now hovers o'er this melancholy shade,
 Well pleas'd to find thy precepts not forgotten.
 O! could the grave restore the pious hero,
 Soon would his art or valour set us free,
 And bear us far from servitude and crimes.

Irene. He yet may live.

Asp. Alas! delusive dream!
 Too well I know him, his immod'rate courage,
 Th' impetuous sallies of excessive virtue,
 Too strong for love, have hurried him on death.

CALI and ABDALLA enter.

Cali. [*To Abd. as they advance.*] Behold our future sultaness, Abdalla;—
 Let artful flatt'ry now, to lull suspicion,
 Glide through Irene to the sultan's ear.
 Would'st thou subdue th' obdurate cannibal
 To tender friendship, praise him to his mistress.
 Well may those eyes that view these heav'nly charms

[*To Irene.*
 Reject the daughters of contending kings;

For what are pompous titles, proud alliance,
Empire or wealth, to excellence like thine?

Abd. Receive th' impatient sultan to thy arms;
And may a long posterity of monarchs,
The pride and terror of succeeding days,
Rise from the happy bed; and future queens
Diffuse Irene's beauty through the world.

Irene. Can Mahomet's imperial hand descend
To clasp a slave; or, can a soul like mine,
Unus'd to power, and form'd for humbler scenes,
Support the splendid miseries of Greatness?

Cali. No regal pageant deck'd with casual honours,
Scorn'd by his subjects, trampled by his foes;
No feeble tyrant of a petty state
Courts thee to shake on a dependent throne;
Born to command, as thou to charm mankind,
The sultan from himself derives his greatness.
Observe, bright maid, as his resistless voice
Drives on the tempest of destructive war,
How nation after nation falls before him.

Abd. At his dread name the distant mountains shake
Their cloudy summits, and the sons of fierceness,
That range unciviliz'd from rock to rock,
Distrust th' eternal fortresses of nature,
And wish their gloomy caverns more obscure.

Asp. Forbear this lavish pomp of dreadful praise;
The horrid images of war and slaughter
Renew our sorrows, and awake our fears.

Abd. Cali, methinks yon waving trees afford
A doubtful glimpse of our approaching friends;
Just as I mark'd them, they forsook the shore,
And turn'd their hasty steps towards the garden.

Cali. Conduct these queens, Abdalla, to the palace:

Such heavenly beauty form'd for adoration,
The pride of monarchs, the reward of conquest;—
Such beauty must not shine to vulgar eyes.

[*Exit Abdalla, Aspasia, and Irene.*]

How Heaven, in scorn of human arrogance,
Commits to trivial chance the fate of nations!
While with incessant thought laborious man
Extends his mighty schemes of wealth and power,
And tow'rs and triumphs in ideal greatness,
Some accidental gust of opposition
Blasts all the beauties of his new creation,
O'erturns the fabric of presumptuous reason,
And whelms the swelling architect beneath it.
Had not the breeze untwin'd the meeting boughs,
And through the parted shade disclos'd the Greeks,
Th' important hour had pass'd unheeded by,
In all the sweet oblivion of delight,
In all the fopperies of meeting lovers;
In sighs and tears, in transports and embraces,
In soft complaints, and idle protestations.

DEMETRIUS and LEONTIUS enter.

Could omens fright the resolute and wise,
Well might we fear impending disappointments.

Lev. Your artful suit, your monarch's fierce denial,
The cruel doom of hapless Menodorus.—

Dem. And your new charge, that dear that heavenly maid.

Lev. All this we know already from Abdalla.

Dem. Such slight defeats but animate the brave
To stronger efforts, and maturer counsels.

Cali. My doom confirm'd establishes my purpose:
Calmly he heard, till Amurath's resumption
Rose to his thought, and set his soul on fire:

When from his lips the fatal name burst out,
A sudden pause th' imperfect sense suspended,
Like the dread stillness of condensing storms.

Dem. The loudest cries of nature urge us forward ;
Despotic rage pursues the life of Cali ;
His groaning country claims Leontius' aid ;
And yet another voice, forgive me, Greece,
The pow'rful voice of love enflames Demetrius,
Each ling'ring hour alarms me for Aspasia.

Cali. What passions reign among thy crew, Leontius ?
Does cheerless diffidence oppress their hearts ?
Or sprightly hope exalt their kindling spirits ?
Do they with pain repress the struggling shout,
And listen eager to the rising wind ?

Leo. All there is hope, and gaiety, and courage ;
No cloudy doubts, or languishing delays :
Ere I could range them on the crowded deck,
At once a hundred voices thunder'd round me,
And every voice was liberty and Greece.

Dem. Swift let us rush upon the careless tyrant,
Nor give him leisure for another crime.

Leo. Then let us now resolve, nor idly waste
Another hour in dull deliberation.

Cali. But see, where destin'd to protract our counsels,
Comes Mustapha. Your Turkish robes conceal you—
Retire with speed, while I prepare to meet him
With artificial smiles, and seeming friendship.

[*Exit Demetrius and Leontius.*]

MUSTAPHA enters.

I see the gloom that low'rs upon thy brow,
These days of love and pleasure charm not thee ;
Too slow these gentle constellations roll,

Thou long'st for stars that frown on human kind,
And scatter discord from their baleful beams.

Mus. How blest art thou, still jocund and serene,
Beneath the load of business, and of years.

Cali. Sure by some wondrous sympathy of souls,
My heart still beats responsive to the sultan's;
I share, by secret instinct, all his joys,
And feel no sorrow while my sov'reign smiles.

Mus. The sultan comes, impatient for his love;
Conduct her hither, let no rude intrusion
Molest these private walks, or care invade
These hours assign'd to pleasure and Irene. [Exit Cali.

MAHOMET enters.

Mab. Now, Mustapha, pursue thy tale of horror.
Has treason's dire infection reach'd my palace?
Can Cali dare the stroke of heavenly justice,
In the dark precincts of the gaping grave,
And load with perjuries his parting soul?
Was it for this, that sick'ning in Epirus,
I father call'd me to his couch of death,
Join'd Cali's hand to mine, and falt'ring cry'd,
'Restrain the fervour of impetuous youth
'With venerable Cali's faithful counsels!
Are these the counsels? This the faith of Cali?
Were all our favours lavish'd on a villain?
Confest?—

Mus. Confest by dying Menodorous.
In his last agonies the gasping coward,
Amidst the tortures of the burning steel,
Still fond of life, groan'd out the dreadful secret,
Held forth this fatal scroll, then sunk to nothing.

Mab. [*Examining the Paper.*] His correspondence with
our foes of Greece!

His hand! his seal! The secrets of my soul
Conceal'd from all but him! All! all conspire
To banish doubt, and brand him for a villain.
Our schemes for ever cross'd, our mines discover'd,
Betray'd some traitor lurking near my bosom.
Oft have I rag'd, when their wide-wasting cannon
Lay pointed at our batt'ries, yet unform'd
And broke the meditated lines of war.
Detested Cali too, with artful wonder,
Would shake his wily head, and closely whisper,
'Beware of Mustapha, beware of treason.'

Mus. The faith of Mustapha disdains suspicion;
But yet, great Emperor, beware of treason.
Th' insidious Bassa, fir'd by disappointment——

Mab. Shall feel the vengeance of an injur'd king.
Go, seize him, load him with reproachful chains;
Before the assembled troops proclaim his crimes;
Then leave him stretch'd upon the ling'ring rack,
Amidst the camp to howl his life away.

Mus. Should we before the troops proclaim his crimes,
I dread his arts of seeming innocence,
His bland address, and sorcery of tongue;
And should he fall unheard, by sudden justice,
Th' adoring soldiers would revenge their idol.

Mab. Cali, this day with hypocritic zeal,
Implor'd my leave to visit Mecca's temple;
Struck with the wonder of a statesman's goodness,
I rais'd his thoughts to more sublime devotion.
Now let him go, pursu'd by silent wrath,
Meet unexpected daggers in his way,
And in some distant land obscurely die.

Mus. There will his boundless wealth, the spoil of Asia,
 Heap'd by your father's ill-plac'd bounties on him,
 Disperse rebellion through the Eastern World ;
 Bribe to his cause, and list beneath his banners
 Arabia's roving troops, the sons of swiftmess,
 And arm the Persian Heretic against thee ;
 There shall he waste thy frontiers, check thy conquests,
 And, though at length subdu'd, elude thy vengeance.

Mab. Elude my vengeance? no:—My troops shall range
 Th' eternal snows that freeze beyond Mæotis,
 And Afric's torrid sands in search of Cali.
 Should the fierce North upon his frozen wings
 Bear him aloft above the wond'ring clouds,
 And seat him in the Pleiads' golden chariots,
 Thence should my fury drag him down to tortures ;
 Wherever guilt can fly, revenge can follow.

Mus. Wilt thou dismiss the savage from the toils,
 Only to hunt him round the ravag'd world?

Mab. Suspend his sentence—empire and Irene
 Claim my divided soul. This wretch, unworthy
 To mix with nobler cares, I'll throw aside
 For idle hours, and crush him at my leisure.

Mus. Let not the unbounded greatness of his mind
 Betray my king to negligence of danger.
 Perhaps the clouds of dark conspiracy
 Now roll full fraught with thunder o'er your head.
 Twice since the morning rose I saw the Bassa,
 Like a fell adder swelling in a brake,
 Beneath the covert of this verdant arch,
 In private conference ; beside him stood
 Two men unknown, the partners of his bosom ;
 I mark'd them well, and trac'd in either face
 The gloomy resolution, horrid greatness,

And stern composure of despairing heroes.
And to confirm my thought, at sight of me,
As blasted by my presence, they withdrew
With all the speed of terror and of guilt.

Mab. The strong emotions of my troubled soul
Allow no pause for art or for contrivance;
And dark perplexity distracts my counsels.
Do thou resolve: for see Irene comes!
At her approach each ruder gust of thought
Sinks like the sighing of a tempest spent,
And gales of softer passion fan my bosom.

[*Cali enters with Irene, and exit with Mustapha.*]

MAHOMET and IRENE.

Mab. Wilt thou descend, fair daughter of perfection,
To hear my vows, and give mankind a queen?
Ah! cease, Irene, cease those flowing sorrows,
That melt an heart, impregnable till now,
And turn thy thoughts henceforth to love and empire.
How will the matchless beauties of Irene,
Thus bright in tears, thus amiable in ruin,
With all the graceful pride of greatness heighten'd,
Amidst the blaze of jewels and of gold,
Adorn a throne, and dignify dominion!

Irene. Why all this glare of splendid eloquence,
To paint the pageantries of guilty state?
Must I for these renounce the hope of heaven,
Immortal crowns, and fulness of enjoyment?

Mab. Vain raptures all—for your inferior natures
Form'd to delight, and happy by delighting,
Heaven has reserv'd no future paradise,
But bids you rove the paths of bliss secure,
Of total death and careless of hereafter;

While heaven's high minister, whose awful volume
Records each act, each thought of sov'reign man,
Surveys your plays with inattentive glance,
And leaves the lovely trifle unregarded.

Irene. Why then has nature's vain munificence
Profusely pour'd her bounties upon woman?
Whence then those charms thy tongue has deign'd to flatter,
That air resistless and enchanting blush,
Unless theauteous fabric was design'd
A habitation for a fairer soul?

Mab. Too high; bright maid, thou rat'st exterior grace:
Not always do the fairest flowers diffuse
The richest odours, nor the speckled shells
Conceal the gem; let female arrogance
Observe the feather'd wand'ers of the sky;
With purple varied and bedropp'd with gold,
They prune the wing, and spread the glossy plumes,
Ordain'd, like you, to flutter and to shine,
And cheer the weary passenger with music.

Irene. Mean as we are, this tyrant of the world
Implores our smiles, and trembles at our feet:
Whence flow the hopes and fears, despair and rapture,
Whence all the bliss and agonies of love?

Mab. Why, when the balm of sleep descends on man,
Do gay delusions, wand'ring o'er the brain,
Sooth the delighted soul with empty bliss?
To want give affluence? and to slav'ry freedom?
Such are love's joys, the lenitives of life,
A fancied treasure, and a waking dream.

Irene. Then let me once, in honour of our sex,
Assume the boastful arrogance of man.
Th' attractive softness, and th' endearing smile,
And powerful glance, 'tis granted, are her own;

Nor has impartial nature's frugal hand
Exhausted all her nobler gifts on you ;
Do not we share the comprehensive thought,
Th' enlivening wit, the penetrating reason ?
Beats not the female breast with gen'rous passions,
The thirst of empire and the love of glory ?

Mab. Illustrious maid, new wonders fix me thine ;
Thy soul completes the triumphs of thy face.
I thought (forgive, my fair) the noblest aim,
The strongest effort of a female soul,
Was but to choose the graces of the day ;
To tune the tongue, to teach the eyes to roll,
Dispose the colours of the flowing robe,
And add new roses to the faded cheek.
Will it not charm a mind like thine exalted,
To shine the goddess of applauding nations,
To scatter happiness and plenty round thee,
To bid the prostrate captive rise and live,
To see new cities tower at thy command,
And blasted kingdoms flourish at thy smile ?

Irene. Charm'd with the thought of blessing human kind,
Too calm I listen to the flatt'ring sounds.

Mab. O seize the power to bless—Irene's nod
Shall break the fetters of the groaning Christian :
Greece, in her lovely patroness secure,
Shall mourn no more her plunder'd palaces.

Irene. Forbear—O, do not urge me to my ruin !

Mab. To state and power I court thee, not to ruin :
Smile on my wishes, and command the globe.
Security shall spread her shield before thee,
And love enfold thee with his downy wings.
If greatness please thee, mount th' imperial seat ;
If pleasure charm thee, view this soft retreat ;

Here ev'ry warbler of the sky shall sing;
 Here ev'ry fragrance breathe of ev'ry spring:
 To deck these bowers each region shall combine,
 And ev'n our prophet's gardens envy thine:
 Empire and love shall share the blissful day,
 And varied life steal unperceiv'd away. [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

CALI with a discontented air; to him enters ABDALLA.

Cali.

Is this the fierce conspirator Abdalla?
 Is this the restless diligence of treason?
 Where hast thou linger'd while th' encumber'd hours,
 Fly lab'ring with the fate of future nations,
 And hungry slaughter scents imperial blood?

Abd. Important cares detain'd me from your counsels.

Cali. Some petty passion! some domestic trifle!
 Some vain amusement of a vacant soul!
 A weeping wife perhaps, or dying friend,
 Hung on your neck, and hinder'd your departure.
 Is this a time for softness or for sorrow?
 Unprofitable, peaceful, female virtues!
 When eager vengeance shows a naked foe,
 And kind ambition points the way to greatness.

Abd. Must then ambition's votaries infringe
 The laws of kindness, break the bonds of nature?
 And quit the names of brother, friend, and father?

Cali. This sov'reign passion, scornful of restraint,
 Ev'n from the birth affects supreme command,

Swells in the breast, and with resistless force
O'erbears each gentler motion of the mind.
As when a deluge overspreads the plains,
The wand'ring rivulet, and silver lake,
Mix, undistinguish'd, with the gen'ral roar.

Abd. Yet can ambition in Abdalla's breast
Claim but the second place: there mighty love
Has fix'd his hopes, inquietudes, and fears,
His glowing wishes, and his jealous pangs.

Cali. Love is indeed the privilege of youth;
Yet, on a day like this, when expectation
Pants for the dread event—But let us reason——

Abd. Hast thou grown old amidst the crowd of courts,
And turn'd the instructive page of human life,
To cant at last of reason to a lover?
Such ill-tim'd gravity, such serious folly,
Might well befit the solitary student,
Th' unpraetis'd dervise, or sequester'd faquir.
Know'st thou not yet, when love invades the soul,
That all her faculties receive his chains?
That reason gives her sceptre to his hand,
Or only struggles to be more enslav'd?
Aspasia, who can look upon thy beauties,
Who hear thee speak, and not abandon reason?
Reason! the hoary dotard's dull directress,
That loses all because she hazard's nothing:
Reason! the tim'rous pilot, that to shun
The rocks of life, for ever flies the port.

Cali. But why this sudden warmth?

Abd. Because I love:
Because my slighted passion burns in vain!
Why roars the lioness distress'd by hunger?
Why foam the swelling waves when tempests rise?

Why shakes the ground, when subterraneous fires
Fierce through the bursting caverns rend their way?

Cali. Not till this day thou saw'st this fatal fair;
Did ever passion make so swift a progress?
Once more reflect, suppress this infant folly.

Abd. Gross fires, enkindled by a mortal hand,
Spread by degrees, and dread th' oppressing stream;
The subtler flames emitted from the sky,
Flash out at once, with strength above resistance.

Cali. How did Aspasia welcome your address?
Did you proclaim this unexpected conquest?
Or pay with speaking eyes a lover's homage?

Abd. Confounded, aw'd, and lost in admiration,
I gaz'd, I trembl'd; but I could not speak:
When ev'n as love was breaking off from wonder,
And tender accents quiver'd on my lips,
She mark'd my sparkling eyes, and heaving breast,
And, smiling, conscious of her charms, withdrew.

DEMETRIUS and LEONTIUS enter.

Cali. Now be some moments master of thyself,
Nor let Demetrius know thee for a rival.
Hence! or be calm—To disagree is ruin.

Dem. When will occasion smile upon our wishes,
And give the tortures of suspense a period?
Still must we linger in uncertain hope?
Still languish in our chains and dream of freedom,
Like thirsty sailors gazing on the clouds,
Till burning death shoots through their wither'd limbs?

Cali. Deliverance is at hand; for Turkey's tyrant,
Sunk in his pleasures, confident and gay,
With all the hero's dull security,

Trusts to my care his mistress and his life,
And laughs and wantons in the jaws of death.

Leo. So weak is man, when destin'd to destruction,
The watchful slumber, and the crafty trust.

Cali. At my command yon iron gates unfold;
At my command the sentinels retire;
With all the licence of authority,
Through bowing slaves, I range the private rooms,
And of to-morrow's action fix the scene.

Dem. To-morrow's action! Can that hoary wisdom,
Borne down with years, still dote upon to-morrow?
That fatal mistress of the young, the lazy,
The coward, and the fool, condemn'd to lose
An useless life in waiting for to-morrow?
To gaze with longing eyes upon to-morrow,
Till interposing death destroys the prospect!
Strange! that this gen'ral fraud from day to day,
Should fill the world with wretches undetected,
The soldier lab'ring through a winter's march,
Still sees to-morrow drest in robes of triumph;
Still to the lover's long-expecting arms,
To-morrow brings the visionary bride.
But thou, too old to bear another cheat,
Learn, that the present hour alone is man's.

Leo. The present hour with open arms invites,
Seize the kind fair, and press her to thy bosom.

Dem. Who knows, ere this important morrow rise,
But fear of mutiny may taint the Greek?
Who knows if Mahomet's awaking anger
May spare the fatal bow-string till to-morrow?

Abd. Had our first Asian foes but known this ardour,
We still had wander'd on Tartarian hills.
Rouse, Cali, shall the sons of conquer'd Greece

Lead us to danger, and abash their victors?
 This night with all her conscious stars be witness,
 Who merits most, Demetrius or Abdalla.

Dem. Who merits most!—I knew not we were rivals.

Cali. Young man, forbear—The heat of youth, no more—
 Well—'t is decreed—This night shall fix our fate.
 Soon as the veil of evening clouds the sky,
 With cautious secrecy, Leontius, steer
 Th' appointed vessel to yon shaded bay,
 Form'd by this garden jutting on the deep;
 There, with your soldiers arm'd, and sails expanded,
 Await our coming, equally prepar'd
 For speedy flight, or obstinate defence. [Exit Leon.]

Dem. Now pause, great Bassa, from the thoughts of blood,
 And kindly grant an ear to gentler sounds.
 If e'er thy youth has known the pangs of absence,
 Or felt th' impatience of obstructed love,
 Give me, before th' approaching hour of fate,
 Once to behold the charms of bright Aspasia,
 And draw new virtue from her heavenly tongue.

Cali. Let prudence, ere the suit be farther urg'd,
 Impartial weigh the pleasure with the danger.
 A little longer, and she's thine for ever.

Dem. Prudence and love conspire in this request,
 Lest, unacquainted with our bold attempt,
 Surprise o'erwhelm her, and retard our flight.

Cali. What I can grant, you cannot ask in vain—

Dem. I go to wait thy call; this kind consent
 Completes the gift of freedom and of life, [Exit.]

Abd. And this is my reward—to burn, to languish,
 To rave unheeded, while the happy Greek,
 The refuse of our words, the dross of conquest,
 Throws his fond arms about Aspasia's neck,

Dwells on her lips, and sighs upon her breast;
Is't not enough he lives by our indulgence,
But he must live to make his masters wretched?

Cali. What claim hast thou to plead?

Abd. The claim of power,
Th' unquestion'd claim of conquerors, and kings!

Cali. Yet in the use of power remember justice.

Abd. Can then th' assassin lift his treach'rous hand
Against his king, and cry, remember justice?
Justice demands the forfeit life of Cali;
Justice demands that I reveal your crimes;
Justice demands—But see th' approaching sultan.
Oppose my wishes, and—remember justice.

Cali. Disorder sits upon thy face—retire. [*Exit Abdalla.*]

MAHOMET enters.

Cali. Long be the sultan bless'd with happy love!
My zeal marks gladness dawning on thy cheek,
With raptures such as fire the Pagan crowds,
When pale, and anxious for their years to come,
They see the sun surmount the dark eclipse,
And hail unanimous their conqu'ring god.

Mab. My vows, 'tis true, she hears with less aversion,
She sighs, she blushes, but she still denies.

Cali. With warmer courtship press the yielding fair,
Call to your aid with boundless promises
Each rebel wish, each traitor inclination
That raises tumults in the female breast,
The love of power, of pleasure, and of show.

Mab. These arts I try'd, and to inflame her more,
By hateful business hurried from her sight,
I bade a hundred virgins wait around her,
Sooth her with all the pleasures of command,
Applaud her charms, and court her to be great. [*Exit.*]

Cali. [*Solus.*] He's gone—Here rest, my soul, thy faint-
 ing wing,
 Here recollect thy dissipated powers.—
 Our distant interests, and our different passions
 Now haste to mingle in one common centre,
 And fate lies crowded in a narrow space.
 Yet in that narrow space what dangers rise!—
 Far more I dread Abdalla's fiery folly,
 Than all the wisdom of the grave Divan.
 Reason with reason fights on equal terms,
 The raging madman's unconnected schemes
 We cannot obviate, for we cannot guess.
 Deep in my breast he treasur'd this resolve,
 When Cali mounts the throne, Abdalla dies,
 Too fierce, too faithless for neglect of trust.

IRENE and ASPASIA enter, with Attendants.

Cali. Amidst the splendor of encircling beauty,
 Superior majesty proclaims thee queen,
 And nature justifies our monarch's choice.

Irene. Reserve this homage for some other fair,
 Urge me not on to glitt'ring guilt, nor pour
 In my weak ear th' intoxicating sounds.

Cali. Make haste, bright maid, to rule the willing world;
 Aw'd by the rigour of the sultan's justice,
 We court thy gentleness.

Asp. Can Cali's voice
 Concur to press a hapless captive's ruin?

Cali. Long would my zeal for Mahomet and thee
 Detain me here. But nations call upon me,
 And duty bids me choose a distant walk,
 Nor taint with care the privacies of love.

[Exit.

Asp. If yet this shining pomp, these sudden honours,
Swell not thy soul beyond advice or friendship,
Not yet inspire the follies of a queen,
Or tune thine ear to soothing adulation,
Suspend awhile the privilege of power,
To hear the voice of truth ; dismiss thy train,
Shake off th' incumbrances of state a moment,
And lay the tow'ring sultaness aside,

[*Irene makes signs to her Attendants to retire.*]

While I foretel thy fate ; that office done——
No more I boast th' ambitious name of friend,
But sink among thy slaves without a murmur.

Irene. Did regal diadems invest my brow,
Yet shou'd my soul, still faithful to her choice,
Esteem Aspasia's breast the noblest kingdom.

Asp. The soul once tainted with so foul a crime,
No more shall glow with friendship's hallow'd ardour :
Those holy beings, whose superior care
Guides erring mortals to the paths of virtue,
Affrighted at impiety like thine,
Resign their charge to baseness and to ruin.

Irene. Upbraid me not with fancy'd wickedness,
I am not yet a queen, or an apostate.
But should I sin beyond the hope of mercy,
If, when religion prompts me to refuse,
The dread of instant death restrains my tongue?

Asp. Reflect that life and death, affecting sounds,
Are only varied modes of endless being ;
Reflect that life, like ev'ry other blessing,
Derives its value from its use alone ;
Not for itself but for a nobler end
Th' Eternal gave it, and that end is virtue.
When inconsistent with a greater good,

Reason commands to cast the less away ;
Thus life, with loss of wealth, is well preserv'd,
And virtue cheaply sav'd, with loss of life.

Irene. If built on settled thought, this constancy
Not idly flutters on a boastful tongue,
Why, when destruction rag'd around our walls,
Why fled this haughty heroine from the battle ?
Why then did not this warlike Amazon
Mix in the war, and shine among the heroes ?

Asp. Heaven, when its hand pour'd softness on our
limbs,
Unfit for toil, and polish'd into weakness,
Made passive fortitude the praise of woman :
Our only arms are innocence and meekness.
Not then with raving cries I fill'd the city,
But while Demetrius, dear lamented name !
Pour'd storms of fire upon our fierce invaders,
Implor'd th' eternal power to shield my country,
With silent sorrows, and with calm devotion.

Irene. O ! did Irene shine the queen of Turkey,
No more should Greece lament those prayers rejected.
Again should golden splendour grace her cities,
Again her prostrate palaces should rise,
Again her temples sound with holy music :
No more should danger fright, or want distress
The smiling widows, and protected orphans.

Asp. By virtuous ends pursu'd by virtuous means,
Nor think th' intention sanctifies the deed :
That maxim publish'd in an impious age,
Would loose the wild enthusiast to destroy,
And fix the fierce usurper's bloody title.
Then bigotry might send her slaves to war,
And bid success become the test of truth ;

Unpitying massacre might waste the world,
And persecution boast the call of Heaven.

Irene. Shall I not wish to cheer afflicted kings,
And plan the happiness of mourning millions?

Asp. Dream not of pow'r thou never canst attain:
When social laws first harmoniz'd the world,
Superior man possess'd the charge of rule,
The scale of justice, and the sword of power,
Nor left us aught but flattery and state.

Irene. To me my lover's fondness will restore,
Whate'er man's pride has ravish'd from our sex.

Asp. When soft security shall prompt the sultan,
Freed from the tumults of unsettled conquest,
To fix his court, and regulate his pleasures,
Soon shall the dire seraglio's horrid gates
Close like th' eternal bars of death upon thee,
Immur'd, and buried in perpetual sloth,
That gloomy slumber of the stagnant soul;
There shalt thou view from far the quiet cottage,
And sigh for cheerful poverty in vain:
There wear the tedious hours of life away,
Beneath each curse of unrelenting Heaven,
Despair, and slav'ry, solitude, and guilt.

Irene. There shall we find the yet untasted bliss
Of grandeur and tranquillity combin'd.

Asp. Tranquillity and guilt, disjoin'd by Heaven,
Still stretch in vain their longing arms afar;
Nor dare to pass the insuperable bound.
Ah! let me rather seek the convent's cell;
There when my thoughts, at interval of prayer,
Descend to range these mansions of misfortune,
Oft shall I dwell on our disastrous friendship,
And shed the pitying tear for lost Irene.

Irene. Go, languish on in dull obscurity;
Thy dazzled soul, with all its boasted greatness,
Shrinks at th' o'erpowering gleams of regal state,
Stoops from the blaze like a degenerate eagle,
And flies for shelter to the shades of life.

Asp. On me, should Providence, without a crime,
The weighty charge of royalty confer;
Call me to civilize the Russian wilds,
Or bid soft science polish Britain's heroes:
Soon shouldst thou see how false thy weak reproach.
My bosom feels, enkindled from the sky,
The lambent flames of mild benevolence,
Untouch'd by fierce ambition's raging fires.

Irene. Ambition is the stamp, impress'd by Heaven
To mark the noblest minds; with active heat
Inform'd they mount the precipice of power,
Grasp at command, and tower in quest of empire;
While vulgar souls compassionate their cares,
Gaze at their height, and tremble at their danger:
Thus meaner spirits with amazement mark
The varying seasons, and revolving skies,
And ask, what guilty power's rebellious hand
Rolls with eternal toil the pond'rous orbs;
While some archangel, nearer to perfection,
In easy state presides o'er all their motions,
Directs the planets with a careless nod,
Conducts the sun, and regulates the spheres.

Asp. Well may'st thou hide in labyrinths of sound
The cause that shrinks from reason's powerful voice.
Stoop from thy flight, trace back th' entangled thought,
And set the glitt'ring fallacy to view.
Not power I blame, but power obtain'd by crime,
Angelic greatness is angelic virtue.

Amidst the glare of courts, the shout of armies,
Will not th' apostate feel the pangs of guilt,
And wish too late for innocence and peace?
Curst as the tyrant of th' infernal realms,
With gloomy state and agonizing pomp.

Maid enters.

Maid. A Turkish stranger, of majestic mien,
Asks at the gate admission to Aspasia,
Commission'd, as he says, by Cali Bassa.

Irene. Whoe'er thou art, or whatsoe'er thy message,

[*Aside.*

Thanks for this kind relief—With speed admit him.

Asp. He comes, perhaps, to sep'rate us for ever;
When I am gone remember, O! remember,
That none are great or happy, but the virtuous. [*Exit Irene.*

DEMETRIUS enters.

Dem. 'Tis she—My hope, my happiness, my love!
Aspasia! do I once again behold thee?
Still, still the same—unclouded by misfortune!
Let my blest eyes for ever gaze—

Asp. Demetrius!

Dem. Why does the blood forsake thy lovely cheek?
Why shoots this chillness thro' thy shaking nerves?
Why does thy soul retire into herself?
Recline upon my breast thy sinking beauties:
Revive—Revive to freedom and to love.

Asp. What well-known voice pronounc'd the grateful
sounds,

Freedom and love? Alas! I'm all confusion,
A sudden mist o'ercasts my darken'd soul,

The present, past, and future swim before me,
Lost in a wild perplexity of joy.

Dem. Such ecstasy of love! such pure affection,
What worth can merit? or what faith reward?

Asp. A thousand thoughts, imperfect and distracted,
Demand a voice, and struggle into birth;
A thousand questions press upon my tongue,
But all give way to rapture and Demetrius.

Dem. O, say, bright being, in this age of absence,
What fears, what griefs, what dangers hast thou known?
Say, how the tyrant threaten'd, flatter'd, sigh'd!
Say, how he threaten'd, flatter'd, sigh'd in vain!
Say, how the hand of violence was rais'd!
Say, how thou call'dst in tears upon Demetrius!

Asp. Inform me rather, how thy happy courage
Stemm'd in the breach the deluge of destruction,
And pass'd uninjur'd through the walks of death?
Did savage anger, and licentious conquest,
Behold the hero with Aspasia's eyes?
And thus protected in the gen'ral ruin,
O, say, what guardian power convey'd thee hither.

Dem. Such strange events, such unexpected chances,
Beyond my warmest hope, or wildest wishes,
Concurr'd to give me to Aspasia's arms;
I stand amaz'd, and ask, if yet I clasp thee.

Asp. Sure Heaven (for wonders are not wrought in vain)
That joins us thus, will never part us more.

ABDALLA enters.

Abd. It parts you now—The hasty sultan sign'd
The laws unread, and flies to his Irene.

Dem. Fix'd and intent on his Irene's charms,
He envies none the converse of Aspasia.

Abd. Aspasia's absence will inflame suspicion ;
She cannot, must not, shall not linger here,
Prudence and friendship bid me force her from you.

Dem. Force her ! profane her with a touch and die.

Abd. 'T is Greece, 't is freedom calls Aspasia hence,
Your careless love betrays your country's cause.

Dem. If we must part——

Asp. No ! let us die together.

Dem. If we must part——

Abd. Dispatch ; th' encreasing danger
Will not admit a lover's long farewell,
The long-drawn intercourse of sighs and kisses.

Dem. Then—O, my fair ! I cannot bid thee go ;
Receive her, and protect her, gracious Heaven !
Yet let me watch her dear departing steps,
If fate pursues me, let it find me here.
Reproach not, Greece, a lover's fond delays,
Nor think thy cause neglected while I gaze :
New force, new courage, from each glance I gain,
And find our passions not infus'd in vain. [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

DEMETRIUS and ASPASIA enter as talking.

Aspasia.

ENOUGH—resistless reason calms my soul——
Approving justice smiles upon your cause,
And nature's rights entreat th' asserting sword.
Yet when your hand is lifted to destroy,
Think—but excuse a woman's needless caution,

Purge well thy mind from ev'ry private passion,
Drive int'rest, love, and vengeance from thy thoughts,
Fill all thy ardent breast with Greece and virtue ;
Then strike secure—and Heaven assist the blow !

Dem. Thou kind assistant of my better angel,
Propitious guide of my bewilder'd soul,
Calm of my cares, and guardian of my virtue !

Asp. My soul, first kindl'd by thy bright example
To noble thought and gen'rous emulation,
Now but reflects those beams that flow'd from thee.

Dem. With native lusture, and unborrow'd greatness,
Thou shin'st, bright maid, superior to distress ;
Unlike the trifling race of vulgar beauties,
Those glitt'ring dew-drops of a vernal morn,
That spread their colours to the genial beam,
And, sparkling, quiver to the breath of May ;
But when the tempest with sonorous wing
Sweeps o'er the grove, forsakes the lab'ring bough,
Dispers'd in air, or mingled with the dust.

Asp. Forbear this triumph—still new conflicts wait us,
Foes unforeseen, and dangers unsuspected.
Oft when the fierce besiegers' eager host
Beholds the fainting garrison retire,
And rushes joyful to the naked wall,
Destruction flashes from the insidious mine,
And sweeps th' exulting conqueror away :
Perhaps in vain the sultan's anger spar'd me,
To find a meaner fate from treach'rous friendship—
Abdalla——

Dem. Can Abdalla then dissemble ?
That fiery chief, renown'd for gen'rous freedom,
For zeal unguarded, undissembled hate,
For daring truth, and turbulence of honour ?

Asp. This open friend, this undesigning hero,
With noisy falsehoods forc'd me from your arms,
To shock my virtue with a tale of love.

Dem. Did not the cause of Greece restrain my sword,
Aspasia should not fear a second insult.

Asp. His pride and love by turns inspir'd his tongue,
And intermix'd my praises with his own ;
His wealth, his rank, his honours he recounted,
Till, in the midst of arrogance and fondness,
Th' approaching sultan forc'd me from the palace ;
Then, while he gaz'd upon his yielding mistress,
I stole unheeded from their ravish'd eyes,
And sought this happy grove in quest of thee.

Dem. Soon may the final stroke decide our fate,
Lest baneful discord crush our infant scheme,
And strangled freedom perish in the birth !

Asp. My bosom, harass'd with alternate passions,
Now hopes, now fears——

Dem. Th' anxieties of love.

Asp. Think how the sov'reign arbiter of kingdoms
Detests thy false associates' black designs,
And frowns on perjury, revenge, and murder.
Embark'd with treason on the seas of fate,
When Heaven shall bid the swelling billows rage,
And point vindictive lightnings at rebellion,
Will not the patriot share the traitor's danger ?
Oh, could thy hand, unaided, free thy country,
Nor mingled guilt pollute the sacred cause !

Dem. Permitted oft, though not inspir'd by Heaven,
Successful treasons punish impious kings.

Asp. Nor end my terrors with the sultan's death ;
Far as futurity's untravell'd waste
Lies open to conjecture's dubious ken,

On ev'ry side, confusion, rage, and death,
Perhaps the phantoms of a woman's fear,
Beset the treach'rous way with fatal ambush ;
Each Turkish bosom burns for thy destruction ;
Ambitious Cali dreads the statesman's arts,
And hot Abdalla hates the happy lover.

Dem. Capricious man! to good and ill inconstant,
Too much to fear or trust, is equal weakness.
Sometimes the wretch, unaw'd by Heaven or Hell,
With mad devotion idolizes honour.

The Bassa, reeking, with his master's murder,
Perhaps may start at violated friendship.

Asp. How soon, alas! will int'rest, fear, or envy,
O'erthrow such weak, such accidental virtue,
Nor built on faith, nor fortify'd by conscience?

Dem. When desp'rate ills demand a speedy cure,
Distrust is cowardice, and prudence folly.

Asp. Yet think a moment ere you court destruction,
What hand, when death has snatch'd away Demetrius,
Shall guard Aspasia from triumphant lust.

Dem. Dismiss these needless fears—a troop of Greeks
Well known, long try'd, expect us on the shore.
Borne on the surface of the smiling deep,
Soon shalt thou scorn, in safety's arms repos'd,
Abdalla's rage, and Cali's stratagems.

Asp. Still, still distrust sits heavy on my heart.
Will e'er an happier hour revisit Greece?

Dem. Should Heaven, yet unappeas'd, refuse its aid,
Disperse our hopes, and frustrate our designs,
Yet shall the conscience of the great attempt
Diffuse a brightness on our future days ;
Nor will his country's groans reproach Demetrius,
But how canst thou support the woes of exile?

Canst thou forget hereditary splendours,
To live obscure upon a foreign coast,
Content with science, innocence, and love?

Asp. Nor wealth, nor titles, make Aspasia's bliss,
O'erwhelm'd and lost amidst the public ruins,
Unmov'd I saw the glitt'ring trifles perish,
And thought the petty dross beneath a sigh.
Cheerful I follow to the rural cell,
Love be my wealth, and my distinction virtue.

Dem. Submissive, and prepar'd for each event,
Now let us wait the last award of Heaven,
Secure of happiness from flight or conquest,
Nor fear the fair and learn'd can want protection.
The mighty Tuscan courts the banish'd arts
To kind Italia's hospitable shades;
There shall soft leisure wing th' excursive soul,
And peace propitious smile on fond desire;
There shall despotic eloquence resume
Her ancient empire o'er the yielding heart;
There poetry shall tune her sacred voice,
And wake from ignorance the western world.

CALI enters.

Cali. At length th' unwilling sun resigns the world
To silence and to rest. The hours of darkness,
Propitious hours to stratagem and death,
Pursue the last remains of ling'ring light.

Dem. Count not these hours as parts of vulgar time;
Think them a sacred treasure lent by Heaven,
Which, squander'd by neglect, or fear, or folly,
No pray'r recalls, no diligence redeems.
To-morrow's dawn shall see the Turkish king
Stretch'd in the dust, or tow'ring on his throne;

To-morrow's dawn shall see the mighty Cali
The sport of tyranny, or lord of nations.

Cali. Then waste no longer these important moments
In soft endearments, and in gentle murmur;
Nor lose in love the patriot and the hero.

Dem. 'Tis love combin'd with guilt alone, that melts
The soften'd soul to cowardice and sloth;
But virtuous passion prompts the great resolve,
And fans the slumb'ring spark of heavenly fire.
Retire, my fair; that Pow'r that smiles on goodness
Guide all thy steps, calm ev'ry stormy thought,
And still thy bosom with the voice of peace!

Asp. Soon may we meet again, secure and free,
To feel no more the pangs of separation! [Exit.

Dem. This night alone is ours—Our mighty foe,
No longer lost in am'rous solitude,
Will now remount the slighted seat of empire,
And show Irene to the shouting people:
Aspasia left her sighing in his arms,
And list'ning to the pleasing tale of power;
With soften'd voice she dropp'd the faint refusal,
Smiling consent she sat, and blushing love.

Cali. Now, tyrant, with satiety of beauty,
Now feast thine eyes, thine eyes that ne'er hereafter
Shall dart their am'rous glances at the fair,
Or glare on Cali with malignant beams.

LEONTIUS and ABDALLA enter.

Leo. Our bark unseen has reach'd th' appointed bay,
And where yon trees wave o'er the foaming surge
Recline against the shore; our Grecian troop
Extends its lines along the sandy beach,
Elate with hope, and panting for a foe.

Abd. The fav'ring winds assist the great design,
Sport in our sails, and murmur o'er the deep.

Cali. 'Tis well——A single blow completes our wishes :
Return with speed, Leontius, to your charge ;
The Greeks, disorder'd by their leader's absence,
May droop dismay'd, or kindle into madness.

Leo. Suspected still ?——What villain's pois'nous tongue
Dares join Leontius' name with fear or falsehood ?
Have I for this preserv'd my guiltless bosom,
Pure as the thoughts of infant innocence ?
Have I for this defy'd the chiefs of Turkey,
Intrepid in the flaming front of war ?

Cali. Hast thou not search'd my soul's profoundest thoughts ?
Is not the fate of Greece and Cali thine ?

Leo. Why has thy choice then pointed out Leontius,
Unfit to share this night's illustrious toils ?
To wait remote from action, and from honour,
An idle list'ner to the distant cries
Of slaughter'd infidels, and clash of swords ?
Tell me the cause, that while thy name, Demetrius,
Shall soar triumphant on the wings of glory,
Despis'd and curs'd, Leontius must descend,
Through hissing ages, a proverbial coward,
The tale of women, and the scorn of fools ?

Dem. Can brave Leontius be the slave of glory ?
Glory, the casual gift of thoughtless crowds !
Glory, the bribe of avaricious virtue !
Be but my country free, be thine the praise ;
I ask no witness, but attesting conscience,
No records, but the records of the sky.

Leo. Wilt thou then head the troop upon the shore,
While I destroy the oppressor of mankind ?

Dem. What canst thou boast superior to Demetrius ?

Ask to whose sword the Greeks will trust their cause,
My name shall echo through the shouting field;
Demand whose force yon Turkish heroes dread,
The shudd'ring camp shall murmur out Demetrius.

Cali. Must Greece, still wretched by her children's folly,
For ever mourn their avarice or factions?
Demetrius justly pleads a double title,
The lover's int'rest aids the patriot's claim.

Leo. My pride shall ne'er protract my country's woes;
Succeed, my friend, unenvied by Leontius.

Dem. I feel new spirit shoot along my nerves,
My soul expands to meet approaching freedom.
Now hover o'er us with propitious wings,
Ye sacred shades of patriots and of martyrs!
All ye, whose blood tyrannic rage effus'd,
Or prosecution drank, attend our call;
And from the mansions of perpetual peace
Descend to sweeten labours once your own!

Cali. Go then, and with united eloquence
Confirm your troops; and when the moon's fair beam
Plays on the quiv'ring waves, to guide our flight,
Return, Demetrius, and be free for ever.

[*Exeunt Dem. and Leon.*]

ABDALLA enters.

Abd. How the new monarch, swell'd with airy rule,
Looks down, contemptuous, from his fancy'd height,
And utters fate unmindful of Abdalla!

Cali. Far be such black ingratitude from Cali;
When Asia's nations own me for their lord,
Wealth, and command, and grandeur shall be thine.

Abd. Is this the recompence reserv'd for me?
Dar'st thou thus dally with Abdalla's passion?

Henceforward hope no more my slighted friendship;
Wake from thy dream of power to death and tortures,
And bid thy visionary throne farewell.

Cali. Name, and enjoy thy wish—

Abd. I need not name it;

Aspasia's lovers know but one desire,
Nor hope, nor wish, nor live but for Aspasia.

Cali. That fatal beauty, plighted to Demetrius,
Heaven makes not mine to give.

Abd. Nor to deny.

Cali. Obtain her and possess, thou know'st thy rival.

Abd. Too well I know him, since on Thracia's plains
I felt the force of his tempestuous arm,
And saw my scatter'd squadrons fly before him.
Nor will I trust the uncertain chance of combat;
The rights of princes let the sword decide,
The petty claims of empire and of honour:
Revenge and subtle jealousy shall teach
A surer passage to his hated heart.

Cali. O, spare the gallant Greek; in him we lose
The politician's arts, and hero's flame.

Abd. When next we meet, before we storm the palace,
The bowl shall circle to confirm our league,
Then shall these juices taint Demetrius' draught,

[*Shewing a phial.*]

And stream destructive through his freezing veins:
Thus shall he live to strike th' important blow,
And perish ere he tastes the joys of conquest.

MAHOMET and MUSTAPHA enter.

Mab. Henceforth for ever happy be this day,
Sacred to love, to pleasure, and Irene:
The matchless fair has bless'd me with compliance;

Let ev'ry tongue resound Irene's praise,
And spread the general transport through mankind.

Cali. Blest prince, for whom indulgent Heaven ordains
At once the joys of paradise and empire,
Now join thy people's, and thy Cali's prayers;
Suspend thy passage to the seats of bliss,
Nor wish for houries in Irene's arms.

Mab. Forbear—I know the long-try'd faith of Cali.

Cali. O! could the eyes of kings, like those of Heaven,
Search to the dark recesses of the soul,
Oft would they find ingratitude and treason,
By smiles, and oaths, and praises, ill disguis'd.
How rarely would they meet, in crowded courts,
Fidelity so firm, so pure, as mine!

Mus. Yet ere we give our loosen'd thoughts to rapture,
Let prudence obviate an impending danger;
Tainted by sloth, the parent of sedition,
The hungry Janizary burns for plunder,
And growls in private o'er his idle sabre.

Mab. To still their murmurs, ere the twentieth sun
Shall shed his beams upon the bridal bed,
I rouse to war, and conquer for Irene.
Then shall the Rhodian mourn his sinking towers,
And Buda fall, and proud Vienna tremble;
Then shall Venetia feel the Turkish power,
And subject seas roar round their queen in vain.

Abd. Then seize fair Italy's delightful coast,
To fix your standard in Imperial Rome.

Mab. Her sons malicious clemency shall spare,
To form new legends, sanctify new crimes,
To canonize the slaves of superstition,
And fill the world with follies and impostures,
Till angry Heaven shall mark them out for ruin,

And war o'erwhelm them in their dream of vice.
 O, could her fabled saints, and boasted pray'rs
 Call forth her ancient heroes to the field,
 How should I joy, 'midst the fierce shock of nations,
 To cross the tow'rings of an equal soul,
 And bid the master genius rule the world.
 Abdalla, Cali, go—proclaim my purpose.

[*Exeunt Cali and Abdalla.*]

Mab. Still Cali lives; and must he live to-morrow?
 That fawning villain's forc'd congratulations
 Will cloud my triumphs, and pollute the day.

Mus. With cautious vigilance, at thy command,
 Two faithful captains, Hasan and Caraza,
 Pursue him through his labyrinths of treason,
 And wait your summons to report his conduct.

Mab. Call them—but let them not prolong their tale,
 Nor press too much upon a lover's patience.

[*Exit Mustapha.*]

Mab. [*Solus.*] Whome'er the hope, still blasted, still re-
 new'd,

Of happiness, lures on from toil to toil,
 Remember Mahomet, and cease thy labour.
 Behold him here, in love, in war successful,
 Behold him wretched in his double triumph;
 His fav'rite faithless, and his mistress base.
 Ambition only gave her to my arms,
 By reason not convinc'd, nor won by love.
 Ambition was her crime, but meaner folly
 Dooms me to loath at once, and dote on falsehood,
 And idolize th' apostate I condemn.
 If thou art more than the gay dream of fancy,
 More than a pleasing sound without a meaning,
 O happiness! sure thou art all Aspasia's.

MUSTAPHA, HASAN, and CARAZA enter.

Mab. Caraza, speak—have ye remark'd the Bassa?

Car. Close, as we might unseen, we watch'd his steps;
His air disorder'd, and his gait unequal,
Betray'd the wild emotions of his mind.
Sudden he stops, and inward turns his eyes,
Absorb'd in thought; then, starting from his trance,
Constrains a sullen smile, and shoots away.
With him Abdalla we beheld——

Mus. Abdalla!

Mab. He wears of late resentment on his brow,
Deny'd the government of Servia's province.

Car. We mark'd him storming in excess of fury,
And heard, within the thicket that conceal'd us,
An undistinguish'd sound of threat'ning rage.

Mus. How guilt once harbour'd in the conscious breast,
Intimidates the brave, degrades the great!
See Cali, dread of kings, and pride of armies,
By treason levell'd with the dregs of men!
Ere guilty fear depress'd the hoary chief,
An angry murmur, a rebellious frown,
Had stretch'd the fiery boaster in the grave.

Mab. Shall monarchs fear to draw the sword of justice,
Aw'd by the crowd, and by their slaves restrain'd?
Seize him this night, and through the private passage
Convey him to the prison's inmost depths,
Reserv'd to all the pangs of tedious death.

[*Exeunt Mahomet and Mustapha.*]

Hasan. Shall then the Greeks, unpunish'd and conceal'd,
Contrive perhaps the ruin of our empire?
League with our chiefs, and propagate sedition?

Car. Whate'er their scheme, the Bassa's death defeats it,
And gratitude's strong ties restrain my tongue.

Hasan. What ties to slaves? what gratitude to foes?

Car. In that black day when slaughter'd thousands fell
Around these fatal walls, the tide of war
Bore me victorious onward, where Demetrius
Tore unresisted from the giant hand
Of stern Sebalias the triumphant crescent,
And dash'd the might of Asem from the ramparts.
There I became, nor blush to make it known,
The captive of his sword. The coward Greeks,
Enrag'd by wrongs, exulting with success,
Doom'd me to die with all the Turkish captains;
But brave Demetrius scorn'd the mean revenge,
And gave me life —

Hasan. Do thou repay the gift,
Lest unrewarded mercy lose its charms.
Profuse of wealth, or bounteous of success,
When Heaven bestows the privilege to bless,
Let no weak doubt the gen'rous hand restrain,
For when was power beneficent in vain? [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

ASPASIA *sola.*

Aspasia.

IN these dark moments of suspended fate,
While yet the future fortune of my country
Lies in the womb of Providence conceal'd,
And anxious angels wait the mighty birth,
O, grant thy sacred influence, powerful Virtue!
Attention rise, survey the fair creation,

Till, conscious of th' encircling deity,
Beyond the mists of care thy pinion towers.
This calm, these joys, dear Innocence! are thine;
Joys ill exchange'd for gold, and pride, and empire.

IRENE and Attendants enter.

Irene. See how the moon through all th' unclouded sky,
Spreads her mild radiance, and descending dews
Revive the languid flowers; thus Nature shone
New from the maker's hand, and fair array'd
In the bright colours of primæval spring;
When purity, while fraud was yet unknown,
Play'd fearless in th' inviolated shades.
This elemental joy, this gen'ral calm,
Is sure the smile of unoffended Heaven.
Yet! why——

Maid. Behold, within th' embow'ring grove
Aspasia stands——

Irene. With melancholy mien,
Pensive, and envious of Irene's greatness.
Steal unperceiv'd upon her meditations——
But see, the lofty maid, at our approach,
Resumes th' imperious air of haughty virtue.
Are these th' unceasing joys, th' unmingled pleasures,

[*To Aspasia.*

For which Aspasia scorn'd the Turkish crown?
Is this th' unshaken confidence in Heaven?
Is this the boasted bliss of conscious virtue?
When did content sigh out her cares in secret?
When did felicity repine in deserts?

Asp. Ill suits with guilt the gaities of triumph;
When daring vice insults eternal justice,

The ministers of wrath forget compassion,
And snatch the flaming bolt with hasty hand.

Irene. Forbear thy threats, proud prophetess of ill,
Vers'd in the secret counsels of the sky.

Asp. Forbear—but thou art sunk beneath reproach;
In vain affected raptures flush the cheek,
And songs of pleasure warble from the tongue,
When fear and anguish labour in the breast,
And all within is darkness and confusion;
Thus on deceitful Etna's flow'ry side,
Unfading verdure glads the roving eye,
While secret flames, with unextinguish'd rage,
Insatiate on her wasted entrails prey,
And melt her treach'rous beauties into ruin.

DEMETRIUS enters.

Dem. Fly, fly, my love: destruction rushes on us;
The rack expects us, and the sword pursues.

Asp. Is Greece deliver'd? is the tyrant fall'n?

Dem. Greece is no more, the prosp'rous tyrant lives,
Reserv'd, for other lands, the scourge of Heaven.

Asp. Say, by what fraud, what force were you defeated?
Betray'd by falsehood, or by crowds o'erborn?

Dem. The pressing exigence forbids relation.
Abdalla——

Asp. Hated name! his jealous rage
Broke out in perfidy—Oh, curs'd Aspasia!
Born to complete the ruin of her country;
Hide me; oh, hide me from upbraiding Greece,
Oh, hide me from myself!

Dem. Be fruitless grief
The doom of guilt alone, nor dare to seize
The breast where virtue guards the throne of peace.

Devolve, dear maid, thy sorrows on the wretch,
Whose fear, or rage, or treachery betray'd us,

Irene. [*Aside.*] A private station may discover more ;
Then let me rid them of Irene's presence :
Proceed, and give a loose to love and treason. [*Withdraws.*

Asp. Yet tell.

Dem. To tell, or hear, were waste of life.

Asp. The life, which only this design supported,
Were now well lost, in hearing how you fail'd.

Dem. Or meanly fraudulent, or madly gay,
Abdalla, while we waited near the palace,
With ill-tim'd mirth propos'd the bowl of love ;
Just as it reach'd my lips, a sudden cry
Urg'd me to dash it to the ground untouch'd,
And seize my sword with disencumber'd hand.

Asp. What cry ? The stratagem ? Did then Abdalla ?—

Dem. At once a thousand passions fir'd his cheek :
Then all is past, he cried—and darted from us ;
Nor at the call of Cali deign'd to turn.

Asp. Why did you stay, deserted and betray'd ?
What more could force attempt, or art contrive ?

Dem. Amazement seiz'd us, and the hoary Bassa
Stood torpid in suspense ; but soon Abdalla
Return'd with force that made resistance vain,
And bade his new confed'rates seize the traitors.
Cali, disarm'd, was borne away to death ;
Myself escap'd, or favour'd, or neglected.

Asp. O Greece ! renown'd for science and for wealth,
Behold thy boasted honours snatch'd away !

Dem. Though disappointment blasts our general scheme,
Yet much remains to hope. I shall not call
The day disast'rous that secures our flight ;
Nor think that effort lost which rescues thee.

ABDALLA enters.

Abd. At length the prize is mine—The haughty maid,
That bears the fate of empires in her air,
Henceforth shall live for me; for me alone
Shall plume her charms, and, with attentive watch,
Steal from Abdalla's eye the sign to smile.

Dem. Cease this wild roar of savage exultation;
Advance, and perish in the frantic boast.

Asp. Forbear, Demetrius, 'tis Aspasia calls thee;
Thy love, Aspasia, calls; restrain thy sword;
Nor rush on useless wounds with idle courage.

Dem. What now remains?

Asp. It now remains to fly!

Dem. Shall then the savage live, to boast his insult?
Tell how Demetrius shunn'd his single hand,
And stole his life and mistress from his sabre?

Abd. Infatuate loiterer! has fate, in vain,
Unclasp'd his iron gripe to set thee free?
Still dost thou flutter in the jaws of death,
Snar'd with thy fears, and maz'd in stupefaction?

Dem. Forgive, my fair; 'tis life, 'tis nature calls.
Now, traitor, feel the fear that chills my hand.

Asp. 'Tis madness to provoke superfluous danger,
And cowardice to dread the boast of folly.

Abd. Fly, wretch, while yet my pity grants thee flight;
The power of Turkey waits upon my call.
Leave but this maid, resign a hopeless claim,
And drag away thy life in scorn and safety,
Thy life, too mean a prey to lure Abdalla.

Dem. Once more I dare thy sword; behold the prize,
Behold I quit her to the chance of battle.

[Quitting Aspasia.]

Abd. Well may'st thou call thy master to the combat,
And try the hazard, that hast nought to stake ;
Alike my death or thine is gain to thee ;
But soon thou shalt repent : another moment
Shall throw th' attending Janizaries round thee. [*Exit hastily.*

Irene. Abdalla fails ; now fortune all is mine. [*Aside.*
Haste, Murza, to the palace ; let the sultan

[*To one of her Attendants.*
Dispatch his guards to stop the flying traitors,
While I protract their stay. Be swift and faithful.

[*Exit Murza.*
This lucky stratagem shall charm the sultan, [*Aside.*
Secure his confidence, and fix his love.

Dem. Behold a boaster's worth ! Now snatch, my fair,
The happy moment, hasten to the shore,
Ere he return with thousands at his side.

Asp. In vain I listen to th' inviting call
Of freedom and of love : my trembling joints,
Relax'd with fear, refuse to bear me forward.
Depart, Demetrius, lest my fate involve thee ;
Forsake a wretch abandon'd to despair,
To share the miseries herself has caus'd.

Dem. Let us not struggle with th' eternal will,
Nor languish o'er irreparable ruins ;
Come, haste, and live—Thy innocence and truth
Shall bless our wand'rings, and propitiate Heaven.

Irene. Press not her flight, while yet her feeble nerves
Refuse their office, and uncertain life
Still labours with imaginary woe ;
Here let me tend her with officious care,
Watch each unquiet flutter of the breast,
And joy to feel the vital warmth return,

To see the cloud forsake her kindling cheek,
And hail the rosy dawn of rising health.

Asp. Oh! rather scornful of flagitious greatness,
Resolve to share our dangers and our toils,
Companion of our flight, illustrious exile;
Leave slav'ry, guilt, and infamy behind.

Irene. My soul attends thy voice, and banish'd virtue
Strives to regain her empire of the mind:
Assist her efforts with thy strong persuasion;
Sure 'tis the happy hour ordain'd above,
When vanquish'd vice shall tyrannize no more.

Dem. Remember, peace and anguish are before thee,
And honour and reproach, and heaven and hell.

Asp. Content with freedom, and precarious greatness.

Dem. Now make thy choice, while yet the power of choice
Kind Heaven affords thee, and inviting mercy
Holds out her hand to lead thee back to truth.

Irene. Stay—in this dubious twilight of conviction,
The gleams of reason, and the clouds of passion,
Irradiate and obscure my breast by turns:
Stay but a moment, and prevailing truth
Will spread resistless light upon my soul.

Dem. But since none knows the danger of a moment,
And Heaven forbids to lavish life away,
Let kind compulsion terminate the contest. [*Seizing her hand.*]
Ye Christian captives, follow me to freedom:
A galley waits us, and the winds invite.

Irene. Whence is this violence?

Dem. Your calmer thought
Will teach a gentler term.

Irene. Forbear this rudeness,
And learn the rev'rence due to Turkey's queen:
Fly, slaves, and call the sultan to my rescue.

Dem. Farewell, unhappy maid: may ev'ry joy
Be thine, that wealth can give, or guilt receive!

Asp. And when, contemptuous of imperial power,
Disease shall chase the phantoms of ambition,
May penitence attend thy mournful bed,
And wing thy latest pray'r to pitying Heaven!

[*Exeunt Demetrius and Aspasia, with part of the Attendants.*]

Irene. [*Walks at a distance from her Attendants. After a pause.*]

Against the head which innocence secures,
Insidious malice aims her darts in vain,
Turn'd backwards by the pow'rful breath of Heaven.
Perhaps ev'n now the lovers unpursu'd,
Bound o'er the sparkling waves. Go, happy bark,
Thy sacred freight shall still the raging main.
To guide thy passage shall th' aerial spirits
Fill all the starry lamps with double blaze;
Th' applauding sky shall pour forth all its beams
To grace the triumph of victorious virtue.
While I, not yet familiar to my crimes,
Recoil from thought, and shudder at myself.
How am I chang'd! How lately did Irene
Fly from the busy pleasures of her sex,
Well pleas'd to search the treasures of remembrance,
And live her guiltless moments o'er anew!
Come, let us seek new pleasures in the palace,
[*To her Attendants, going off.*]
Till soft fatigue invite us to repose.

MUSTAPHA enters, meeting, and stopping her.

Mus. Fair falsehood, stay.

Irene. What dream of sudden power

Has taught my slave the language of command?
Henceforth be wise, nor hope a second pardon.

Mus. Who calls for pardon from a wretch condemn'd?

Irene. Thy look, thy speech, thy action, all is wildness—
Who charges guilt on me?

Mus. Who charges guilt!

Ask of thy heart; attend the voice of conscience—
Who charges guilt! lay by this proud resentment
That fires thy cheek, and elevates thy mien,
Nor thus usurp the dignity of virtue.
Review this day.

Irene. Whate'er thy accusation,
The sultan is my judge.

Mus. That hope is past;
Hard was the strife of justice and of love;
But now 'tis o'er, and justice has prevail'd.
Know'st thou not Cali? Know'st thou not Demetrius?

Irene. Bold slave, I know them both—I know them
traitors.

Mus. Perfidious!—yes—too well thou know'st them
traitors.

Irene. Their treason throws no stain upon Irene.
This day has prov'd my fondness for the sultan;
He knew Irene's truth.

Mus. The sultan knows it,
He knows how near apostacy to treason—
But 'tis not mine to judge—I scorn and leave thee.
I go, lest vengeance urge my hand to blood,
To blood, too mean to stain a soldier's sabre. [Exit.

Irene. [To her Attendants.] Go, blust'ring slave.—He has
not heard of Murza.
That dext'rous message frees me from suspicion.

HASAN and CARAZA enter, with Mutes, who throw the Black Robe upon Irene, and make signs to her Attendants to withdraw.

Hasan. Forgive, fair excellence, th' unwilling tongue,
The tongue, that, forc'd by strong necessity,
Bids beauty, such as thine, prepare to die.

Irene. What wild mistake is this? Take hence with speed
Your robe of mourning, and your dogs of death.
Quick from my sight, you inauspicious monsters,
Nor dare henceforth to shock Irene's walks.

Hasan. Alas! they come, commanded by the sultan,
Th' un pitying ministers of Turkish justice,
Nor dare to spare the life his frown condemns.

Irene. Are these the rapid thunderbolts of war,
That pour with sudden violence on kingdoms,
And spread their flames resistless o'er the world?
What sleepy charms benumb these active heroes,
Depress their spirits, and retard their speed,
Beyond the fear of ling'ring punishment?—
Aspasia now, within her lover's arms,
Securely sleeps, and, in delightful dreams,
Smiles at the threat'nings of defeated rage.

Car. We come, bright virgin, though relenting nature,
Shrinks at the hated task, for thy destruction;
When, summon'd by the sultan's clam'rous fury,
We ask'd, with tim'rous tongue, th' offender's name,
He struck his tortur'd breast, and roar'd—Irene:
We started at the sound, again enquir'd,
Again his thund'ring voice return'd—Irene.

Irene. Whence is this rage? What barb'rous tongue has
wrong'd me?
What fraud misleads him? Or what crimes incense?

Hasan. Expiring Cali nam'd Irene's chamber,
The place appointed for his master's death.

Irene. Irene's chamber! From my faithful bosom
Far be the thought—But hear my protestation.

Car. 'Tis ours, alas! to punish, not to judge;
Not call'd to try the cause, we heard the sentence,
Ordain'd the mournful messengers of death.

Irene. Some ill designing statesman's base intrigue!
Some cruel stratagem of jealous beauty!
Perhaps yourselves, the villains that defame me,
Now haste to murder, ere returning thought
Recall th' extorted doom.—It must be so,
Confess your crime, or lead me to the sultan;
There dauntless truth shall blast the vile accuser,
Then shall you feel what language cannot utter,
Each piercing torture, every change of pain,
That vengeance can invent, or pow'r inflict.

ABDALLA enters; he stops short and listens.

Abd. [*Aside.*] All is not lost, Abdalla; see the queen,
See the last witness of thy guilt and fear,
Enrob'd in death—Dispatch her, and be great.

Car. Unhappy fair! compassion calls upon me
To check this torrent of imperious rage;
While unavailing anger crowds thy tongue
With idle threats and fruitless exclamation,
The fraudulent moments ply their silent wings,
And steal thy life away. Death's horrid angel
Already shakes his bloody sabre o'er thee.
The raging sultan burns till our return,
Curses the dull delays of ling'ring mercy,
And thinks his fatal mandates ill obey'd.

Abd. Is then your sov'reign's life so cheaply rated,

That thus you parly with detected treason?
Should she prevail to gain the sultan's presence,
Soon might her tears engage a lover's credit;
Perhaps her malice might transfer the charge,
Perhaps her pois'nous tongue might blast Abdalla.

Irene. O, let me but be heard, nor fear from me
Or flights of power, or projects of ambition.
My hopes, my wishes, terminate in life,—
A little life for grief, and for repentance.

Abd. I mark'd her wily messenger afar,
And saw him skulking in the closest walks:
I guess'd her dark designs, and warn'd the sultan;
And bring her former sentence new confirm'd.

Hasan. Then call it not our cruelty, nor crime,
Deem us not deaf to woe, nor blind to beauty,
That thus constrain'd we speed the stroke of death.

[*Beckons the Mutes.*]

Irene. O name not death! distraction and amazement,
Horror and agony, are in that sound!
Let me but live, heap woes on woes upon me,
Hide me with murd'ers in the dungeon's gloom,
Send me to wander on some pathless shore,
Let shame and hooting infamy pursue me,
Let slav'ry harass, and let hunger gripe.

Car. Could we reverse the sentence of the sultan,
Our pleading bosoms plead Irene's cause.
But cries and tears are vain, prepare with patience
To meet that fate we can delay no longer.

[*The Mutes at the sign lay bold of her.*]

Abd. Dispatch, ye ling'ring slaves, or nimbler hands
Quick at my call shall execute your charge;
Dispatch, and learn a fitter time for pity.

Irene. Grant me one hour; O grant me but a moment,

And bounteous Heaven repay the mighty mercy
With peaceful death, and happiness eternal.

Car. The pray'r I cannot grant—I dare not hear.
Short be thy pains.

[*Signs again to the Mutes.*]

Irene. Unutterable anguish!

Guilt and despair! pale spectres grin around me,
And stun me with the yellings of damnation!
O, hear my prayers!—Accept, all-pitying Heaven,
These tears, these pangs, these last remains of life,
Nor let the crimes of this detested day
Be charg'd upon my soul. O, mercy! mercy!

[*Mutes force her out.*]

Abd. [*Aside.*] Safe in her death, and in Demetrius' flight,
Abdalla, bid thy troubled breast be calm;
Now shalt thou shine the darling of the sultan,
The plot all Cali's, the detection thine.

Hasan. [*To Car.*] Does not thy bosom, for I know thee
tender,

A stranger to th' oppressor's savage joy,
Melt at Irene's fate, and share her woes?

Car. Her piercing cries yet fill the loaded air,
Dwell on my ear, and sadden all my soul;
But let us try to clear our clouded brows,
And tell the horrid tale with cheerful face;
The stormy sultan rages at our stay.

Abd. Frame your report with circumspective art,
Inflame her crimes, exalt your own obedience,
But let no thoughtless hint involve Abdalla.

Car. What need of caution to report the fate
Of her the sultan's voice condemn'd to die?
Or why should he, whose violence of duty
Has serv'd his prince so well, demand our silence?

Abd. Perhaps my zeal too fierce betray'd my prudence;

Perhaps my warmth exceeded my commission;
Perhaps I will not stoop to plead my cause;
Or argue with the slave that sav'd Demetrius.

Car. From his escape learn thou the power of virtue,
Nor hope his fortune while thou want'st his worth.

Hasan. The sultan comes, still gloomy, still enrag'd.

MAHOMET and MUSTAPHA enter.

Mab. Where's this fair trait'ress? Where's this smiling mischief?

Whom neither vows could fix, nor favours bind?

Hasan. Thine orders, mighty sultan! are perform'd,
And all Irene now is breathless clay.

Mab. Your hasty zeal defrauds the claim of justice,
And disappointed vengeance burns in vain;

I came to heighten tortures by reproach,
And add new terrors to the face of death.

Was this the maid whose love I bought with empire?

True, she was fair; the smile of innocence

Play'd on her cheek—So shone the first apostate—

Irene's chamber! Did not roaring Cali,

Just as the rack forc'd out his struggling soul,

Name for the scene of death Irene's chamber?

Mus. His breath prolong'd but to detect her treason,
Then in short sighs forsook his broken frame.

Mab. Decreed to perish in Irene's chamber!

There had she lull'd me with endearing falsehoods,

Clasp'd in her arms, or slumb'ring on her breast,

And bar'd my bosom to the ruffian's dagger.

MURZA enters.

Murza. Forgive, great sultan! that by fate prevented,
I bring a tardy message from Irene.

Mab. Some artful wile of counterfeited love!
Some soft decoy to lure me to destruction!
And thou, the curs'd accomplice of her treason,
Declare thy message, and expect thy doom.

Murza. The queen requested, that a chosen troop
Might intercept the traitor Greek, Demetrius,
Then ling'ring with his captive mistress here.

Mus. The Greek, Demetrius! whom th' expiring Bassa
Declar'd the chief associate of his guilt.

Mab. A chosen troop—to intercept—Demetrius—
The Queen requested—Wretch, repeat the message;
And if one varied accent prove thy falsehood,
Or but one moment's pause betray confusion,
Those trembling limbs—Speak out, thou shiv'ring traitor.

Murza. The queen requested——

Mab. Who? the dead Irene?
Was she then guiltless! Has my thoughtless rage
Destroy'd the fairest workmanship of Heaven?
Doom'd her to death unpity'd and unheard,
Amidst her kind solitudes for me?
Ye slaves of cruelty, ye tools of rage,

[To Hassan and Caraza.

Ye blind officious ministers of folly,
Could not her prayers, her innocence, and tears,
Suspend the dreadful sentence for an hour?
One hour had freed me from the fatal error;
One hour had sav'd me from despair and madness.

Car. Your fierce impatience forc'd us from your presence,
Urg'd us to speed, and bade us banish pity,
Nor trust our passions with her fatal charms.

Mab. What hadst thou lost by slighting those commands?
Thy life perhaps—Were but Irene spar'd,
Well if a thousand lives like thine had perish'd;

Such beauty, sweetness, love, were cheaply bought,
With half the grov'ling slaves that load the globe.

Mus. Great is thy woe! but think, illustrious sultan,
Such ills are sent for souls like thine to conquer.
Shake off this weight of unavailing grief,
Rush to the war, display thy dreadful banners,
And lead thy troops victorious round the world.

Mab. Robb'd of the maid with whom I wish'd to triumph,
No more I burn for fame or for dominion;
Success and conquest now are empty sounds;
Remorse and anguish seize on all my breast;
Those groves, whose shades embower'd the dear Irene,
Heard her last cries, and fann'd her dying beauties,
Shall hide me from the tasteless world for ever.

[Mahomet goes back, and returns.

Yet ere I quit the sceptre of dominion,
Let one just act conclude the hateful day:
Hew down, ye guards, those vassals of distraction,

[Pointing to Hasan and Caraza.

Those hounds of blood, that catch the hint to kill,
Bear off with eager haste the unfinish'd sentence,
And speed the stroke, lest mercy should o'ertake them.

Car. Then hear, great Mahomet, the voice of truth.

Mab. Hear! shall I hear thee? didst thou hear Irene?

Car. Hear but a moment.

Mab. Hadst thou heard a moment,
Thou might'st have liv'd, for thou had'st spar'd Irene.

Car. I heard her, pitied her, and wish'd to save her.

Mab. And wish'd—Be still thy fate to wish in vain.

Car. I heard, and softened, till Abdalla brought
Her final doom, and hurried her destruction.

Mab. Abdalla brought her doom! Abdalla brought it!
The wretch, whose guilt declar'd by tortur'd Cali,

My rage and grief had hid from my remembrance,
Abdalla brought her doom!

Hasam. Abdalla brought it,
While she yet begg'd to plead her cause before thee.

Mah. O seize me, madness—Did she call on me?
I feel, I see the ruffian's barb'rous rage.
He seiz'd her melting in the fond appeal,
And stopp'd the heavenly voice that call'd on me.
My spirits fail, awhile support me, vengeance—
Be just, ye slaves, and, to be just, be cruel;
Contrive new racks, imbitter every pang,
Infllict whatever treason can deserve,
Which murder'd innocence that call'd on me.

[*Exit Mahomet. Abdalla is dragg'd off.*]

MURZA enters.

Mus. [*To Murza.*] What plagues, what tortures are in
store for thee, **7 JUL 52**
Thou sluggish idler, dilatory slave?
Behold the model of consummate beauty,
Torn from the mourning earth by thy neglect.

Murza. Such was the will of heaven—A band of Greeks
That mark'd my course, suspicious of my purpose,
Rush'd out and seiz'd me, thoughtless and unarm'd,
Breathless, amaz'd, and on the guarded beach
Detain'd me till Demetrius set me free.

Mus. So sure the fall of greatness rais'd on crimes,
So fix'd the justice of all-conscious heaven.
When haughty guilt exults with impious joy
Mistake shall blast, or accident destroy;
Weak man with erring rage may throw the dart,
But Heaven shall guide it to the guilty heart.

EPILOGUE.

*MARRY a Turk! a haughty, tyrant king,
Who thinks us women born to dress and sing
To please his fancy—see no other man—
Let him persuade me to it—if he can :
Besides, he has fifty wives ; and who can bear
To have the fiftieth part her paltry share ?*

*'Tis true, the fellow's handsome, strait and tall ;
But how the devil should he please us all ?
My swain is little—true—but be it known,
My pride's to have that little all my own.
Men will be ever to their errors blind,
Where woman's not allow'd to speak her mind ;
I swear this eastern pageantry is nonsense,
And for one man—one wife's enough in conscience.*

*In vain proud man usurps what's woman's due ;
For us alone, they honour's paths pursue :
Inspir'd by us, they glory's heights ascend ;
Woman the source, the object, and the end.
Though wealth, and power, and glory they receive,
These all are trifles, to what we can give.
For us the statesman labours, hero fights,
Bears toilsome days, and wakes long tedious nights ;
And when blest peace has silenc'd war's alarms,
Receives his full reward in beauty's arms.*

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